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ANASTASIUS,

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OR,

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK;

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CHAPTER I.

FROM the brilliant descriptions given me of the celebrated Masr[1]—of the kalish[2] that runs through its centre, and of the birkets[3] that adorn its outskirts—I expected, if not an earthly, at least an aquatic paradise. On first reaching this vaunted city, I saw nothing but filth and ruins on the outside, and filth and misery within. "So much!" exclaimed I—thinking of Aly Tshawoosh—"for travellers' tales!"

"So, too, said I," echoed my companion the Caïreen—somewhat nettled—"on first entering Stambool." The retort startled me in my turn. "Heavens and earth!" was my answer, "would you compare Cairo with Constantinople? Where can you find the least resemblance? Is it between

the vile offensive swamps which here have confounded the river with its banks, and the verdant hills which there hem in the very sea? between the yellow muddy stream here treasured up for refreshment in sooty pitchers, and the crystal rills there gushing forth from golden fountains? or finally between the smoke-dried men, tattooed women, and blear-eyed bloated children of this over-grown beggarly place, and our population of patriarchs, of houries, and of cherubs? In Constantinople the very cemeteries of the dead look like portions of elysium; here the habitations of the living already seem charnel-houses."

"With us each gem has its foil," observed my friend drily; "and we admire our beauties the more from the relief, produced by that very circumstance. Suspend your judgment on our comforts till you see the palaces of our Beys."

This was not to be my destiny immediately. I had observed the haughty looks and gorgeous apparel of the meanest of the Mamlukes who condescended to mix among the populace; and I wished to avoid the privileged cast, until I might vie in my appearance at least with its inferior members. I therefore was content to sleep the first night at a khan; and the next morning prepared for presenting my letters. Keeping my friend Aly in my mind as my model, I put on my gayest attire, and, when fully equipped for my visit, viewed myself in a

looking-glass with such complacency, that I began at last to apprehend the fate of Narcissus, and, for fear of catching the evil eye from myself, tried to spit in my own face;[4]—deeming an extraordinary case to require an extraordinary remedy.

This exploit performed—not without some labour,—I sallied forth, feeling quite secure as to what might happen. A fellow in the street, himself totally deprived of eyesight, showed me the way with the utmost readiness to Suleiman's palace. The grandeur of its portal, far from damping my confidence, rather elevated my pride, by promising a theatre worthy of my ambition. Bounding like a ball, I ascended its spacious stairs, paced the long gallery, and entered the hall of audience. Perceiving the Bey, seated in the angle of his sofa at the upper end of the room, I boldly advanced,—retorting with equally haughty glances the supercilious and scrutinizing looks of the gay youths who lined the passage,—and, when arrived near their patron, put my hand to the ground, to my forehead and my lips, and presented my credentials with every possible grace.

Throughout the East, grandees, when first addressed, preserve an impenetrable countenance. Their internal emotions lie concealed under a mask of stone. Thus they avoid committing themselves, as they must in some measure be liable to do, were they even to express the reverse of what they

feel. Still I fancied I could discern athwart the Bey's immoveable features such an impression, produced by my first address, as left me little cause for uneasiness. Once or twice, while one of his eyes affected most diligently to run over the recommendatory lines, I caught the other straying from the paper, and stealing a sly survey of my person, with an air of most encouraging approbation. Having at last—apparently with great toil—completed the perusal of the long epistle, Suleiman laid it by him on the sofa, wiped his face, and bade me welcome. "My friend Othman," said the Bey—moving his little hands in unison with his speech—"describes you as possessed of valuable talents, and I feel anxious to acquire a claim to your services. Unfortunately," added he in a lower tone, after beckoning to his attendants to retire out of hearing, "our Mamlukes, with all their excellent qualities, are somewhat addicted to idleness, to deceit, and to treachery, and extremely jealous of all whom they look upon as intruders: nor dare we openly brave these little weaknesses, or confer on a stranger what these our adopted children consider as their rightful honours. Indeed, the stranger himself would soon have cause to rue the unavailing favour. I therefore do not immediately give you in my house a definite office. But stay as a guest, a friend, a household counsellor; and in time the thing I wish may be managed.

God be praised, you are not at least a native Turk! Like us, you are an Islamite from choice."

After this little preamble the Bey proceeded to try me on the nature and extent of my acquirements; and, as he was not sorry that his Mamlukes should have an opportunity—which occurred but seldom—of witnessing his own vast erudition, he made signs to them to return within hearing distance, during the examination. An Italian missionary had once given him a dictionary, as a book replete with short and pithy stories; and in its sedulous perusal the Bey had contrived to pick up a considerable assortment of technical terms of art and science, which he employed as it pleased Providence. Of the things themselves whose appellations he had learnt, he seemed to have no more idea than the huge Angora cat which sat purring by his side; and an elementary chaos of astronomy, tactics, geography, mythology and medicine, all huddled together at random in his brain, flowed in most picturesque confusion from his lips. Extensive therefore as certainly was the general outline of his attainments, it still left me room to fill up a few intervening blanks in such a way as to give a very favourable opinion of my own information, even without presuming so far on its superiority as to tell his highness point blank, for instance, that England lay not contiguous to India,—as he had imagined from their constant warfare; or that Vol-

taire had never been Pope of Rome,—as he had inferred from the frequent juxtaposition of these personages in his missionary's anecdotes. With all this forbearance, however, my course of practical education at the arsenal, joined to the speculative topics which I had heard discussed at Pera, still enabled me to pass myself off in the meridian of Cairo for a youth of no common accomplishments; and at every answer I gave to Suleiman's subtle queries, he failed not to assume a profound look, and, after some little apparent meditation, to exclaim in an emphatic tone "good, very good, excellent, admirable! In time you will know as much as I do!" The only thing which seemed to give a little offence was my affirming peremptorily that the earth revolved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. At this bold assertion, so contrary to my previous caution, the Bey looked as if he suspected me of a design to play upon his credulity; and I could only get out of the difficulty into which my pride of learning had led me, by assuring him that it was among us a very common belief; which he nevertheless still wondered that so sensible a fellow as I seemed to be, should have adopted.

When satisfied with the exalted idea which he doubted not he had given me of his own learning, Suleiman by degrees descended to more familiar topics; and I now was surprised in my turn to find a man, so utterly ignorant in matters of general in-

formation, at the same time so much at home in all that concerned the immediate interests of his country and station. But, like many other people, the Bey prized his knowledge in proportion to its rarity, and seemed to value most that of which he possessed the least. He threw out all his questions about the politics of the Porte in so careless a manner, and seemed so little to heed my answers, that an indifferent by-stander would have sworn, the most vital subjects to Suleiman were just those which weighed the least in his mind.

Having exhausted every topic of more immediate importance to himself,—"You have been long at Stambool," said he at last, "and therefore cannot fail to know all about Franguestan.[5] What bone, pray, are those Christian dogs now contending for? Do they think they possess enough upon the earth: or are they planning some expedition to the moon? Blind as they be, poor creatures! they bustle about as eagerly as those that can see!" I assured him that this blindness and this bustle had increased to such a degree, that, from one end of Europe to the other, every potentate was actually at the present moment disposing of his neighbour's property, as if it had been his own![6]

Book-learning and general politics might afford a pretty pastime; but, with a race like the Mamlukes, whose chiefs as well as meanest individuals were always required to be on the alert, and ready

alike for attack, for defence, and for retreat, skill in the exercise of the carbine, the pistol, and the sabre were more essential,—indeed, were indispensable qualifications in every candidate for preferment. In respect of these military accomplishments also Othman-Bey had in his letter mentioned me with praise; but I perceived in Suleiman a conviction that the same human being could not possess talents so opposite and so varied. When therefore I begged permission to join in the martial sports of his Mamlukes, appointed for the next day, he strongly tried to dissuade me, lest I should only expose my want of skill; but my perseverance conquered. He at last consented, though evidently concerned at my obstinacy, and pitying my rashness. Not so his young Mamlukes! They were delighted with anticipations of the sorry figure which the stranger was expected to make; and significant glances circulated round every part of the room. The morrow was to be a day of merriment.

At the appointed hour on that morrow I went to the Bey's palace, and found the whole household assembled in the court-yard, ready to sally forth. We soon marched out in grand procession; but when I inquired whither we were going, not a creature knew. The Beys are too fearful to trust their followers with so important a secret. 'Not until the whole party is turned adrift in the fields does the serrah, or domestic charged with the camp-appara-

tus, receive intelligence of the destined halting-place. Off he then sets, on his dromedary, to make his preparations: the rest follow with loud clamour; and when the place of destination is reached, the Mamlukes immediately dispose themselves in a spacious ring round the ground.

The Koobbet-el-haue proved to be the spot selected; and I suspected the Bey of a secret wish to verify his forebodings, when I understood it to be the most trying ground about Cairo for martial exercises. In order to judge how it lay, and to study the mode of play of the Mamlukes, I hung back at first, as if not daring to enter the lists with men so distinguished for their skill and address: but of course, the less alacrity I showed, the more I was pressed to expose myself. "The youngsters knew, it was in sheer compassion upon their inferiority, that I did not choose to come forward. But my backwardness would not serve me: I stood engaged, and my modesty must be put to the blush."

As if only reluctantly urged on by these ironical observations, I at last, in seeming trepidation, snatched up a djereed. In order to render my incapacity the more palpable, the most indifferent performer of the set was pitted against me. Off went my adversary's staff! and, after it every eye. Spite of my indifferent steed, I avoided the blow, and the harmless stick only raised a cloud of dust. All wondered at my escape. In my turn I flung

the wooden weapon, but not with similar effect. It reached its destination, and most unequivocally delivered its errand. The astonishment of the spectators redoubled, and my antagonist, dismounted, limped in rage out of the circle. The rest of his companions now began to suspect that it was not a tyro's task to contend with the new comer. The more skilful players took their turn. They had little better success; and the first exclamations of surprise gradually subsided in speechless disappointment and dismay. Every voice was hushed, and every lip bleeding with bites of vexation.

I had the good fortune to show equal dexterity in the use of the pistol and the sabre. The jar flew in pieces, and the felt[7] was cut through and through. In the Koobbet-el-haue at Cairo I thus first reaped the fruits of the exercises performed in the Oc-meidan of Constantinople, and the dejection of spirits which led me to the one, prepared the way for the triumph which I obtained in the other. So high rose in an instant my reputation, that the Bey himself proposed to try his hand against me. I had heard him described as an indifferent performer. I could have no doubt that, equal as my skill appeared to that of Suleiman's ablest Mamlukes, I had little to fear from their master. Yet did every person present seem to revive at the bare proposal of the match. "How is this?" thought I:—but a moment's reflection gave me the clue to

the phenomenon. "Ah rogues!" I inwardly exclaimed—on penetrating the new drift of my friends—"to see me victorious is now precisely what you wish for, in order that I may irretrievably lose the favour of the Bey. But take leave of your hopes! Selim not only knows when to play well, but also when to play ill;" and in fact, I took such uncommon pains for this prudent purpose, that, on quitting the field, Suleiman pronounced me by far the best player next to himself he knew in Cairo, and the one he liked most to engage with; and, on returning home, took me definitively into his service. Fearful, however, of putting me at once on the footing of the favoured cast, he placed me for the present among his scratches.[8] My salary was trifling; but who, among the followers of Beys of Egypt, depended upon his wages for his emolument?

Suleiman possessed, in addition to the numerous Mamluke sprigs, ingrafted upon the family tree, one male, and sundry female suckers, directly sprung from the original stock. To his female offspring Suleiman seemed attached: the male shoot no one could accuse him of spoiling, at least by excess of fondness. He considered the Bey-zadé as a perfect cypher. Seldom he deigned to inquire after his health: never to demand his presence. "What interest," would he say, "can I take in a plant on which all culture is thrown away? Why cherish a reed, too feeble to support my increasing age? What

I lay out on a conceited ideot, who forgets his deficiencies only to remember his birth, I lay out to utter loss: I even expend it without reaping empty thanks! Are not then my gifts more wisely bestowed on men whom I cherish for their intrinsic merit, and who reward me with their gratitude?" To this mode of reasoning, I, for one, could not possibly object.

Various were the sorts of merit which, in the eyes of my patron, took precedence of kindred. Valour, capacity, zeal, each obtained their share of superior esteem: but the quality rated above all others was a pair of ruddy cheeks. Among many other instances of their paramount influence, a young fellow from Odesché, remarkable for his stupidity and peevishness, had just superseded in the Bey's favour, and in the place of Tchibookdjee,[9] a Georgian, esteemed for his good qualities by all his companions; and that, for no other earthly reason which any one could discover, except that his face looked like a ripe Damascus peach. Suleiman himself saw nothing singular in this fancy. "People," he said, "value a tulip, a shawl, a ruby, a canary-bird, a horse, for the brightness of their hue: they dress up their domestics in the gaudiest colours! Why then should they not be as particular about their faces? and choose their attendants by the same rule as their flower-pots,—since both alike are destined to furnish their chamber? For my part, it is my delight, when I cast my eyes around, to view a

long row of handsome busts; and I think I may be permitted to be as fastidious about the hue of my pages, as my neighbour Ayoob is about that of his pipe-sticks!"

Fortunately, the new comer possessed not in his complexion wherewithal to make any very valuable addition to Suleiman's collection of youthful colours, as it must have kept me at home much oftener than I liked, for fear of disturbing the set. So far from my hues being any longer of a pure and primitive description, they were rather become what painters might call neutral tints, and such as could not, by their absence, leave the smallest sensible gap in the Bey's prismatic scale. Scarce a day therefore passed without my allowing myself—in company with some of the younger Mamlukes of our house—time to visit Maallim[10] Ibrahim, Maallim Yacoob, Maallim Yoossef, or some other of the Maallims, or writers of the Coobtic persuasion, who lived round the lake Yusbekieh.[11] They assisted us in keeping up some of our good old Christian customs; for they never would let us depart without reviving our spirits with a few glasses of rakie: "in order," they said, "to keep out of our stomachs all the water that surrounded us." This good purpose, however, they sometimes overshot; for one evening my companion and myself took so copious a dose of the antidote, that on returning home, we no longer could distinguish the path from the canal that ran alongside

of it; and so fell into the ditch, which was full to the brink. My companion first pulled me in, and I afterwards pulled him out; and he felt so thankful for this trifling compliment, that from that moment we became sworn friends. Some of the other Mamlukes, indeed, wished to sow the seeds of discord between us; but in vain they tried to damp the ardour of an attachment begun in a ditch.

Rashooan was my comrade's name: Gurgistan his country. He possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities in which Mamlukes excel. Equally active and vigorous, he could break the most unruly horse; leaped a ditch (when sober) with the agility of a deer; brought his steed to a dead stand in the midst of the swiftest race; and wielded with equal dexterity the scimitar, the musket, and the pistol.

One day I found him describing in glowing terms to a knot of his companions the glories of his native soil. Its flowers, fruits, verdure, streamlets, men, women—its very tobacco-stoppers—were, according to his account, positively of a different nature from those of every other country; and could he but once more behold this land of wonders, he would resign his breath contented! "I did not know, Rashooan," said I, when the party separated, "that you so grievously regretted your native country." "Nor I neither," was his answer;—"and between ourselves, I pray to God every morning that I may never see it again. A sad exchange for fine horses,

rich caparisons, costly armour, sumptuous apparel, Egyptian grooms, and Negro slaves indeed would be that of a life of mere hardships and poverty;—and for what purpose? Only to find myself forgotten by my parents, and recognized by nobody but a landlord who would sell me again, as he sold me before! I have lost my relish for simplicity, and am weaned from mother nature. But my imagination got the better, just now, of my sober senses, and besides, it is not amiss, now and then, to remind these pert coxcombs that they are only savages, and that I am a Georgian."

Scarce had Rashooan uttered these words, when two or three of Suleiman's younger Mamlukes came running to us, and addressing my friend, said in an animated tone: "Either something very good, or very bad, is hanging over your head. We have left Othman kiashef closeted with the Bey, and you seem to be the sole theme of their discourse. Both repeated your name frequently, and with considerable vehemence." "Ah!" answered Rashooan, "if any thing extraordinary awaits me, it is sure to be bad. I never was fortunate myself; nor ever brought good fortune to others! When a boy I was sent among the Kabardahs. Kind people! My host adopted me as his child; his wife sealed the act with the milk from her own breast; and his sons swore to treat me as a brother. What was the consequence? Tartars carried me off, my adopted

kinsmen fell in my defence, and I was sold to the Turks. I now am a slave by habit as well as from necessity, and no longer wish to be free: the chance therefore is that I am doomed to have my liberty."

Other Mamlukes now brought Rashooan word that his presence was commanded. Sighing he went, and in about half an hour returned to us with a countenance clouded by sadness; "Selim," said he, "I leave you: for ever I leave the house of the noble Suleiman."

"What motive," cried I, "can induce the Bey to part with a favourite?"

"Listen," answered Rashooan: "Othman kiashef had an elder brother in Georgia, settled at a distant place. The kiashef has just discovered that I am that brother's son. He has consequently requested of Suleiman to purchase me. But, as you may suppose, our patron did not think himself warranted by any circumstance, however singular, to listen to the proposal. 'Such a disgrace,' cried he, 'as that of bartering my Mamluke for money, shall lie neither on his head nor on mine. Suleiman may inflict death on an undutiful son, but his enemies shall never say 'he exchanged him for gold!'

"Othman upon this looked exceedingly dejected, and Suleiman for awhile seemed rather to enjoy his distress. At last he proceeded thus: 'Since, however, Rashooan is your nephew, God forbid I should keep him from his uncle's longing arms.

Receive the young man as my gift, and let the donor ever remain near your heart.

"'Othman," pursued the Georgian, "would fain have excused himself from accepting me in the burthensome form of a present; but, unable to obtain his nephew on any other terms, he submits. I therefore leave you; I leave all that is dear to me! Torn in my childhood from my natural friends, I now in my youth am wrested from all my adoptive brethren. But the will of God be done!"

We accompanied Rashooan back to the palace, where he took an affectionate leave of his patron and his friends. All regretted the young Mamluke sincerely; and Suleiman himself appeared greatly moved. Little did he foresee what luck his gift one day would bring him!

The removal of Rashooan left me fewer inducements for rambling, and this was fortunate; for every day the Bey could less endure my absence. I was his cyclopædia, and whatever puzzled his sagacious brain—whether a paragraph on Egypt in an old Vienna gazette, or the site of Cairo in a worn-out Nurnberg map; whether the arranging of a microscope presented by a traveller, or the telling of the weather by a barometer extorted from a jew; whether the construction of a barge, or the design of a keoschk—all was referred to me, as to the oracle in chief: so that many a time, when there

occurred what seemed inexplicable riddles to Mamluke intellects, I could only escape my part of Œdipus, by my insufficient proficiency in the language of the Egyptian sphynx; and my ignorance of the Arabic saved my credit for information on many other subjects. The Bey, however, recommended me to the tution of a schaich, bred in the college of El-Azhar,[12] not doubting that, when once taught all the refinements of the Caïreen idiom, I should no longer be at a loss for an answer on any topic whatsoever. He thought me a positive abyss of science; and in truth it would have been difficult to discover on what foundation bottomed my knowledge. Whenever I feared that its want of solid basis might become palpable, I diverted the Bey's attention by some piece of flattery. Not that I ever condescended to perform so inferior an office in the endless departments of adulation, as that of administering to Suleiman his daily dose of crude unmodified incense, which, in common with all other grandees, he had from long and inveterate habit come to regard—like his daily pill of opium—as an absolute necessary to his constitution; and therefore took as a thing he could not well dispense with, but no longer either derived much exhilaration from, or felt much gratitude for. The task of cramming him with this insipid sort of panegyric I left to the vulgar herd of attendants. Mine was the nicer office of stimulating the appetite, and of

heightening the flavour of the draught, through means of that little previous fermentation which gives spirit to the flattest beverage. I therefore usually began by putting my patron, by some point blank contradiction, into a violent rage. To yield afterwards to the force and perspicuity of his arguments, was a species of adulation perfectly irresistible: it gave my patron all the pleasure of a complete surprise, and me, all the appearance of a sturdy sincerity!

Such pains to please deserved a recompense, and the reward was liberally bestowed; but in a mode nearly as circuitous as that in which it had been earned. Suleiman naturally abhorred a direct gift: what he usually granted to his favourites, was an opportunity of grinding other favourites, already provided for,—or of laying under contribution some dependent or client. He would send me, for instance, to inform some rich jew protegé that he had been thinking of him all day, or some wealthy christian tradesman that he had been dreaming of him all night; and truly I had never before experienced such a solid way of thinking, or such golden dreams! As an additional favour, he introduced me to all his most distinguished colleagues; particularly to Ibrahim-Bey Sogeir, to Mustapha-Bey Skanderani, and to Ayoob-Bey the great. This latter was pleased to express great regret that the commander of the kirlangitsch should not have addressed me, at my outset, to himself.

On first entering Suleiman's house, I had found the envy of his Mamlukes entirely centred in the Tchibookdjee. It was hard to digest so marked a preference shown a native of Odesché, whatever might be the colour of his cheeks. But when I, who was not even a purchased slave, became the Bey's right hand, only for practising a few foreign juggling tricks—as they were politely termed,—even the favourite was thought aggrieved, and began to be pitied. Accustomed to dissimulation, he however preserved with me an exterior of civility, tempered only by a few cutting remarks, so expressed as to seem to arise from sheer kindness; until a favourable opportunity at last offered of letting loose upon me all his long-suppressed malice.

Suleiman had been rather too eager one day in exhibiting his prowess at the djereed. Over-heated with an exercise too violent for his age, he returned home greatly indisposed. His illness soon became so violent a fever that his life was thought in danger; and his hakem in ordinary, at his slender wit's soon reached ends, no longer knew what to do. All his Mamlukes stood aghast round their patron, expecting every hour to be his last. I was looking on with the rest, when all at once it occurred to me that I need not remain an idle spectator. Eugenius, my French instructor at Pera, whose strong mind lodged in but a weakly sort of a body, had on occasions derived relief from an English powder, which

he always kept himself provided with. Of this panacea he had at parting given me a few papers, as a valuable present. But Anastasius in health never remembered that Anastasius might fall ill, and the medicine was abandoned to whoever chose to try its efficacy: an occurrence the more frequent, as the result of the experiment always was favourable. It however now struck me that, possibly, among my clothes, there might be some powders left which might save the Bey's life, and make my own fortune.

Full of this idea, I broke through the circle, burst out of the room, and ran, with a throbbing heart, to my own chamber to look for the medicine. But where to find it I knew not. Every corner of my box was ransacked, every hole of my room was searched, every article of my apparel was turned over fifty times, without my being able to discover the least symptom of the tiny blue papers for which I was hunting. At last I gave over the search, considered the case as hopeless, and went down stairs again, to resume my forlorn station in the sick chamber, where even during my short absence matters were grown worse. Scarce had I entered it, than I recollected that in tumbling over my wardrobe, I had perceived the blade of an old rusty handjar—a keep-sake from Aly—thrust half way out of the sheath, and had met with some resistance on trying to push it home. In the flurry of my

spirits, I had only curst the rusty weapon, but, on recurring to the circumstance, a glimpse of hope flashed upon me. Aly had taken one of my powders after his sea-sickness, and the handjar in question had been his acknowledgment for the relief obtained. I ran back to my chamber, probed the scabbard to the bottom, and, from the inmost core of the implement of death, drew forth the last dose of my restorative of life and health,—probably thus untidily stowed away in some thoughtless moment. Wrapping up the precious medicine in an embroidered handkerchief, I ran down again to the Bey; gave him—for fear the simple truth should sound too homely in his ears—a pompous account of the singular and superhuman personage to whom I owed the gift; expatiated on the incalculable rarity and wonderful powers of the medicine itself; and ended by imploring him to take perhaps the last dose of this powder of life, existing on the whole terraqueous globe!

Most ready was my patron to try its efficacy; but I had seen him swallow other medicine of less vital importance with an ill grace, and spit out three good quarters and a half. Fearful lest he should serve in the same manner what I considered his sole remaining chance of existence, I went for some palatable vehicle, in which to secure a safe transit to the powder.

Though scarcely absent two minutes, I found, on

my return, the face of affairs entirely changed. The Tchibookdjee had employed the short period of my absence to insinuate that the medicine probably was a poison, and the giver a rogue. Of late, I had been much with Ayoob-Bey. Ayoob indeed was Suleiman's most intimate friend! But what were Mamluke friendships? And my evident confusion, my wildness, and my running in and out, clearly bespoke a guilty mind. When, full of exultation and hope, I offered the draught, the Bey pushed it aside, and, without giving any reason, said he would take no more physic. This declaration was in itself sufficiently stunning; but much of the mischief it implied might depend upon its particular author.—I cast my eye leisurely round the Mamluke circle: the Tchibookdjee looked away; I guessed the truth, and trembled.

It now became necessary to insure my own safety. I therefore said with firmness: "This powder has some other virtues beside that of expelling fever: it exposes calumny. Since my patron rejects its healing powers, let it at least bear witness to his Selim's heart;—and may God forgive the unfaithful servant who suffers the waste of what might have saved his master's life!"

Saying this, I carried the cup to my lips. My speech had restored to the Bey his former confidence. With all the eagerness which his debility permitted,

he interposed his trembling hand between the rim and my mouth, wrested from me the draught, and, whispering to the Tchibookdjee in a faltering accent, "he cannot be a poisoner," at one gulp poured down his throat the whole contents.

In my eagerness to do good, I certainly had not sufficiently proportioned the dose to the weaknes of the patient. Instead of finding relief he felt greater oppression; and soon his constitution appeared utterly unable to struggle with the energy of the medicine. The Mamlukes, upon this, renewed all their former surmises, and spoke their sentiments so loudly in the Bey's hearing, that they seemed quite determined to justify their imputations, cost what it might, and, in default of real poison, to kill their patron through the fear of it. My life seemed to hang by a thread!—Had I dared, I should have mounted my horse, and rode away without waiting the issue: but I saw myself watched on all sides, and I knew that on the smallest attempt to make my escape, I must be cut down on the spot. Meantime a death-like paleness overspread the Bey's countenance: his features became fixed, and his breath ceased to be perceptible. This was the critical moment. I gazed on his countenance like one whose own life depended on its changes. At last a slight dew broke out upon his forehead:—plentiful relief soon followed. The

system threw off the weight which oppressed it, and the fever abated! From that instant the Bey's illness took a favourable turn. Every hour showed an improvement on the preceding; and in a short time after being to all appearance in the agony of death, Suleiman was on his legs again as well as ever; while—as had been predicted at the Fanar—I fell upon mine at last, and stood proclaimed the saver of the Bey's life.

CHAPTER II.

On the occasion of his recovery from the first alarming illness which he had yet experienced, Suleiman took with its vanquisher a less circuitous mode than usual of showing his gratitude. He made me at once, by a direct grant, Multezim or proprietor of a cluster of villages near Djarrah; and Selim Aga thus became a man of substance. But this favour inflamed to such a degree the jealousy and murmurings of the Bey's Mamlukes, that he would at last, I believe, gladly have seen me in the condition from which I rescued him, and that, without the benefit of Eugenius's powders. An urgent summons into his presence was the consequence. The moment I appeared; "Selim," he cried, "you prescribed the other day for me: I must now prescribe for you!"

I thanked my patron, and assured him that the pleasure of seeing his health restored, had put mine beyond the reach of accident.

"You mistake," resumed the Bey. "I see by your face that you are ill,—very ill indeed! The air of Cairo disagrees with you. Take my advice, and change it immediately for that of the healthier province in which your property lies."

It was something to find that I was not expected to swallow a positive dose, which I feared might cure all my ailments too effectually. Still I considered the prescription as indicating something critical in my case, and exclaimed: "Say at once, Sir, that I have lost your favour; say at once that you banish me your presence; say that my enemies have prevailed!"

"To prove you mistaken," replied the Bey, "to prove that I lose not so soon all sense of gratitude, I add to my former gift a new one; I name you Caïmakam[1] of Samanhood. It is a delightful place, and your residence in your own district will season you to the climate. On your return, you will appear less a stranger among us."

From some lips, "I advise," implies "I command." My only business therefore was to go where bidden, as soon as invested with the insignia of my office.

Meanwhile, behold me now become Selim-Caïmakam! and by the indefeasible privilege of always rising one step at least above one's real rank, giving myself by anticipation all the airs of Selim-Kiashef. Not a single rayah of the inferior sort had the misfortune to meet me in the street, whom my mokhadam[2] forced not to jump from off his long-eared steed, and humbly to salute me in the mire. The great fat Frank merchants, indeed, showed themselves as yet more firm in their seats, and these I could thus far only indulge in the pleasure of be-

spattering from head to foot, *en passant*, while I promised myself ampler satisfaction on their persons at some later period. These were the follies of my youth;—and would that they had been the worst for which my riper years have had to blush!

Suleiman's regular bazirghian[3] was the merchant, on whom chiefly devolved the honour of fitting me out for my lieutenancy. I chose at his shop broad-cloths, shawls, silks, muslins, armour, &c. sufficient for the equipage of a Bey. These I paid for in orders on my villages; and as the term of payment was distant, so was the price of the goods porportionably high. My indignation therefore exceeded all bounds, when, alarmed at my increasing requisitions, the wary trader at last swore—with great apparent concern—that he had not a strip left of the articles I wanted. A piece of information so little expected, put me under the disagreeable necessity of secretly watching the entrance of some customer of more established credit into Zohrab's shop, when, gliding in after the new visitor, and finding the whole counter covered with the choicest specimens of the very goods which I had in vain demanded, I congratulated the merchant on his seasonable supply, swept away the whole assortment, and resold what I could spare from my own private use.

Spite of Suleiman's impatience to see me gone, I was determined to witness at Cairo the opening of the Kalish. Rather than lose that festivity I chose

to sprain my ancle, and limped to the show. Among the valuable articles which I had bought to do honour to my government, shone pre-eminent a fine samoor[4] pelisse. This costly fur I was dying to display at the fête; and caught a cold on purpose to wrap myself in it in the midst of the dog-days: nor did I stir a step except in my pelisse. The very mob raved of its beauty; and one youth in particular eyed it with such intense adoration, that, unable to possess himself of the whole, he cut off the left sleeve while it swung at my back; and bore the important appendage away as a relic. It was mortifying to learn my loss from some persons behind me, in the very midst of my happiness. The sleeve indeed might be replaced, but the pelisse could no longer be worn that day, and with a deep sigh I sent it home. Scarce, however, had its mangled body reached my door, than after it walked in the severed limb. Dropped, in the confusion of the place, by the thief, the precious fragment had been picked up by an honest fellow, who by the greatest good luck happened to be a tailor into the bargain, and offered to wield his needle with such diligence, as in a trice to enable the signor Caïmakam to resume his robe of state. The honest fellow's services were accepted: the cloak was given him, and he retired to work in a little back chamber.

Unluckily this room—besides a door—also had a window; and, having come in at the one, my friend

chose, for variety, to go out at the other. On my looking in to hasten the business, tailor, cloak, and sleeve had disappeared together, nor have they ever since been heard of. I applied to the Schaich or chief of the robbers at Cairo, who, for a certain consideration, undertakes to restore stolen goods; and during the sultriest season of the year had every day fifty pelisses of cat and rabbit skin brought me to examine; but not one of samoor!

Spite of my loss I proceeded on my journey. According to the custom of the country, I was accompanied by some of the fellahs[5] of my own estate, to serve me as a sort of hostages for the good behaviour of my remaining serfs; and, in addition to these, had, by way of retinue, four black slaves for the service of my person, three hawarees or Barbaresque horsemen for the protection of my vassals, half a dozen kawasses[6] to clear my way of canaille, and four or five saïs, or grooms, to take care of my stud. This latter consisted, besides the steeds we mounted, of three or four fine led horses for show, as many mules for use, and a dromedary for flight, should circumstances render a retrograde movement expedient. As to asses for incognito expeditions, they were, thank God! to be found at every turn. This little assortment of bipeds and quadrupeds,—extended on as long a line as possible,—formed a very respectable procession, and quite sufficient to make passengers inquire and have an opportunity

of learning, that it was Selim caïmakam on his way to his government.

I began my journey by land, and, spite of the humble entreaties of the Schaichs and Shehoods[7] of the different places where I halted, preferred pitching my tents in the open air, to lodging in the close and miserable hovels of the towns and villages; but I took care that the inhabitants should lose nothing by the great man keeping aloof: and consoled them by sending for as much provision of every sort as I could manage to consume or carry. The Schaich-el-belled of each district is obliged to supply the public officers on their route at the expense of the district; in consequence of which excellent regulation I should never have given up the more economical way of travelling by land, for the more expensive conveyance by water, had not some of the kiashefs on my way been most inconveniently engaged in hostility with the neighbouring Arabs. This rendered part of the road insecure; and, as I had but an inadequate force, I resolved, after three or four days march along the banks of the Nile, to contend with its adverse current; myself in a light khandgea,[8] which went on before, and the bulk of my equipage in a larger and heavier boat behind.

In consequence of the adventure of my pelisse, I had conceived the erroneous notion that the thieves of Cairo far excelled in skill those of the provinces. This opinion, so injurious to the latter,

maturer experience enabled me to correct. One evening, advancing with a fresh breeze pretty rapidly against the stream, our ears were suddenly struck by the noise of a heavy body, plumping into the waves; and inexpressible was my surprise and concern when, running to the stern of the boat, I beheld this body to be that of my best mare; and when I saw the faithless Noorshah, whom I thought I had left tied fast by the legs, swimming away to the land with all her might. Unable to guess the cause of this strange freak, I did all in my power to entice the beast back. In vain!——As if bewitched, the more she heard me call the faster she swam; so that at last I gave orders to tack and row after the fugitive with all possible speed. Noorshah however reached the bank about fifty yards in advance of her old master, and no sooner had she touched the shore, than out came the secret, in the shape of a thief, who, to my inexpressible horror, started up from behind the animal, cut the strings that confined its legs, pressed its loins with his own bandy shanks, and scampered off. By diving all the way, the scoundrel had contrived to reach the boat unperceived, had crept in by favour of the dusk, had slipped under the mare, and, by raising his back under her belly, had tilted her over into the water; when, confined as were her extremities, it became an easy task to push her to the land. Unfortunately the boasted speed of the animal put out

of question all chance of successful pursuit; and Noorshah was placed in my memory, with the pelisse, among the things that had been.

At Mamfloot I again quitted the khandgea. Only five or six days journey now separated me from my new district, which bordered upon the province of Djirdgé; and the road bore a good character.

On the third morning of my progress, however, I began to doubt its claims. All the inhabitants young and old of the first village we passed through, were under arms; some carrying clubs, others stones, and, the most distinguished, a rusty sword or a worn-out matchlock. The enemy against whom they marched, drawn out in the most martial array on the brow of an eminence hard by, were the inhabitants of the next village; and, inquiring into the cause of hostilities, all the information I could get was that nobody knew the date of its first beginning. The origin of the hereditary animosity between the two districts lay concealed in the obscurity of ages; but its virulence remained not the less unimpaired:—it had been laudably kept up by as many subsequent injuries and retaliations as other business permitted; and to my great edification I understood that, however completely the first cause of the enmity might be forgotten, it was only the more implacable on that account.

Though gratified by so praiseworthy a spirit, I

judged nevertheless that it might admit of some modification, and took the liberty to represent that, even supposing the happiness of the community to be quite beyond enduring, I still thought that certain regular drawbacks—such as contributions to the Sultan, taxes imposed by the Beys, provisions claimed by travelling officers like myself, exactions of avaricious landlords, depredations committed by wandering Arabs, and yearly encroachments of the sand on the cultivable soil, together with the incidental circumstances of locusts, plague, imperfect irrigation, mortality and famine—might, upon the whole, qualify it sufficiently, without the gratuitous addition of civil warfare and bloodshed between neighbours, begun without a cause, and carried on without an object!

This civil remonstrance, I rejoiced to find, made a great impression. Not a single objection was raised, and my speech—frequently interrupted by cries of, "listen, listen!"—seemed to obtain universal approbation. The auditors thanked me humbly for my good advice: when I departed, they remained for a considerable time immoveable on the spot; and only after I and mine were quite out of sight, they proceeded on, and gave their enemies (as I have since understood) the bloodiest battle on record in their annals.

After nearly four weeks spent on the road, I found myself at last, to my great satisfaction, ap-

proaching the conclusion of my tedious journey. In the midst of a deep reverie I was suddenly aroused by the loud shouts of my suite, at the sight of my capital. Already delighted with these welcome sounds, I expected to be soon still more so by the appearance of my subjects, drawn out in due state to meet their new governor, with drums beating and colours flying. "How long they must have been watching my arrival!" thought I, and spurred my horse on, straining both eyes and ears to discover some distant stir; but no symptom of bustle being yet discernible, I again slackened my pace, in order to give leisure for the procession to advance. Vain considerateness! I might proceed as slow as I pleased, not a creature appeared, early or late, to welcome my arrival; and I had to enter my capital unhonoured with the smallest notice. Matters mended not even as I penetrated deeper into the town. Every street or lane which I successively entered looked peculiarly forlorn. Every door and window was as empty as if the city had been visited by the plague; and the inhabitants, so far from impeding my passage by their congratulations, seemed, on the contrary, to have all fled from their homes at my approach. Inconceivably mortified, I fell into a state of such complete abstraction that—no longer minding what I was about—I crossed my capital (which, to say the truth, was not among the largest) through and through, and again issued forth at the

opposite extremity from that at which I had entered, so as to leave my destined residence wholly behind me, and to continue on in full march toward the Saïd. In fact, I would have proceeded in this way to the very end of the world, had not all at once my ears been assailed by a prodigious clamour, raised a hundred yards or two in my rear. It was that of no less than all the Schaichs, Shehoods and notables of the place collected, who, seeing me thus contemptuously turn my back upon my new subjects, and run away from my government, were in full cry at my heels, to stop my alarming progress. Unfortunately the discord of their shouts had the contrary effect from that which they intended. Imagining it in my abstraction to be some fray in which I had no concern, I only spurred my horse on the faster, and the more pertinaciously the procession pursued me, the harder I galloped: until one of my own suite, who had learnt the truth, at last got me to hear him, and rectified my mistake. My subjects, poor creatures! had only appeared remiss from an excess of loyalty. Apprised that I drew near, they had, early in the morning, taken their station where they expected me to enter their city:—totally forgetting a bad pass in the road, which compelled me to make a circuit, and thereby obliged my subjects to run after their governor, instead of advancing in due state to meet him face to face. Matters now were soon brought to an amicable un-

derstanding, and I turned back without any other ill consequence arising from the mistake, except that of the whole procession—governor and governed—entering the town the wrong end foremost.

It had been sheer modesty in me not to expect a capital at least equal to Raschid or to Fooah. When, therefore, on looking round, I saw how little the real dimensions of my residence agreed with those assigned to it in my imagination, my first impulse was to accuse Suleiman of having treated me with disrespect. Time only inspired me with more reasonable sentiments;—time only taught me that mine was a situation not of amusement but of profit: but by degrees my docile intellect became so thoroughly imbued with this principle, that, through dint of unabating diligence, I was at last able to tell to a fraction of a para what each feddan of ground might yield, and each head of man or beast thereto belonging be chargeable for, whether to the Multezim, the lieutenant, the governor, or the miri.[9]

After these severer studies, letting leases, imposing contributions, levying fines, receiving presents, and inflicting penalties were only my pastimes. Indeed, as the Egyptian fellah makes it a matter of conscience never to pay his rent, until compelled by main force, and wears the stripes he has incurred in his resistance as badges of honour, my financial operations sometimes even afforded me a fair field for the exercise of my warlike propensities: not but what my genius —even in its fullest exertions in that line—still

shrunk into absolute insignificance before that of my Coobtic writer, who, with a salary of six medeens a day, and a large family to maintain, had become by mere saving as rich as a Sultan's seraf. It is true that whenever he drew a para out of his vest, it was as if he tore his very vitals out of his bosom. Once, indeed, I tried to throw some light upon the intricacies of his accounts, but those of the labyrinth of Crete would have been less perplexing. When I complained of the easy honesty of this worthy personage to my confidential servant, I found little sympathy. Seyed shrugged up his shoulders; owned that certain things might be tiresome,—but they were the regular practice. If the Coobd cheated the Multezim, did not the Multezim in the same way cheat the Caimakam, and the Caimakam the Kiashef, and the Kiashef the Bey; and the Bey the Schaich-el-belled, and the Schaich-el-belled the Pasha, and the Pasha the Porte, and the Porte the Sultan? who—he was very sure—cheated Allah himself, when he assumed the title of Kaliph of the faithful.

The only thing I could see through tolerably were the decisions of the cadee, which I sometimes went to witness at the mekkemé. In Egypt as elsewhere, the conjugal union seemed to be in all its various stages the most universal source of discord, and subject of litigation. One day there appeared a fair one, entitled thus far only to the blushing honours of a bride, who, on being conducted in state,

to her bridegroom, had been refused admittance, and had found herself compelled to return as she went. Another day came a wife regularly installed. She, poor woman! had been dispossessed less openly, but of rights already exercised, and now claimed her long unpaid dues with arrears of interest: and on another occasion in walked a mourning widow; who, still as much in love with her dead husband as while he was alive, only demanded the empty gratification of nightly visiting his grave, unimpeded by her churlish relations. She was pretty; her grief affected me, and once or twice I went to the scene of her affliction, to mix my tears with hers.

In Europe, the law, they say, demands a long apprenticeship: it is not so among Mohammedans. The Koran and its commentaries decide every case, from a point of faith to a right of gutter, in a very few seconds. The form of trial is simple. Every man pleads his own cause; and wonderful is the readiness of the Egyptians in finding answers to every interrogatory, excuses for every action, witnesses to every fact, and sureties for every engagement. I remember a poor fellow, who, called upon for his respondents, and having none on earth, had recourse to heaven. Imam Aly was the one he chose: nor dared the other contracting party, albeit somewhat startled, both at the distance of the saint's abode and at the difficulty of enforcing his appearance, refuse so respectable a security.

My stay was long enough in my lieutenancy to find that peculiar subject of discourse the most interesting, which I had once thought the most tiresome; I mean, the rise of the Nile. By degrees I could think of no other. Yet was it this season a source of no very cheering contemplation. The river—as if in a trance—displayed such unusual tardiness in rising, that soon every district trembled lest its waters should fail of attaining the requisite height. Nothing was heard but lamentations and complaints. One came to tell me of canals which not a drop of moisture reached; another, of such as had been drained prematurely of their insufficient contents. Here the legal period for cutting a dam had been wholly disregarded; there a single field had been made to engross the supply of a whole district: every where it seemed as if the dread of a scarcity had made man exert his utmost ingenuity to render a famine unavoidable.

I now became haunted by the phantom of drought, the most dreary that stalks over Egypt's thirsty plains. My thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, equally presented to me its ever extending, blasting form, followed by the whole train of its frightful offspring: unirrigated tracts, fields remaining fallow, insufficient crops, farmers unable to pay their contributions, peasants abandoning their villages, whole troops of fellahs leaving their possessions and their homes to till the land of the

stranger, impositions to remit, short rents to receive for the Bey; and the Caimakam alone held accountable for all the deficiencies of nature, and all the waywardness of man. O! how earnestly did I now pray for some lucky incident, which might release me from my stewardship and responsibility! But of such a piece of good fortune I entertained no hopes.

It however came, and when it came, it failed of its promised pleasure. One morning, as I sat puzzling over some of my writer's explanations, in walked a smooth-spoken gentleman, who, followed by a whole body of less engaging satellites, in a civil tone informed me that he came to take my place, and, lest I should doubt his word, handed me an injunction from the Bey to return forthwith to Cairo. This unlooked-for recall produced such a revolution in my sentiments, that I now would gladly have given just as much to retain, as I would have done the instant before, to get rid of my trust. It is true that to my concern for what I left was to be added my apprehension of what I might find. So sudden a removal, so little accounted for, savoured of a disgrace. I doubted not but my enemies had improved my absence to undermine my favour. The Tchibookdjee was evidently at the bottom of the whole affair; and, as I had already vowed the insidious pipe-bearer an eternal hatred, I could now only add the vow of a speedy revenge.

Absorbed in my meditations on the best mode of executing what, but for the consequences, was feasible a thousand ways, I one day, on my homeward journey, rode on so fast as to get entirely out of sight of my suite, when suddenly I found myself breast to breast with a troop of Bedoween Arabs, whose low dusky tents, pitched behind a sand-hill, had remained concealed from my view, till I almost stumbled over their inclosure. The same instant the chief of the tribe, followed by half a dozen of its ragged members, advanced upon me with couched spears, demanding either a hundred sequins for my passage, or all I possessed. Neither of these proposals suited me; but my retinue amounted not to one fourth of that of the Arabs, and it seemed quite certain that if it came to blows, we must have the worst of the fray:—wherefore—without advancing, but without either answering the summons, I turned round to the foremost men of my escort, who by this time had approached within reach, and bid them fill a basket with ball and cartridge. This ammunition I sent to the Bedoweens: telling them at the same time that it was the only coin in which I paid impositions: but, if not content with the quantity, they might—I added—as soon as my army came up, have more of it,—and that, sent by the speediest conveyance possible. This rodomontade took effect. The Schaich received the gift with thanks, filled the basket in return with super-excellent dates, and

bade me pass on, with the salutation of peace. This civility I most readily returned; nor waited until my army should be in sight, to hurry with all possible speed out of that of the Arabs.

Brooding all the way to Cairo over the cause of my recall, I could scarce avoid, on my entrance into the capital, reading in every countenance the confirmation of my disgrace. This idea made me conceal my own features in my shawl, till I reached the palace. There, meeting at the gate an old and confidential comrade, I gave vent for the first time to my apprehensions, and by way of obtaining, without asking it, more explicit information respecting the manœuvres of the Tchibookdjee, cried out: "I was come to look after Osman."—"God forbid!" was the only answer I received.

But these few words, with the addition of an ominous smile, sufficed to complete the subversion of my senses.—I rushed up stairs, flew into the Bey's apartment, and hardly allowing myself time to perform a respectful salutation: "Sir," cried I, in scarce articulate sounds, "Osman, I know, will never cease his machinations, until he has entirely ruined me in your esteem!"

"If so," coolly answered the Bey, "your knowledge far exceeds in its reach even what I imagined; nor did I think poor Osman still continued to disturb your repose, after being himself laid at rest for ever."

"How!" cried I—more bewildered than before—

"is Osman dead?" "And what else," replied the Bey, "do you think could have made me send for you in such haste? What but the means of now conferring upon you without any obstacle......... but you are too much agitated to listen. I must wait till to-morrow to unfold my designs. Meanwhile, go, and compose yourself."

I went, but whether I obeyed the sequel of the injunction, need scarcely be told. My imagination, always ardent enough, had been set in a complete blaze; and, burning with impatience to learn my new destinies, I only felt my agitation changed in its object, without being in the least diminished in its intensity. The whole night my brains were kept on the stretch to clothe into some definite shape the Bey's vague and desultory hints; and in my anxious wish for the day that was to clear up the mystery, I began to think night had overslept herself, and the morning, pregnant with my future fate, would never arrive.

At last it duly shone upon the world, and the summons to my patron's chamber greeted my impatient ear. Left with him in much-portending tête-à-tête, he looked at me, smiled to see the eagerness depicted in my countenance, hemmed twice or thrice for no purpose but to increase the fever of my spirits, and, having asked me some trifling questions, which I answered without well knowing what they were—at last began his discourse.

CHAPTER III.

"SELIM,"—said Suleiman in all the solemnity of a set speech,—"you have seen our two leaders, and seldom, I should think, can have observed two personages more unlike both in mind and in body. The short spare form, the mild countenance, the insinuating address, the cautious calculating turn of the Schaich-el-belled could not find a greater contrast than in the ferocious features, the colossal frame, the voice of thunder, the violent temper, the fearlessness of danger, the impatience of control, and the prodigality of disposition of his blustering colleague. Little of union might be expected between qualities so dissimilar; and, in fact, the public at large, which sees Ibrahim ever prefer artifice to force and negotiation to war, while Mourad openly professes to hold in his sword his only instrument of persuasion, regards these two chiefs as constantly on the eve of a rupture, and about to hoist the standard of interminable enmity. But we who observe more closely, have lost all hopes on that head.—We can only, when Ibrahim and Mourad affect to be at variance, view in their reciprocal strictures upon each other, studied sallies

carefully rehearsed beforehand by the performers, with the view to mask their schemes, and to mislead their rivals. Each appreciates in his heart at its true value, that difference of disposition from the other, which gives him in his associate precisely all he wants in himself, and makes Mourad cut asunder the knot which Ibrahim cannot untie, as it again enables Ibrahim to cure by his management the wounds which Mourad has inflicted by his rashness. Thus it is that the dissimilar qualities of the two chiefs—like the gold and the steel of a Damascus blade—only form a closer amalgam, and leave less hopes of those chasms and fissures in their union, at which competitors insinuate themselves to divide a party, to drive its members asunder, and to rise on its ruins!

"Some of us therefore,—Ibrahim-Bey Sogeir, Osman-Bey Tcherkavi, Mustapha-Bey Skanderani, Ayoob-Bey the lesser and myself,—have at last agreed upon uniting our strength, in order to bring these all-grasping leaders to a more equal division of the spoil; and even Ayoob-Bey Kebir, Youssoof-Bey, and Ismaïl-Bey Sogeir, though they still seem to waver, only do so, in order that they may sell their co-operation at a higher price. Their irresolute and doubtful conduct, however, would have made us put off the execution of our design until it had had time to acquire greater consistency, did not the present juncture offer advantages which perhaps

may never hereafter recur. Ismaïl and Hassan, after their long sleep at Es-souan, are at last roused, and prepare for a descent to Cairo. Aware how little our assistance is to be depended on, should the capital be made the field of battle, the leaders have thought it advisable to hush the storm, if possible, in its very cradle, and Mourad is going to march to the Saïd, while Ibrahim stays to awe us at Cairo. Thus separated from his colleague, and deprived of half his strength, the Schaich-el-belled must, if attacked with vigour, yield to our united force: and in order to be in readiness for the day of trial, we are all busy in recalling with the least possible show our adherents from the different provinces. This made me summon you from your government with that abruptness from which you drew such unfounded conclusions. You now know the great secret for which your presence was wanted; and all that I have to add is the strongest recommendation that it may never pass your lips."

Here my patron,—rising from his seat,—marked the end of his discourse. The conclusion fell somewhat short of my expectations. Great undoubtedly to one like me was the satisfaction of learning that all the world was going to unsheath sword and dagger; but still I had looked forward to the disclosure of some more directly personal advantage. It however occurred to me that whatever new favour Suleiman might destine his servant, was probably

deferred to a later conference, on very purpose lest it should appear the consequence only of his necessities; which circumstance being made due allowance for, I humbly thanked him for his expenditure of breath, made every requisite profession of attachment, fidelity, and zeal; and respectfully retired.

A slave of Ayoob's had been waiting for my appearance near the gate of the palace. The moment I went forth he came up to me, and, rather in a mysterious manner, whispered an invitation to his master's palace, which I obeyed with alacrity.

As soon as Ayoob saw me: "Signor Caimakam," cried he in his eager way, wholly unlike that of his brethren—true volcanos wrapt in snow, "a most extraordinary occurrence has happened. It is still a secret to all, save the parties concerned; and you are the first stranger destined to learn the wonderful event!

"You know," continued he after a short pause to fetch breath, "that since I cannot have my Mamlukes of my own blood, I at least spare neither money nor pains to have them of my own country—my beloved Gurgistan. Doomed to live and to die in this distant region, whoever comes from the land of my birth seems to me a relation. Not many days ago my harem was enriched with a new bud reared in the parent soil. In order to save the maiden from the rapacity of her landlord, her friends were going to place her under the protection

of a husband, at the tender age of eleven: but already they had deferred their purpose too long. Her wedding-day was fixed, when an armed troop swept the district, and made her a slave ere she was become a wife.

"Brought hither to adorn my garden, this lovely rose of the East became my favourite flower: yet had I the forbearance, ere with eager hand I placed it in my bosom, to observe our sacred custom,—to inquire on what stem it had grown, and what walls had sheltered its infancy from the rough blasts of heaven, and the rude touch of man? Selim—would you believe it? In my slave I found a sister!

"The virgin blushing before me, was my own father's daughter: was a young and solitary shoot, which, long after the elder branches had been severed from the parent stock, seemed springing up for the sole purpose of shading, with fresh and tender foliage, its bare and withering top. For the first time during my twenty years sojourn in Egypt I heard the voice of kindred, and felt the ties of blood.

"But what is this to you? Listen! and you shall hear."

Here Ayoob gave me nearly the same sketch of the state of affairs and of the views of the party, as Suleiman had done before: except that he spoke of himself as more decided in his sentiments than he had been represented by my patron. I began

to fear that I had twice in one day been inveigled by a hope of personal advantage, into listening to a long detail of other people's concerns. But mark the sequel!

"At a moment so critical"—continued Ayoob—"I naturally feel anxious to surround myself with men, who to such bravery as depends not on the fumes of hashish[1] add such intelligence and skill as may render that courage useful. Of men of this description, small, alas! is the number; but you are one, and I may now freely urge your devoting your future existence to my house, since it affords me—God be praised!—the means of rewarding your services.

"The husband my sister lost in Gurgistan, we must find for her at Cairo:—yet, what man is there among my own Mamlukes, worthy of the honour of so great an alliance, and able at the same time to requite it by undivided attention? The elder individuals of my household are already established; and the younger have not yet accomplished their probation. To you therefore I offer Zelidah's youthful hand; to you, who may become my own support as well as my sister's solace! Let me however add that this proposal would never have passed my lips, while Suleiman your old patron continued faithful to his promise; but since—for what reason I know not—he resigns his claims upon a faithful servant, I may, without scruple, offer you all I can

bestow,—an alliance with my blood, a share in my honours, and a home in my house."

At this overture, I felt utterly confounded. It filled me with pleasure, but at the same time with anxiety. I knew not how to choose between the brilliant offer which came unexpectedly, and the expected favours as yet unbestowed. I dared not hope that Suleiman's thus far undisclosed designs would ever gratify my ambition beyond Ayoob's avowed intentions; but then again, I saw no means of attaching myself to Ayoob, without setting at nought the debt of gratitude, and the duties of the allegiance which I owed to Suleiman. In this dilemma between the certain and the promised boon, I magnanimously determined to make the proposals of the strange Bey, in the first instance, instrumental only in bringing to the test the munificence of my own patron,—reserving their final acceptance or refusal for a later period; and, in a speech brimful of those high-flown nothings called thanks, begged Ayoob's permission to ask Suleiman's consent, ere I changed my allegiance: observing that so far from my favour at home being on the decline, it stood higher than ever; and, in order to confirm this assertion, representing by a little transposition of the future to the past, those honours which I still expected, as already come to pass, and only for political purposes kept as yet unpublished.

Ayoob seemed not much to relish the idea of

having his splendid offers only accepted conditionally, or his liberality submitted to the discussion of a rival; and swore by his beard he thought it very strange: but seeing me inflexible on this point, "Then go," said he at last, "since you will be so obstinate; but remind Suleiman that if he stops the current of my intended bounty, his own should make you unbounded amends; and above all, stay not long. An hour is the utmost I can bear to be left, with my richest gifts thus hanging unaccepted on my hands."

I promised to return in much less time; and flew home as on the wings of lightning, to communicate to my patron the substance of the interview with his colleague. On hearing of Ayoob's offers, Suleiman reddened, and seemed offended. "By the head of our holy prophet," he cried in a tone of bitterness, "my brother the Georgian uses me ill: but these are times in which we must hush our resentments; and *this* Ayoob knows. You, Selim, I cannot blame: the offers of my insidious colleague took you by surprise, and you could not stop your ears. I however feel happy that, ere my rival made his proposal, I hinted the new favours with which I myself purposed to crown your zeal. You might otherwise suspect me of only acting from the fear of being out-bidden. Now mark me. My oldest kiashef, Mooktar, is married, as you know, to my first born daughter. My second kiashef to

her sister next in age. My other children, already sent forth into the world, are provided for in different ways adequate to their deserts. Thank God! I have been able to make all my freedmen lords. My haznadar,[2]—first in rank of those still under my roof—I cannot yet afford to part with, and I do not wish to conceal from you that had Osman lived, his name would have graced the nuptial song, sung in honour of my youngest girl. But Providence has called him away, and none of his comrades are yet entitled to an alliance with their patron's blood. I may therefore indulge the suggestions of my heart, by giving you my only remaining daughter. It is true, the man she marries must hold a high station: but this also I confer. I name you kiashef. Remember, however, that as my favours are great, so will your duties be arduous.—Of our intended plan of insurrection, the success may depend in a great measure upon your devotion, your skill, and your activity!"

To this hour I value rank: it is reverenced by fools; and fools form the major number. In the first aspirings of youth, so vast an accession of honours as that offered me by Suleiman almost overpowered my senses. It scarce left me able to make my patron the proper acknowledgment for his liberality, ere I retired out of his sight, to give vent to my emotions.

"I shall then see myself a kiashef!" exclaimed I aloud, whirling round like a top, in an ecstacy of

joy; "I shall then, every time I stir out, behold dancing before me those dear damasked spears which I so often have coveted! I shall appear abroad only with a handsome retinue, and at home possess my own separate establishment and harem! No longer a mere graft on a strange tree, I shall cast my own roots in the soil, and on my own independent stem bear my own separate fruits. This chin of mine shall henceforth cease to be kept close mown, and shall put forth unrestrained its most luxuriant crops!"[3] And immediately, with the anxiety of the husbandman, eager to ascertain whether in his field the budding blade comes up close and strong, I ran to a glass to see whether my broad jaw promised to bear a thick and handsome beard; already began to coax and to perfume, by anticipation, the still sleek unclothed skin; traced in imagination the symmetric outline of its future jetty fringe, and wondered how the new appendage would become the remainder of my manly features!

My raptures lasted some time, ere I remembered that I had promised Ayoob an immediate answer; and as soon as my memory returned, my imagination began to wander;—I became suddenly seized with a romantic fit. The substantial advantages were nearly balanced in the rival offers; but as honour threw its additional weight into the scale of my patron, I took it into my foolish head, that beauty must preponderate in that of Ayoob. In short, I persuaded myself that Zelidah—by birth

a Georgian, and by condition a slave—must be as superior in personal charms to Khadidgé, a daughter of Egypt and a descendant of rulers, as the fairest lily is to the dusky bulrush; and determined, at every risk, to see Ayoob's sister ere I decided.

A jewess of my acquaintance was the chief purveyor of female finery for Ayoob's harem. I went straight to this useful person, and made her instantly collect some of the richest stuffs she could find: then put on the blue shift and chequered veil of the Egyptian women of the lower order; and, in Sarah's unassuming suite, loaded with all her heaviest packages, proceeded to Ayoob's palace—now and then sharply reproved by the way, for my long strides and strapping gait.

Zelidah, when we arrived, was unfortunately in the bath, and signora Sarah had to wait. In order to be less conspicuous the while, I squatted myself down on the floor, in the darkest part of the room. Even this had too much light to conceal me from Ayoob, who, whether informed of the entrance of a suspicious figure, or from some other cause, himself unexpectedly made his appearance, as if to see his sister. The moment his eye fell upon the bundle into which I had transformed my person, his countenance changed, his brow became contracted, and he rushed out again, muttering to himself some words of ungracious import, and not at all complimentary to somebody's mother.[4] At this ill-boding

symptom, the jewess turned pale, and striking her breast,—"I have brought," cried she, "the thing I should not, and have left behind what I meant to have brought! Go, Dalla; run home, fetch the tissue we were talking of, and return not without it."

Scarce had the words been uttered, when heavy footsteps were heard to approach the place. Active as she was, Dalla had but just time to make her escape, and to reach the outer gate without hinderance. Running home as fast as possible, I cast off my disguise, and immediately hastened back to Ayoob, in my proper form and character.

With many apologies for the unavoidable delay, I now solemnly declined the Bey's offers, but in terms full of regret, of gratitude, and of protestations. The answer was in the same strain, though, as I thought, delivered somewhat coolly, and in a ruffled manner: and I afterwards understood from the jewess, who had bravely remained at her post, that in less than half a minute after I had made my exit, Ayoob reappeared in the harem, followed by a host of black eunuchs, and looking blacker than any of his suite. He again cast round an inquiring eye; and in seeming disappointment asked what was become of the Egyptian woman. Sarah told off-hand some just possible story, and, expressing a shrewd doubt of her servant's finding the stuff she wanted, went home herself, too happy at encountering no impediment. Thus ended my courtship with the fair Zelidah!

The instant Suleiman's intentions in my behalf became known, the greatest discontent showed itself among his Mamlukes. "Their patron," they asserted, "had no right to give his daughters to any but Mamlukes, or to make Mamlukes any but purchased slaves. Othman-Bey Aboo-seïf and Achmet-Bey el Sukari, Turks by nature, and Beys by the favour of Ibrahim Kehaya, though precedents, were not examples. The oftener such abuses occurred, the more they ought to be resisted." At last, losing my temper at these repeated murmurings, I went hot with passion to complain to my patron. "Sir," cried I, "your Mamlukes judge me unworthy of your favours. Permit me to make them repent of their insolence—equally insulting to yourself and to your servant,—or suffer me to renounce your kindness, and bid Egypt farewell."

At these words the Bey only stared full in my face, and set up a loud laugh; but perceiving that I joined not in his mirth, and continued immoveably grave, he too, by degrees, dropped his assumed gaiety, and in a serious tone replied, "If, Selim, you really feel desirous to leave me, go! Why should I detain your person, when I cannot prevent the estrangement of your mind? But," continued he, raising his voice till it sounded like thunder, while he darted looks fierce as lightning round the Mamluke circle, "I acknowledge not yet my slaves as

my masters. Let them harmlessly sharpen with kohl[5] the soft glances of their eyes, but let them repress the more offensive sallies of their tongues. Too soon may the voice of this presumptuous cast cease to be heard in Cairo! Too soon may we be too happy to replenish our thinning ranks with men, not worthy to wield the sword of him, whom these young fools abuse!"

This speech—supported by a letter from Suleiman's kehaya at Constantinople, read aloud to the bystanders, in which the trusty agent actually complained that the slave market was empty, that the Russian she-emperor had, out of mere spite, made the Padishah[6] renounce the living tribute, yearly claimed from the Crimea; and that it was feared the whole world meant soon to be at peace,—gave me some comfort, and my enemies more discretion.

My marriage being fixed, the wedding-day was soon announced. Meanwhile, every hour intervening seemed an age. I longed to possess a wife who, if she could not be an object of love, must be an earnest of promotion; and I was dying to have in a harem of my own a sanctuary, where, even though my person should be proscribed, my wealth still must remain inviolate, and my dear sequins undisturbed!

All things being ready for my nuptials, the ceremony began. My bride was conducted to the bath in state, lest the world should remain in ignorance

of her cleanliness. Properly steamed, jointed, and pumiced, she next went through the labours of a toilet so exquisite, that on its completion not one among her beauties remained nature's own. Several hours were employed in twisting her hair into the semblance of whipcord; in adding two hundred and fifty false plaits to the hundred and fifty which grew from her head; and in forming the joint mass into an edifice so ponderous, that a second head, merely for use, would have been very acceptable. A pair of eyebrows, sufficiently notable in themselves, were only dismissed the artificer's hands, after being shaped into two exact semicircles: and a pair of eyes, expressive enough without foreign assistance, were not deemed to possess all their requisite powers, until framed in two black cases of surmeh.[7] Henna,[8] the symbol of joy, and already most profusely lavished upon the epistles which communicated my marriage to my patron's numerous clients, but bestowed in still greater profusion on my bride's own plump and lustrous person, made it emulate the colour which I suppose Isis displayed, when doomed to roam through Egypt's plains in the undignified shape of a red cow. After all these pains taken for the sake of beauty, the lady was, on the score of modesty, wrapped up in so many veils impervious to the eye, as scarce to escape suffocation; but the most celebrated awalis of the capital took care to inform the assistants in

their epithalamiums, of the vastness of the charms and of the splendor of the jewels, which were not allowed to gratify their sight.

I do not know how, at the nuptial feast, with the prospect of all these attractions before me, and in the midst of all the bustle of the dance, all the din of music, and all the glare of the lights, I insensibly fell into a reverie, composed of at least as many gloomy as cheerful thoughts;—but so it was!

"Here," said my wandering mind, "am I, the youngest son of a petty drogueman in an island of the Archipelago; I, at one time fallen so much beneath the level of my own legitimate pretensions, as in vain to seek the situation of a menial, become the master of a host of slaves, the son to a Bey of Egypt, and the governor of a province:—in other words, already occupying a station far beyond what once my most sanguine dreams durst have promised me; and yet, regarding that elevation only as a stepping-stone to a station infinitely more exalted,—to that of Bey; nay, who knows,—of Schaich-el-belled itself!

"But by what a series of toils, and sacrifices, and perils I may be doomed to purchase these honours, who also can tell? Alas! do I not on the very threshold of a career strewed with as many thorns as roses, begin by yielding up my person perhaps to an unseemly female, and my freedom, to a domestic tyrant? For well I know the condition of

marrying a patron's daughter! And what labours, what snares, what treachery may be the offspring of this splendid union, may accompany every step in the road of my advancement, I know not yet. But the die is cast; and I must wait the issue of the game!"

A shake, prolonged by the chief of the singing damsels with the most consummate skill through every note of the gamut, until it drew forth a thunder of applause or taibs which lasted full five minutes, roused me from my unseasonable meditations, and brought back my mind to where sat my body. A pretty Almé,[9] presenting her tamboureen for my liberality, completed the reconveyance of my thoughts into the proper channel. I now became impatient for the moment that was to disclose to my sight the partner of my future life, and in this disposition obeyed with eagerness the damsel who, delivering me from these tiresome amusements, summoned me away from the noisy hall of mirth to the silent sanctuary of Hymen. With awe and anxiety I passed its threshold, and was ushered into the presence of her, on whose qualities of person and of mind must depend so great a portion of my future fate. The mysterious veil which till then had concealed her—face, form and all—from my inquisitive eye, fell at my feet; and I saw . . .

"What?"—wonders perhaps the curious reader. "An angel of light, sent from the highest heavens,

on purpose to make my earthly dwelling a paradise?"

"Oh no! that would have been too unreasonable an addition to my good fortune."

"An ugly little monster, then; sufficient, were this earth a heaven, to convert it into a hell?—A being calculated to stamp on each endearment all the merit of martyrdom?"

Alas! is it then decreed that the human mind must always, from one extreme, run straight into the other? like the ball whose recoil is ever proportioned to the violence which projects it! And are there not a sufficient number of individuals in the world neither handsome nor ugly?

Of my spouse at least I do not know what else could have been said, with due adherence to truth. Her face was neither of a description to excite, in defiance of reason, a very extravagant passion; nor yet of a species to damp, in despite of duty, a more legitimate ardour. Like other plants kept carefully secluded from the beneficial aspect of the sun, this prisoner of the harem certainly had a sickly pallid hue. Bounded by its sable locks, her wan colourless face might aptly be compared to the moon, surrounded by dark conglomerate clouds: but then again from the midst of this unvaried hue, her large languishing black eyes shot forth glances like lightning in a lurid sky; and, as virtue is its own reward, the assurances of unbounded de-

votion which my situation called for, tarried not to diffuse over Khadidgé's countenance some of that animation which alone seemed wanting to class her, if not with the Helenas, and the Cleopatras of two thousand years ago, at least with the prettiest of the mongrel race, which at present grace the land of Egypt.

But ere, from the hour when I first beheld my spouse, the sun had completed a single one of its daily revolutions, not a doubt remained on my mind, that I had obtained, instead of a mistress, a master. I had only changed my allegiance from the father to the daughter, and from a lord's dependant, was become a lady's slave. Nor was even the general rule, applicable to whatever Mamluke married his patron's offspring, modified by the peculiar disposition of the lady Khadidgé. Quite the reverse! Within a most delicate frame the young lady concealed a most unbending mind. The least breath of air seemed capable of annihilating her person, but no breath of man had any power to influence her will. Already in the first coyness of the bride there lurked more of pride than of timidity; and in the subsequent altered conduct of the wife there shone forth an exaction of dues, rather than a surrender of affections. Jealousy indeed Khadidgé felt, and in all its force; but it was of that contracted sort which fears the loss of a tangible property, rather than that of a mental tenure;—of

that sort which in a man rests at ease, when he has locked up his wife. As Khadidgé could not, consistent with custom, in the same way lock up her husband, she took care not only to let me have no female retinue of my own, but to keep concealed from my view all the nymphs of her own suite, who might divert my feelings from their legitimate current. The instant my footsteps were heard near the gynecæum, all its inmates short of sixty used to hide themselves, or fly, leaving me with my lady in awful tête-à-tête. In one instance indeed the anxiety of the attendants to obey their instructions defeated its own purpose. A young and pretty slave, unable to get away in time, took the desperate resolution of creeping under a clothes-basket in the very middle of the room through which I had to pass. In the dark I fell headlong over the awkwardly placed utensil, and in my rage grasped with such violence the bundle which had caused my downfall, that, ere I recognised its nature, my ever watchful spouse found her fair slave in my arms. I vain I pleaded ignorance of what I thus had grasped. The pretty Zuleika—never more beheld —seemed to have dissolved in air.

"And Anastasius the impatient of control," here exclaims no doubt my reader, "submitted tamely to such egregious tyranny!"

Alas! already had the climate of Egypt begun to exert over my energies its enervating influence;

already had I imbibed all the languor with which its humid exhalations by degrees affect foreigners: already was I, in point of listlessness and apathy, a perfect match for my indolent helpmate. While she lay all day long motionless on her sofa at one end of the house, I lay all day long, equally motionless, in my recess at the other end; and if she could scarce accomplish the labour of clapping her hands[10] for a slave, to hold a rose or jessamine up to her nose, I could hardly go through the exertion of calling an attendant to sprinkle some fragrant essence over my beard. Hour after hour I used to sit, inaccessible to visitors, in a sort of trellised bird-cage suspended over the kalish, puffing clouds of perfume through a pipe cooled in rose water, and deeming an anteree thin as a cobweb too heavy clothing for my delicate person.

I felt the more anxious to enjoy the moments of repose still within my reach, as I considered the days of toil to be at hand. The rumour of Ismaïl and Hassan's impending descent acquired new strength every day; and the preparations of Mourad for a southward march every day became more active. But the whole was a bubble, and it burst at last. Misunderstandings arose between the exiles in the Saïd, and the Arab Schaichs on whose alliance they depended. The quarrel rose at last to such a height that the Bedoween troops, already with the Beys, again retired into the desert. The expedition to

Cairo therefore was given up; and with the plot fell the counter plot. On all sides affairs seemed to assume, for a season at least, an aspect more calm and serene.

Meanwhile I had secured my kiasheflik as well as my spouse; and finding that for some time to come no personal service would be required, I felt it incumbent upon me to act like other governors, who annually visit their provinces, and spend a few weeks in the agreeable occupation of inspecting the morals and regulating the expenditure of their subjects. For the purpose of appearing in my government with proper éclat, I mortgaged one year's income of my estate, took an affectionate leave of my patron, sighed with my wife over the duties of my station, and set out to riot in the luxury of receiving presents, and imposing avaniahs.

CHAPTER IV.

According to custom, I journeyed slowly. The tent from which I set out in the morning was, by my more diligent attendants, pitched before my arrival, where I had settled to stop in the evening. Frequently, during my march, I assumed some disguise. Sometimes it was that of a travelling Syrian, sometimes of a Barbaresque, and sometimes of an Arab, enveloped in his abbah.[1] Thus fearless of observation, and aloof from my suite, I amused myself in prowling about the country, and peeping into the peasants' hovels. My servants, indeed, discouraged this mode of travelling: they never ceased to express their uneasiness at their lord's thus exposing his precious person; but the more good reasons they gave for my staying with my retinue, the further I extended my rambles. I wanted to see all that passed; and if the master's eye be the best, the master's garb I knew to be the worst for making discoveries. My trouble seldom went unrewarded. In one place the village Schaichs, mistaking me for the kiashef's caterer, offered bribes of fattened fowls, to make me swear by the Prophet to an absolute famine. In another the town folks, in-

vesting me with the office of the great man's steward, promised me ten paras in the piastre on whatever sums I disbursed for his account; and in a third, where I passed for an entire stranger to the travelling officer, they proposed a joint concern in plundering his equipage. Here an Arab, who was abusing a fellah for preferring the service of the mamluke to the freedom of the desert, appealed to me as to a brother Arab for the justice of his reproach; and there a peasant, who was describing to a townsman the rapacity of the kiashef's people, referred to me as to a fellow peasant, for the truth of his assertion.

One day in my solitary rambles I met on its way to the river, a family of villagers consisting of three generations and upwards; for, besides grandfather, father and sons, several of the daughters seemed burthened with more than the babes which they bore on their backs. An ihram in rags, an old mat torn to pieces, and an assortment of pitchers worthy of an antiquarian's collection, were the travelling relics of the deserted home. A few head of consumptive cattle formed the van of the procession, and a plough all in pieces closed its rear.

"Whence come you, good people?" cried I; addressing the patriarch of the family.—"From the Feyoom," was his answer.

"And you leave the native soil to seek the bread of strangers?"

"Soon I shall be called away, and my son will not be able to redeem his inheritance. Must he wait to be driven from the land his father tilled?"

"Whence arises your distress?"

"From God and man, in conjunction. Every year the waters of the Nile make less way in our kalish; and every year the sands of the desert creep further over our fields. Egypt's soil, instead of crops, will soon only bear corpses! Can we then fly too soon?"

"And let those that stay behind bear the burthen of the absent?"

"Those we leave to-day would have left us to-morrow."

"Who is your lord?"

"Even that we scarce can tell. One day it is the Sultan, in whose name we are taxed; another, the Beys who are employed to tax us, or the delegates of those Beys throughout all their numberless subdivisions and stages; another, the Multezim or owner who accounts with the Beys; another, the Arab Schaich who rents the land of the owner. All call themselves our masters, while we can pay them tribute; all deny their being so, when we want their protection!"

My retinue now came in sight,—"Hark ye," added I therefore in haste, "servants should not betray servants; but here come the masters. Take

this therefore, and go;" and hereupon I gave the party to the amount of a piastre; begging they might not huzza, lest the lord should hear the noise.

Scarce had I, at the ensuing halting-place, sat down to my welcome supper, when in burst a fellah, dragging by the sleeve another of the same class. "This rogue," said the first, "is the man who last year stole your lordship's mare." Of course the heavy charge was most solemnly denied; but not minding what I considered as a thing of course; "Scoundrel," said I to the accused, "had you been content at least with only taking my black mare:—but to rob me of my white one!" "The white one!" exclaimed the man—"As Allah is my witness, I never once came near her." "No more you did;" was my reply, "for there she stands: but the black one you stole, I find; and for her you shall swing."

I was still exulting in my ingenuity, when, passing by a Latin hospice on the out-skirts of the town, my ear was assailed by most piteous groans; and looking through a latticed window, I discerned their cause in the shape of a flagellation, which a lusty friar was inflicting with his knotty girdle, not on his own sturdy back, but on the much less able shoulders of a little yellow Coobd, whom he forcibly held down on the ground, before him. Doubting

the efficacy of this mode of instilling a doctrine, I interposed, and inquired of the missionary the rea son of this paternal correction.

"While we distributed rice," replied the friar, "this fellow chose to become a catholic; now that supplies grow scarce, and that we hardly have enough for ourselves, he brings me back his chaplet, and has the face to cry, 'no pilaff, no pope!'"

The conduct of the little Coobd I certainly could not approve; but it reminded me of my own toward padre Ambrogio. I conceived a fellow-feeling for the defenceless sufferer, and released him from the clutches of his ghostly corrector. Thus I amused myself with acting the knight-errant; and, in my own mind, became another Antar.

Knight-errantry, however, was entirely set aside as soon as I reached the pale of my own jurisdiction:—though perhaps it might there have been exerted to the best purpose. Nothing could give me a more indifferent opinion of the condition of my vassals, than the first hovel within my domain which I entered. In the mud of the door-way lay weltering—affected in various degrees with the rheum that was to end in total blindness—five or six bloated brats, quite naked, and fighting for a bit of mouldy millet cake, of the size of my little finger. Further on in the cabin sat, over a heap of buffalo's dung, and quite enveloped in its offensive smoke, a female spectre, mother of these gaunt abortions,

who, on seeing a stranger, tore off the only rag which protected her body, to use it as a cover to her face; and at the most distant extremity of the hovel stood the head of the dismal family, burying the single bag of rice left for its support, in the earth that formed the floor. One more spade-full, thrown over the store, would have completed its concealment, when I made my appearance. At the awful sight of a mamluke the spade dropped out of the peasant's hands, and the rag he called his turban rose a full inch from his head.

"Be composed, my friend," cried I; "it is not the enemy that is coming, it is your own governor."

"Alas!" replied the man, "will not the kiashef devour my rice,—and can the Bedoween do more? But since you have seen the heap, take half, and mention not the other, or we must all perish!"

"Come," rejoined I, "for once keep the whole; but when my writer calls for my tribute, remember I know your hiding-place, and think not your honour engaged in letting yourself be cut in stripes, ere you pay the rent you owe."

At the words I departed; leaving the fellah motionless with astonishment at having seen his kiashef, without paying for the sight.

"And this, then," thought I, "is the land which its infatuated natives think the finest on the surface of earth; where they would rather die of

want, than live in plenty elsewhere. That it has a hidden charm, I needs must believe, since all obey its attraction; but where the spell lies I cannot yet discover. I am now in the very heart of that Feyoom so famous for its roses, and all that yet has struck my senses is the smell of its cow-dung!"

Arrived at the place of my residence, I immediately set about receiving with all proper dignity the homage and the presents of my subjects. My writer took special care that none of my vassals should have to complain of my forgetfulness. To each he sent a summons to welcome their lord; and his invitations were addressed not only to the stationary tillers of the soil, but also to the Arab Schaichs, who occasionally here and there rented a district. The liberality of these latter on this occasion exhibited various shades of difference. The first of my Bedawee [2] tenants who attended my summons gave me, over and above the tribute due, two camels, a dromedary, and fifty fat sheep, with fleeces white as snow. "This begins well," thought I. The second produced for my acceptance a present of a different hue;—two jolly Abyssinian damsels as black as jet: observing "that even ivory looked insipid, unless contrasted with ebony." —The third only presented his landlord with a lean steed; but then the very four-footed animal was of noble blood, and its pedigree so long, that it would have reached to Cairo. "Even this

is not much amiss," said I to myself. A fourth Arab chief now made his appearance, who gave me not a single para beyond the stipulated rent; and to him I only grew somewhat reconciled, when there came a fifth, who raised such a commotion, that I would willingly have remitted all he owed me, and have added a handsome consideration into the bargain, to see a hundred leagues of imperviable desert separate our respective jurisdictions.

I had left the lady Khadidgé, my wife, fully occupied in collecting every species of amulet and charm, and recommending herself to the efficacy of every form of devout orison and practice in vogue either among Moslemen or Christians, for the purpose of getting rid, on my return, of the perverse slimness of her waist: but, excepting the doubts I might entertain as to the result of these pious endeavours, I felt with regard to my faithful spouse in the most happy security, when, unexpectedly, an express arrived from Cairo, with the sad tidings that she had not only been seized with a sudden illness, but was actually considered as in imminent danger. As however the sapient Moslem Esculapius, called in on the occasion, had decided upon the case without seeing the patient, on the shallow evidence of a mere bit of silk thread tied round her wrist, I chose not implicitly to trust to his report, and immediately set off myself with all speed for the capital; —resolved that some Frank physician should, if pos-

sible, cure my wife, even at the risk of seeing her; and only puzzled how to bring about, in the very teeth of islamism, so desperate a measure.

Alas! It was written that I myself should behold my Khadidgé no more. Just before the last stage of my journey, the breath of life had forsaken her youthful frame for ever. My speed only brought me home in time to hear the dismal howlings that were raised on her decease. At my first alighting in the court yard of the house of mourning, a fresh peal of woolliah-woos, louder than any former, went forth from every window, by way of an appropriate greeting, and, without much preparation, gave me the first notice of my heavy loss. I was next dragged by force of arms to the place where lay an insensible corpse, she whom my last parting look had left elate in all the pride of youth, of health and of power. Dazzling tissues hung suspended from the bier, plates of gold encircled the coffin, and flowers of every hue, filling the air with their fragrance, embowered the glittering chest, as if to mock or to render more dismal by the contrast of their gaudiness the foul corruption already busy within. "O Khadidgé," cried I at the appalling sight, "too soon has thy tale been told: too soon hast thou glided by like a noon-day shadow; too soon has the rough wind of death swept away the just expanding blossom of thy existence!" and was hereupon going to perform some demonstration of respectful regret:—

but already the attendants had begun to chide me, that I thus rudely kept the black and blue angels of the tomb waiting for their new guest. I therefore let the funeral proceed without further interruption, lest Azraïl and his host should render me accountable for the delay.

My myrtles now faded—my only remaining shade now depending on the mournful cypress, I went and deposited my grief at Suleiman's feet. A good deal afflicted himself, he yet preserved his wonted placidity of manner, and assured me that his sentiments in my behalf would ever remain unchanged. I thanked him for saying so; but felt that I had lost the surest pledge to his favour, and was tempted to apply the Greek saying: "Welcome this misfortune, so it come but single!"

A mamluke seldom finds much leisure for mourning. Scarce had I composed myself for the purpose, when my retirement was invaded by a rumour that the expedition against the Beys of upper Egypt, a few months before unexpectedly abandoned, had been as unexpectedly resumed. It soon was followed by a strange report that Mourad had actually set out on his march for Es-souan. This event would only have afforded us a subject for rejoicing, had not the signor Mourad—whether with the view of reserving for his own adherents all the profits of the campaign, or in the idea of leaving Ibrahim provided in his absence with sufficient means of defence—

contented himself with only taking on this occasion his own troops, instead of collecting all those at Cairo which belonged to his party; whence the Schaich-el-belled retained a larger force at his disposal than was desirable for the success of our plan. Still, despairing of a more favourable opportunity, we determined to put the scheme forthwith into execution; and a meeting of all the principal confederates was convened at Ayoob's palace, to determine upon the best mode of proceeding.

When it came to my turn to give my opinion, I proposed rushing at once with all our host upon the Schaich-el-belled, surprising him in his palace, ere any assistance could reach him from the citadel, and running every hazard in order to secure his person. No hint whatever was to be given him of the least dissatisfaction lurking in our breasts; above all, no proposal of any sort was to be made, nor any step to be taken that could put the wily chief in any way upon his guard, ere this purpose was accomplished. When once fairly in our power, Ibrahim must submit to whatever terms, and grant whatever securities we chose to prescribe.

Several of the party, and among others Suleiman my patron, felt the expediency of this decisive conduct, and supported my proposal with all their influence; but Ayoob as strenuously opposed it. He would not hear of proceeding, as he called it, to the last extremities with the head of the corps, till

less galling measures had been tried; and when I reproached him with faint-heartedness, he looked significantly, first at me, then at the further corner of the room, and at last cried out in an angry tone, "that at least he never yet had fled from any place in women's clothes."

Encouraged by the sentiments of this leading personage, some of the lesser members of our party now in their turn opposed my scheme with all the resolution of cowardice; and the boldest measure which could obtain the assent of the majority was that of marching out of Cairo, collecting all our forces in the Koobbet-el-haue, and from our camp sending Ibrahim the option of compliance with our terms, or immediate and interminable warfare. On this poor and spiritless conclusion of the meeting, Suleiman in his wrath rent his garment, I shrugged up my shoulders, and the few that had common sense considered our affairs as lost.

According to the plan resolved upon, as soon as Mourad was supposed to be sufficiently advanced on his way to the Saïd, we bravely rushed out of the capital, pitched our camp under the city walls, and deputed Saleh, the ablest of Ayoob's kiashefs, to lay before Ibrahim our long list of grievances. On the first blush of the business, the Schaich-el-belled appeared more frightened and more disposed to grant redress, than I durst have hoped. He seemed ready to accede to any terms; and only

wanted—he assured us—clearly to understand what were our wishes. Those who had insisted on gentle measures now looked all exultation. In the course of the negotiation, it is true, their confidence in their sagacity abated a little. The first panic of the chief seemed gradually to subside: he showed symptoms of returning resolution; and contrived to make the affair drag on a long while after the period fixed for his decisive answer, ere he came to a conclusion. At length, however, he agreed to our demands; the treaty was put into writing, and emissaries went out in every direction to collect such of the Schaich-el-belled's creatures as were to be our securities. We only waited for the hostages, triumphantly to enter the city, and take possession of the government.

All at once a most appalling report spread through the camp! While we were quietly drawn up under one extremity of the city, Mourad, it was said, had with all his forces re-entered its precincts at the other. Informed on his march of our insurrection,—which perhaps its only object had been to bring to a premature disclosure,—he had re-descended the left bank of the river, crossed over at Djizeh, and resumed his post at Cairo, ere the enormous circuit of that city had permitted our receiving the least intimation of his precipitate return; and the very messenger who was to have brought us the pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty, brought the first authentic

intelligence that all negotiation was at an end! "Tell my friends outside the gates," were the last words addressed to this personage by Ibrahim, "that since they have taken the trouble to quit Cairo of their own accord, they have nothing to do now but to make the best of their way to upper Egypt. Mourad, my colleague, is less enduring than I am."

We looked aghast; but followed the Schaich-el-belled's advice. Raising our camp without a moment's delay, we glided in haste behind mount Mokhadem, and during four days marched without interruption along the back of the rugged ridge of which it forms the extremity. Then crossing its uneven width, we on the fifth morning gained the river. This too we passed, and soon, on its western bank, reached the town of Minieh.

Here we fixed our head quarters. Our position afforded us every convenience for what was next in our wishes to ruling at Cairo,—namely, starving the capital by intercepting its supplies. To contribute to this laudable purpose as effectually as possible, I stationed my own little troop in the vicinity of Ash-Moonin, where I had opportunities of making good captures, and of manifesting a laudable impartiality. The times in truth admitted not of nice distinctions between friends and foes: besides which there lurked about me—I know not why—a presentiment that my sojourn in Egypt was drawing to a close. I therefore determined to make the most of my time while

I staid. Summer insects sting sharpest in autumn, when they begin to grow weak.

Still it was my study that the little offerings of my friends should appear the sole result of their own liberality. Receiving intelligence one day that a rich Coobd of Cairo was to be on the road, I took special care to greet him on his passage. "I knew your intention, my worthy friend," said I, "of travelling this way with all your money and jewels; and for old friendship's sake immediately scoured the country, that you might meet with no extortion." Davood was all thanks. "Set bounds to your gratitude," resumed I. "The two hundred sequins you destine me for my trouble I positively will not take. All I can consent to is to accept a hundred." Davood began to remonstrate. "No words," cried I, "but the sequins; for the robbers still are near!" So thought Davood, and paid the money.

CHAPTER V.

Hunger, they say, drives the wolf out of the forest: it certainly in the year eighty-four drove the Schaich-el-belled out of Cairo—but with a full determination to clear the banks of the Nile, of which we entirely impeded the navigation. Some surprise indeed was created by thus seeing the two leaders exchange offices and characters: for while Ibrahim sallied forth in warlike trim to attack the enemy, Mourad remained in the capital a tranquil spectator of the fray. The conclusion, however, showed that for once Mourad had foiled Ibrahim with his own weapons. During the march of the Schaich-el-belled, his colleague negotiated so successfully with the Sultan's Pasha, that he induced the Visier to invest two of his mamlukes—Osman kiashef surnamed Tamboordji, and Mohammed kiashef called the Elfi—with the rank of Beys.

This proceeding of Mourad's appeared so suspicious to Ibrahim, that he began to fear lest his colleague might be meditating the same game which he himself had played before; and having drawn him out of Cairo, might shut its gates against his

re-entrance, as he had shut them against ours. He therefore changed his plan, or at least seemed to do so; and made this occurrence the pretext for sparing us the battle which he probably never had intended to give. Instead of waging savage war, he proposed terms of peace. Our leaders judged it prudent to meet his advances; and in October of the same year Ibrahim reinstated our whole party in Cairo.

Mourad now in his turn sullenly marched out: but we at first heeded not much his pettishness;—it being far from a rare occurrence for the rulers of Egypt to agree most amicably upon a rupture. The apparently impending hostilities afford each party a pretence for imposing on its adherents and clients extraordinary contributions; and when the last para for the warlike preparations is paid, lo and behold! the world is gladdened with the news of a reconciliation.

On this occasion, however, Mourad protracted the show of warfare somewhat longer than usual; and indeed acted his part with such truth of imitation, as almost to impress us with the idea of the reality: for not only he actually retired into the Saïd, but there continued with such earnestness the task which we had undertaken of destroying the supplies of the capital in their very sources, that Ibrahim at last began to think the joke too serious, and, in order to appease his rival, again sent us fresh notice

to quit the capital. It was unpleasant to be thus bandied to and fro; but at this juncture braving Ibrahim would have been braving the whole force in the citadel, ready to move at his command. Thus deprived of every hope of successful resistance, we agreed to obey; but only with the view of executing a scheme proposed many times and as often rejected, of coalescing in the Saïd with Ismaïl and Hassan.

I was at my own home when the resolution of our Beys to quit Cairo reached me. Immediately on receiving it I collected all that was most valuable in my harem, and, while the beasts of burthen were loading, walked over the various apartments of my abode, as one who bestows a last look on friends he leaves for ever. "Happen what may," exclaimed I, "here I have at least enjoyed a few moments of ease and quiet, the existence of which fate has no power to expunge from the records of time! Should, while I live, no other hours of repose fall to my lot, my mind will revert to these with a grateful recollection!" All now being ready, I joined my patron, and with the rest of our party marched out of the city.

In the full confidence that Ibrahim must make the peace offering required of him, Mourad had redescended from the Saïd along the eastern banks of the Nile, and had returned to the vicinity of Cairo. From the heights of the Mokhadem he saw our

troop wind along the plain. He had the vantage ground, and thought the moment propitious for exterminating our hostile body at a blow.

To rush down the hill with all his force, and spring upon us like a lion on an unsuspecting prey, was the work of an instant. Fortunately his superior numbers were exhausted by a long march, while our fewer men were all fresh. We therefore received the first shock of his onset without giving way, and a bloody combat immediately ensued.

As usual, the mamlukes of each different house at first remained in close order round their chiefs; and I therefore fought next my patron, till, wounded in the shoulder, he was carried to the rear; when I acquired greater latitude of movements. Spying in the thickest of the fight a son of Osman—my oldest, bitterest enemy—I took aim at him while firing his carbine, and lodged a ball in his side, which made him bite the dust. One of Elfi's harebrained children instantly sprung forward to revenge Mahmood's death, and made a thrust at his slayer. Him also a stroke of my yatagan sent reeling out of the field. He scarce had gone fifty yards, ere he fainted and fell. Another myrmidon of Mourad's now advanced: Assad was his name. Proud of his size and strength, he used to boast of victory before he fought; and in order to give greater splendour to his triumph, prefaced his assault with the most insulting language. The clash of swords soon fol-

lowed; and here again proved mine the better blade. My adversary's sabre was shivered in his hand, and his nuge person unhorsed. Maddened by his previous taunts, I was going to despatch him as he lay in the dust; but he begged mercy so meanly, that for very contempt I forbore to take his life. Scarce had I turned my head to call to my people, when the miscreant fired at me with deliberate aim! The ball grazed my cheek. I now dismounted to pierce the scoundrel's heart; but in the very act of lifting my poniard, a bullet struck my hand, and paralysed my fingers. I dropped my handjar; and Assad—tearing himself away—darted afresh amid the combatants, and soon slunk out of sight.

Grievously disappointed, I vaulted back into my saddle, but, from the uselessness of my left hand, was unable either to hold my reins or to wield my fire-arms. Soon therefore my horse, unsupported by his rider and sorely wounded, came down. Thrown off and lamed by the fall, I was obliged for some time to ward off a hostile mamluke with one knee to the ground. While in this posture my yatagan feebly parried his repeated blows, another of his party spurred on his courser to trample me to death. The more generous steed refused to obey his rider, and my own horse, exhausted with loss of blood, falling dead by my side, now served me as a rampart. Yet still must I in my helpless state soon have been despatched, but for one of my

own mamlukes, who dashed through the adverse current, and came to my assistance. Shot by him in the loins, my adversary was pulled off his horse, and I mounted in his stead. I could however only hold my reins with my teeth, and guide my new courser with my sword, while, raging with the thirst of vengeance, I flew from rank to rank, to seek the traitor Assad.

Already had impending darkness begun to baffle every act of personal animosity, and only to permit random blows and general slaughter. My search therefore was fruitless. Ere yet, however, the closing night had wholly dropped its sable curtain, a colossal form, soaring like the spirit of evil, caught my searching eye. Instantly I threw myself down, stooped close to the ground, penetrated through the surrounding phalanx, and, while the haughty chief was giving a signal, struck at his face one single furious blow. A second must, from the unavoidable retort of all around him, have wrought my own death. Quick as lightning, therefore, I made my escape: while a long protracted shout of terror announced to all his men that Mourad was wounded. —His hated blood, drawn by me, formed the last event of the expiring battle.

Our principal apprehension had been all along lest Ibrahim, apprised of the engagement, should sally forth and support his colleague with the troops from the citadel. Probably he wished not to render

his rival's success too complete; and Mourad himself, now having had enough of fighting, no longer opposed our retreat. He entered the city, while we, gathering up our most distinguished dead, to be consigned to earth wherever the safety of the living permitted, continued our march uninterruptedly all night. Suleiman, who suffered much from his wound, was carried in a litter, and I, with my hand in a sling and my leg bandaged up, figured on a jaded hack. I regretted the richly caparisoned steed of my enemy Assad, which I for one moment had regarded as mine; I still more grievously regretted the home-thrust of my dagger, which I hoped to have made his: but my successful aim at Mourad himself, the ugly gash imprinted on his rugged jaw, and the streams of blood gushing from his hateful face, though sights which I had not had leisure to enjoy in the reality, were a rich treat for my imagination!

Several years had elapsed between the first combat I witnessed, and this last engagement. In both I was allowed to have shown some valour: but how different were the sentiments which, on these different occasions, nerved my arm and directed my blow! In the fight against the Arnaoots I only obeyed a vague desire to gain applause,—I was only driven on by the youthful ferment of my blood. I fought the foe, as I would have hunted the beast of prey, from mere wantonness:—no

personal rancour envenomed the wounds I dealt at random. Here, on the contrary, every feeling of personal interest, animosity, and revenge directed my aim, and dwelt on my blows. After hewing down my enemy I greedily watched his fall, and contemplated my dagger thrust up to the hilt in his wound: my soul seemed to thirst after his blood as after a refreshing stream; and, when the hot spring gushed from Mourad's own swelling veins, I could have dared death itself to riot in the crimson tide!

Just at the period when the animosity between the insurgents and the chiefs of Cairo was at its height; when both parties had sealed their enmity with their blood; when all chance of reconciliation seemed for ever at an end, arose that never-failing healer of internal feuds, the fear of an external enemy. A report, bearing the stamp of undoubted authority, suddenly spread itself through Cairo, that Hassan was making immense preparations at Constantinople for re-instating Ismaïl. Immediately the terrified leaders sent after our fugitive troop proposals of mutual forgiveness. The bearers, entrusted with no less credentials than Mourad's own ring and chaplet, reached us the sixth day of our march, in the midst of the mountains. The sole indispensable condition of the reconciliation which they offered, was a sacrifice of a few of our Beys' trustiest followers, whose spoil was wanted to feed

the rapacity of their own mamlukes. It is true, the interests of these very adherents had been the ostensible pretext of the rupture: but they were readily given up as a peace offering, when deemed the only obstacle to renewed harmony.

Among the appointments to be ceded was mine. Suleiman indeed proposed a commutation; but whether Mourad knew the author of his wound, or from whatever other cause, he would hear of no exchange. My father-in-law therefore ended, like other politicians, by yielding to circumstances. He declared himself unable alone to resist the importunities of all the other Beys, and I was summoned to give up my possessions. Thus were realized the effects which I apprehended from the loss of my wife.

My patron had only yielded, he said, to superior force; I thought it fair to follow his example. When therefore the storm burst forth, I gathered together my trustiest followers, and, instead of returning to Cairo, and expressing my readiness to be stripped,—as I was expected in deference to higher interests to do,—struck across the country, passed the river, and reached my kiasheflik. There, intrenched in the best manner I was able, I bade my antagonists take into their own hands the trouble of turning me out.

During a whole month they seemed averse from the task, until at last I thought myself forgotten:

but on the fifth week after my arrival, I received intelligence that my successor was coming. A force so very superior to what I could muster accompanied this personage, that I gave up the kiasheflik for lost, and only resolved to make the new kiashef pay a handsome admission fee. Collecting all my cash, jewels, and other valuables, I loaded with them half a dozen camels and dromedaries, freed my slaves, gave away my fixtures, and, followed by my small troop of faithful mamlukes, posted myself in ambush a few leagues from the town, in a place where I knew that the enemy must pass. It was an elevated plain, advantageously situated for my purpose. In front rose a hillock covered with ruined koobbehs,[1] cactus hedges and date trees, which screened us completely, while behind lay an open country, and a kalish, with a bridge of boats and boards, which secured our retreat.

After a whole night of tedious expectation, we heard at the early dawn the tramp of horsemen, and presently the enemy came in sight. By his loose and straggling order of march, it appeared evident that no suspicion was entertained of our design. Soon the troop approached so near our masked battery, that every individual of the party might easily be recognised. Heavens! how my heart bounded when in the chief—in him who came to dispossess me—I beheld the identical Assad who had sought my life, as my reward for saving his own. I immediately

made a signal to my followers to leave to myself the soothing task of just revenge; took the best aim I was able, and fired. A general discharge instantaneously followed: but I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing Assad fall first, though several of his troop soon bit the dust around him. The remainder, unable to guess the force of their invisible assailants, immediately took flight, and dispersed in all directions.

Save the place which my men occupied, there was not a spot in sight where the fugitives could halt and rally. The rout of those that remained sound, therefore, enabled me to approach the wounded. Assad, though weltering in his blood, was still alive: but already the angel of death flapped his dark wings over the traitor's brow. Hearing footsteps advance, he made an effort to raise his head, probably in hopes of approaching succour: but beholding, but recognising only me, he felt that no hopes remained, and gave a groan of despair. Life was flowing out so fast, that I had only to stand still—my arms folded in each other,—and with a stedfast eye to watch its departure. One instant I saw my vanquished foe, agitated by a convulsive tremor, open his eyes and dart at me a glance of impotent rage: but soon he averted them again, then gnashed his teeth, clenched his fist, and expired.

Wishing for nothing more now that I could ob-

tain, I only sought the speediest retreat, fell back in all haste, and got to the westward of the beaten track, into the boundless desert. Several of my camels were intercepted by the Arabs, and my men suffered much from missing a well: but falling in soon after with the Nubian caravan, our distress was relieved, though at the expense of half my remaining treasure. At last, after performing a prodigious circuit, during which we experienced incredible hardships, we contrived to reach Es-souan, and joined the exiled Beys, Ismaïl and Hassan.

Never had the insurgents, even when acting in most open hostility to the chiefs of Cairo, formed a common cause with the party in the Saïd. Too deeply rooted a jealousy divided the houses of Mohammed and of Aly. The first and only attempt at an union of interests was that which followed the battle of the Mokhadem, and was foiled by the reconciliation of which I became the victim. At enmity now with every party in the capital, I was well received by the Beys of Upper Egypt. I confirmed to them the welcome intelligence of the Capitan-Pasha's preparations, and engaged soon to return with Ismaïl to Cairo. Meantime, apprehending that I might, in spite of appearances, be deemed a spy only upon the ex-Schaich-el-belled, I made over to him my few remaining mamlukes, and, rid of this burthen, determined to withdraw

from Egypt, until the Grand Admiral should actually be on his way. Having however still some goods and valuables, I kept my design a secret, lest my kind friends should make my property a keepsake. After a few short rambles, to wean them by degrees from the pleasure of seeing me, I at last undertook a longer flight. On a fine starlight night, of which there is no lack near the Cataracts, accompanied only by two trusty servants mounted like myself on dromedaries, we slipped away, and again plunged in the desert.

By a forced march I reached Gieneh. Its kiashef had been formerly my friend, and what deserves to be recorded, still showed himself my well-wisher. He gave me letters for his lieutenant at Aïdab. I travelled across the sands to this seaport, by the Franks called Cosseir; and found its road full of zaims[2] from Djedda, freighted for Suez, but which had lost the season. One of them I engaged to carry me across the Red Sea; and bidding Egypt's plagues as well as blessings—its mud and misery, as well as its perfumed rice and purple dates, its golden grapes and azure nileh[3]—a long and reluctant adieu, with heavy heart embarked.

The vessel was wretched, and the passage stormy; but after expecting to founder on every coral reef in our way, we at last providentially ran safe into Djedda harbour. On pressing the Arab shore, after

perils so vast and various, I could not help exclaiming: "My native land has renounced me: the country of my adoption has cast me off: be thou, O strange soil, the wanderer's less fickle friend!"

I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already previous to my departure, the consequence of the scarcity had begun to appear partially in many places: but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force; and such was, in spite of every expedient of human wisdom or appeal to Divine mercy, the progressive fury of the dreadful scourge, that at last the schaichs and other regular ministers of worship,—supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their entreaties, or incensed at their presumption,—no longer ventured themselves to implore offended Heaven, but henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the voices of tender infants; in hopes that, though pleased with the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence might still pity the pangs of untainted childhood, and grant to the innocent prayers of babes, what it denied to the agonising cry of their expiring parents. Led by the Imams to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to heaven their pure hands and timid looks; and, while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the

foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, the feeble voice of spotless infancy was alone heard to lisp from their summits entreaties for Divine mercy. Nor did even these feeble supplicants continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches, already in the fangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them from their lingering and painful agony: and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense Masr, thousands of infantine voices went forth at the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below, in hoarse and half extinguished sounds, jointly answered, "so be it!"

So humble a petition was not offered up in vain: the plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the shadows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns, and villages, and hamlets innumerable were bereft of their tenants to a man. The living became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their jour-

ney, and with their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the twofold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS near the Holy City, and had all my time at my disposal. Could it be better employed than in seizing so favourable an opportunity of acquiring —without the trouble of a journey on purpose— the title and the prerogatives of a hadjee?[1] I therefore determined to perform, in its utmost strictness, the pilgrimage imposed on all true believers; and no sooner had set foot on the shore of Djedda, than I immediately proceeded onwards, and soon arrived at Mekkah, where I achieved in solitude my first round of devotions at the Kaaba.[2] It is true that, as on this globe at least the holiest places are not always the most agreeable, I tarried not in this epitome of paradise beyond the time prescribed by the law, but hied with equal expedition back to Djedda. This, however, was only to wait in that seaport until the Coorban bayram[3] should bring together at Mekkah the whole body of hadjees, when I purposed to revisit the corner-stone of Islamism, and to perform under its shadow rites more solemn and more public.

Even in the busier seaport of Djedda itself, it must be owned, my pursuits scarce soared above the amusements of a paltry coffee-house, where I went

every morning to smoke my pipe, drink my cup of kishr,[4] and play my game of chess with a famous hand from Surat; always hoping—but in vain!—to retaliate my adversary's infallible checkmate. These harmless pastimes were varied, alternately by a turn on the quay, to see the unlading of goods and monsters from the Red Sea, and by the tales of a poor Schaich of the neighbourhood, who possessed the true art of breaking off his story in the midst of the most interesting occurrence, leaving his audience all agape till he resumed his narrative, and never dismissing his hero, or winding up his plot.

An accidental rencontre with an inhabitant of Djedda, Sidi Malek, for whom I had recovered at Cairo some property purloined by Hassan's people on their visit to his city, promised me a little change of pastime. Our first meeting was in the bazar. "I knew," exclaimed Malek on seeing me, "that this would be a day of rejoicing! The word "Allah," heard the first thing in the morning, never fails to bring good fortune. I shall not, however, think mine complete until you leave your okkal, and take up your abode under my roof." So easy a mode of making my friend happy my conscience suffered me not to decline. I collected my chattels, and followed Malek to his habitation.

My acceptance of the Sidi's hospitalities, however, soon turned out a greater burthen than I had suspected. According to Derwish—the stargazer at

Constantinople whom I left meditating how to undermine the aqueduct—the most distinguished among the heavenly bodies alone troubled their pates about the fate of man: but in the opinion of Malek, every stone, beast, and plant on the surface of the earth, presumed most unwarrantably to meddle with our destiny. Nothing animated or inanimate could be named, which exerted not over our being a mysterious influence. From every occurrence, however trivial, some omen might be extracted, if one only knew the way; and that way my friend Malek was determined to find out, cost what it might. Not that, in the course of his research, he ever dreamt of looking for such connexions between cause and effect as must arise from the intrinsic nature of things, and the palpable relationships between the productions of this globe. Such a course would have been derogatory to the dignity of his pursuit. His science only admitted what was totally out of the course of nature, and beyond the reach of human understanding. The occult virtues which Malek sought in objects, were always precisely those which common sense would never have guessed at. Every secret agency was to have in it a something savouring of a prodigy, which chance alone could disclose. Accordingly, the less foundation there appeared for a belief, the more strenuous the advocate it found in Malek; and while he looked upon men of real science—astronomers, physicians, and ma-

thematicians,—as paltry geniuses who could not penetrate beyond the surface of things, he considered soothsayers, jugglers, and conjurers, as the only men of real and profound talents. To Aristotle and Galen he would probably have given but an indifferent reception;—to the most arrant fortune-teller his door was open day and night. His house seemed a sort of asylum for all decayed mountebanks. One party, out of gratitude for his kindness, recommended another: and though, where astrology interfered not, rather a strict Mohammedan, Sidi Malek immediately made a favourite of every dirty Jew, Gentile, or Christian, who had the least pretensions to occult knowledge. "Because weak man happens to err in one particular, can he be right in no other?" Malek used to ask; and on the strength of this truth, he believed every lie, and trusted every impostor.

While merely theoretical, this system might have been entertaining enough, but reduced into practice, it rendered Malek's society very irksome. His own conversation was incoherent, mysterious, and often unintelligible; and he took it much amiss when his friends wished to converse on what they understood. On the least appearance of incredulity with respect to his favourite tenets his passion knew no bounds. Always on the watch for every chance word or gesture that might be construed into a prognostic either good or bad, he was constantly floating be-

tween idle hopes and silly fears, and conceived the strangest predilections or the most unfounded antipathies. My nose unfortunately had a curve which promised uncommon capabilities for astrology, if but properly cultivated, and Malek determined that so happy a disposition should no longer lie fallow, for want of any pains which he could bestow.

The Sidi's stationary oracle was a soothsayer of established repute, residing in one of the remotest suburbs of Djedda, and who seldom condescended to go from home, but waited to be worshipped in his own cave or temple. For the sake of peace, I promised not to neglect the opportunity of being enlightened, and only bargained to find my own way to this celebrated personage, the odour of whose fame, I was told, extended all the world over. It might be so;—for it affected me almost to suffocation on entering his den:—a sanctuary which, to say the truth, smelt more of things below than of the stars above. I groped on nevertheless with the most undaunted bravery, till I reached the furthest end of the unsavoury abode.

There the wizard sat in all his state. A stuffed crocodile canopied his head; a serpent's skin of large dimensions was spread under his feet, and an old clothes chest afforded support to the parts between. Potent charms and powerful spells entirely covered the wall. They had their names written over them for the information of the beholder; and hair of

unborn Dives,[5] heart of maiden vipers, liver of the bird Roc,[6] fat of dromedary's hunch, and bladders filled with the wind Simoom[7] were among the least rare and curious. Of the wizard's own features so little was discernible, that I almost doubted whether he had any. An immense pair of spectacles filled up the whole space between his cloak and turban. These spectacles veered incessantly, like a weathercock, from left to right and from right to left, between a celestial globe robbed of half its constellations by the worms, and a Venice almanack despoiled of half its pages by the wear and tear of fingers. Before the astrologer lay expanded his table of nativities.

Opposite the master shone—but only with a reflected light—his little apprentice, crouched, like a marmoset, on a low stool. The round sparkling face of this youth—immoveably fixed on the face of his principal,—seemed to watch all his gestures; and never did he stir from his station, except to hand him his compasses, to turn his globe, or to pick up his spectacles, which for want of the proper support from underneath came off every moment. After each of these evolutions the little imp immediately ran back to his pedestal, and resumed his immoveable attitude till the next call for his activity. So complete a silence was maintained all the time on both sides, that one would have sworn every motion of this pantomime must have been preconcerted.

Fearful of disturbing the influence of some planet,

or confusing the calculations of some nativity, I myself remained a while silent and motionless at the entrance of the sanctuary; but finding that I might stay there till doomsday, if I waited for an invitation to advance, I at last grew impatient, marched up to the wizard, put my mouth to his ear, and roared out as loud as I could: "I suppose I am addressing the learned Schaich Aly."

Upon this, the astrologer gave a start, like one suddenly roused from some profound meditation, turned his head slowly round, as if moving by clock-work, and, after first leisurely surveying me several times from head to foot, and again from foot to head, at last said in a snuffling but emphatic tone,—drawling every word, in order to make what in itself was not short longer still:—"If you mean the celebrated Schaich Abou Salech, Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Djeddawee el Schafeï,[8] Schaich of the flowery mosque, and the cream of the astrologers of the age, who holds familiar converse with the stars, and to whom the moon herself imparts all her secrets, I am he!"

"And if you should happen to want the best beloved of the pupils of this luminary of the world, the young bud of the science of which he is the full-blown pride, the nascent dawn of his meridian splendour," added from his pedestal the worshipful apprentice—"I am he!"

"Hail," answered I, "to the full-blown pride of

astrology, and hail to its nascent bud! May they be pleased to inform me what I am, whence I come, whither I am going, and whether or not I may hope to recover what I have lately lost?"

"Young man," replied the wizard, "you lump together a heap of questions, each of which, singly, would take a twelvemonth to answer at length. Besides, it is not in my own person that I disclose such matters. You cannot be ignorant that the voice of prophecy has ceased with the holy one of Mekkah. I am but the humble interpreter of the stars. It is true,"—added he, lest this exordium should deter me from giving him my custom—"that my vast knowledge of the celestial oracles which glitter in the firmament, enables me to understand their language as clearly as my mother tongue; and that I thence know to a tittle all that was, and is, and is to be. I may therefore forthwith, if you please, ascertain from the chance opening of the holy book, in what way the heavenly bodies choose—on this occasion—to be addressed."

I agreed. The doctor performed his ablutions, and the dawn of his meridian splendour shook the dust from off his gown. Thus cleansed, at least externally, he mumbled a prayer or two, and then with great solemnity opened the Koran.

"Child," said he, after having inspected the page displayed before him,—"the admirable and important chapter on which Providence has willed the

eye of its servant to fall treats of the balance Wézn.[9] This proves incontestably—but, ere I proceed further, what do you mean to pay me?"

"Two piastres," was my answer; thinking this a liberal remuneration. Not so the wizard: the most grievous of insults could not have put him into a greater rage. "Two piastres!" exclaimed he; "why, in the quietest of times, and when a man's fortune might almost be told him blindfold, this would scarce have been an aspre each adventure; and now that the world is all turned topsy turvy, that men do not know whether they stand on their heads or their heels; now that women wage war, kings turn philosophers, and high priests stroll about the country; now that the Grand Lama of Tibet takes a turn to Pekin, and the Pope of Rome travels post to Vienna—to offer such a fee! insolent, absurd, preposterous!"

I let the astrologer's passion cool a little first, and then resumed the negotiation. After a good deal of altercation, it ended in Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Schafeï undertaking to reveal my destiny in two days, for the important sum of as many sequins.

At the appointed time I returned, but found not Schaich Aly, as before, in solitary meditation. He stood surrounded by a whole circle of customers; and was abusing one poor fellow so tremendously as to terrify all the rest, and make them tremble

lest their own fortunes should fare the worse for the incident. "Wretch!" he cried;—"to apply to me for charms to rid your house of vermin; as if I was in league with vipers and with scorpions! Go to the wandering santons that ply in the cross ways, and presume not again to appear in the presence of one whom the very skies treat with deference."

The frightened peasant retired, and the remainder of the party received the devout and wonderful sentences, which only required being kept carefully sealed up, to procure the bearer every species of bliss.

The levee thus despatched, the wizard turned to me. "I have completed your business," cried he, handing me a dirty scrawl. "But it has been with incredible toil. I cannot conceive what you have done to the stars. At the bare mention of your name they all began to laugh. It has cost me a whole night's labour to bring them to their senses. Instead of two sequins, I ought to have two dozen."

"Not one single aspre," replied I, glancing over the paper, and then throwing it in the wizard's face. "The beginning informs me that I shall certainly die young, provided I do not grow old, and cannot fail to marry, unless I die single; and as to the end, it has no meaning at all!"

"It has a great deal of meaning," replied the now infuriated stargazer—grinning like an afrite;[10] "for it means that you certainly will be hanged."

"It then also means," replied I, "that I need not pay a farthing; for, if I am not hanged, you have written a parcel of lies undeserving of a fee; and, if I am equally to swing whether I pay or not, I may as well save my money, and give you a drubbing to boot." So saying, I laid on; and the young bud of science, who tried to protect his master, came in for his share of my bounty. All intercourse with the constellations now being broken off, I walked away, alternately threatened with the justice of the stars, and with that of the cadee.

My behaviour to his pet astrologer made Malek think somewhat less favourably of my docility, and our friendship, hereupon, cooled a little. Fortunately the season of the festivals was at hand, and I returned to Mekkah, to witness the arrival of the pilgrims.

At Cairo I had viewed the departure of the caravan from the Birket-el-hadj[11] as a species of public rejoicing. The whole of the night which preceded the raising of the tents, the camp, resplendent with the light of millions of lamps, and re-echoing with the sound of thousands of musical instruments, seemed the special abode of mirth and pleasure; and the ensuing morning the pilgrims, fresh, gay, full of ardour, and prancing along the road, looked like a procession of the elect going to take possession of Paradise.

Alas, how different was the appearance of this

same caravan, after a long and fatiguing march across the desert, on its arrival at Mekkah! Wan, pale, worn out with fatigue and thirst, incrusted with a thick coat of dust and perspiration, the hadjees who composed it seemed scarce able to crawl to the place of their destination. The end of their journey looked like that of their earthly existence; or rather, one might have fancied their bodies already smitten by the spirit of the desert, and their ghosts come disembodied to accomplish their vow.

Among the arrivals were some of my Egyptian friends; but their sufferings had so altered them, that they were obliged to syllable their names, ere I could bring their persons to my recollection. One had almost lost his eyesight, another scarce preserved a remnant of his before slender intellect, and a third was, in consequence of constant alarms, become subject to such spasmodic movements, that he believed himself obliged to hold his head fast by the ears, lest it should veer on his body like a weathercock.

The holy house of Mekkah offers nearly the same difference from that of Loretto, which the Moslim character does from that of the Franks. Every body knows the Santa Casa to be a whirligig sort of thing, which, in its roving disposition, changed its abode half a dozen times before it could finally settle. The Kaaba, on the contrary, is a steady

demure sort of an edifice, which, from the day the angels placed it where it stands, never manifested the least inclination to move. Accordingly, even Mohammed dared not meddle with its well established reputation. It stood its ground most firmly in spite of his reform, and to this day remains the chief object of the worship of his followers.

Seven times I walked round the holy pile in full procession, and seven times kissed the black stone, which the angel Gabriel brought from Paradise (I did not inquire why) to figure in its south-west corner. I next went to the valley of Menah to renounce Satan and his works, by flinging a pebble over my left shoulder; nor did I fail to fill a pitcher with the brackish water of the well Zemzem, to quench the thirst of the soul. But what I prized beyond all other things were the parings of the besom that had swept the tabernacle, which I purchased from the Shereef of Mekkah[11] to cleanse the impurities of the heart, and which, if mine were not all wiped away in consequence, failed of doing its duty.

My spiritual concerns thus attended to, I turned to my temporal affairs, and made an exchange of some of the property which I brought from Egypt, for other and more suitable articles; for be it known that the festivals of the holy house end in a fair, held in the innumerable tents which surround

it like a zone, and bring together merchants and goods from the most opposite extremities of the old hemisphere,—very properly making even the worship of Mammon lend its support to the temple of the Lord.

From Mekkah I proceeded with the whole body of the pilgrims to Medinah, a place somewhat less holy, though infinitely more agreeable. There (still intent on deeds of holiness) I bargained for a little bit of the fringe which had adorned the Prophet's tomb; but found the unconscionable vender ask a price which I scarce would have given for Mohammed's own two front teeth, enshrined in the Sultan's chapel at Constantinople. Fringeless, therefore, I went on to Damascus, with the principal division of the caravan, headed by the celebrated miscreant Djezzar,[12] Pasha of Acre.

No extraordinary events signalised that year the homeward journey of the hadj:[13] for I reckon not as such the hundreds of camels that died every day of fatigue on the road, to the great annoyance of the Schaich of Sardieh who furnished them, and to the great delight of his loyal subjects, who cut them up and ate them; and still less do I reckon as such the thousands of pilgrims that gave up the ghost from the same cause, to the annoyance, I fear, of no one but themselves, and to the unspeakable satisfaction of the conducting Pasha, to whom their property devolves.

For my own part, as I observed mortality to be, somehow, rifest among the richest pilgrims, and was still possessed myself of some valuable luggage, I continued during the whole of the journey particularly careful of my health. I ate no made dishes, knowing them to be heating; and abstained from brewed beverage, as apt to attack the bowels: but preferred the simplest fare, however coarse, and drank plain water, though ever so muddy. By means of this regimen I escaped—thank God! —all the bad effects of the journey. A more difficult task than that of avoiding the consequence of the climate was, in my opinion, that of eluding the overpowering attentions of the Bosniac guard[14] of the Emir hadj. These gentlemen were paid for protecting the property of the pilgrims, and it is but doing them justice to say that they could scarcely have acted otherwise than they did, if it had been their own. A Deli-bash[15] of the Pasha's in particular used to show such solicitude about my equipage, that not one article of it would have escaped his vigilance or been suffered to remain out of his keeping, had I not early in the business bethought myself of recommending to him, as more worthy his attention, the luggage of a wealthy Turkish merchant, which, much heavier than mine, required more being lightened by an experienced hand.

The only one of my companions whom I trusted

was a Cypriote. Like myself a Greek by birth, he had like me embraced Islamism from choice: but with this difference, that love had led the way to my apostasy, and revenge to that of my new associate. He had turned Mohammedan for the sole purpose of being qualified to return to another Mohammedan, without breach of etiquette, the favour of the bastinado. No sooner was he admitted into the bosom of Islamism, than he ran to discharge the debt; and paid it with such ample interest, that his creditor was never heard to utter a single syllable of complaint. To do penance for this petulance as he pretended,—or rather, to withdraw from the scene of this achievement, as I believe, he undertook the pilgrimage. From Cyprus he embarked for Jaffa, from Jaffa crossed over to Suez, and at Suez took shipping with a flotilla of hadjees bound for Djedda. "Huddled together so thick"—said he—"that we found not room to lie down, in boats so rotten that we expected to split on every coral reef, I never expected to reach land again; and do not know whether I owe my being saved from a watery grave to Mohammed or to the Virgin; as, for fear of a mistake, I addressed my prayers to both. This however I do know most positively, that, having got once on land again, I mean—please God!—never more to trust myself on the water. I have conceived such a horror of that element, that Mohammedan, and, what is more, hadjee as I now am, I

can scarce prevail upon myself to drink a drop of any thing but wine pure unmixed."

My friend Mahmood, however, was destined more justly to appreciate the comforts of travelling on dry land, when a three weeks journey across the sands of Arabia had killed off with fatigue and heat about a fourth of our caravan. Almost become transparent with loss of flesh, he now swore he would rather a thousand times be swallowed up at once by a wave, than be mummified by inches.

On entering the Pashalik of Damascus, the scene changed completely. Each league, as we advanced, now brought some improvement in our condition. First came to meet us the supply of fresh provisions from Trabloos; next the convoy from Palestine; and when, soon after, we entered the fertile plains of Hauran, I felt as if ushered at once from the burning bowels of hell into the flowery fields of Elysium. Indeed, on first beholding from a small eminence, after a month's wearisome march through sands almost red hot, the glassy pool of Mardin, encircled by its verdant banks, such was the fit of hydro—not phobia—but mania which came upon me, that, had I been within reach of the lovely puddle, I would have plunged into it headlong—dress, armour and all!

The privations of a pilgrimage are not necessary to render Damascus a true paradise. Groves of orange and plum trees inbosom its walls, limpid

fountains sparkle in all its habitations; and so much did its beauties animate and inanimate, its exquisite confectionary, and its cool and sparkling sherbets delight my eye and palate, that I purposed making it my abode until I should hear further of the High Admiral's motions. Purified by my pilgrimage, I thought I could afford to run up a new score of little peccadilloes; and though in the course of three weeks I saw the forty thousand hadjees with whom I had entered Damascus again disappear almost to a man, I still continued without the smallest intention of stirring, until I found that I had reckoned without my host—I mean without Djezzar, the eternal Pasha.

One Friday morning, after my devotions, just as I stepped out of the mosque, my eye happened to be caught by one of those celestial beings, found in large cities, who, anticipating the office of the Houris of Paradise, have no objection to cast a ray of bliss on the existence of mortal man. Unfortunately my eagerness to pursue this flitting form of brightness, made me overlook some nearer but less attractive objects which stood in my way. Foremost among these happened to be a little man, who, walking up the steps of the mosque just as I rushed down, was so much below my line of sight, directed straight forward, that I only perceived his proximity by the violence with which I came in contact with his person, and occasioned his downfall. I should more

properly have said, his fear of a downfall; since I had the address to catch him in my arms, and to twirl him round like a top, so as to break the force of the shock, and only to lay him neatly down on his seat upon the steps, without having received the smallest injury.

Great as was my hurry, I felt loth to proceed till I had looked round to see whom I had thus involuntarily helped to a seat. I found it to be a personage dressed indeed after the Turkish fashion, but evidently, from the very Christianlike manner in which his Mohammedan apparel was huddled on, a Frank in disguise. In short, I had run foul of an inquisitive traveller, who, come to have a sly peep at a mosque, noted in the empire for the care with which it is kept sacred from the intrusion of infidels, certainly expected not his curiosity to meet with so providential a punishment.

I always piqued myself upon my good breeding, especially to strangers who might report of me in Franguestan. For which reason I turned back, and laying hold of the short person of the traveller in the readiest way for righting it—namely, by the ample folds of his nether man,—I lifted him up like an oil jar, and so set him on end again; at the same time reversing his aspect for the benefit of his curiosity, and turning his face towards the entrance of the mosque which he was come to view.

I do not know by what strange bias in his mind,

to be pushed down should have appeared to him a misfortune patiently to be endured, while to be set on his legs again was taken for an indignity, which called for every expression of the utmost resentment: —but so it was; and, instead of thanks, I got nothing for my pains but abuse, the more galling since my courtesy had made me lose sight of the fair object of my pursuit. It is true that, as strong passion is inimical to disguise, my traveller had, in his wrath, resorted to his native tongue—the German; but I had heard enough of that language with the Swedish baron at Pera, to understand every term of commendation bestowed upon me on this trying occasion. I therefore ran back, in order to undo what I had obtained so little gratitude for doing, and again gently laid the angry traveller down in the very place from which I had raised him; at the same time begging his pardon for having presumed to rectify his position.

There is, or was, at Damascus a Latin hospice, tolerated by the Pasha, solely, I believe, for the sake of one of its friars, padre Giacomo, a great favourite with Djezzar for reasons connected by the Damascenes with the magic art. This friar had accompanied our stranger in his rambles through the city, as *cicerone*; but had prudently kept aloof while the bolder traveller made his attempt upon the mosque. However, witnessing from afar the last act of my intercourse with his guest, he took it into his thick skull that I was ill-treating him, and in consequence

came up, and began, on the strength of his influence with the Pasha, to abuse me in his turn;—not, however, like his more considerate friend, in an outlandish language, in which his impertinence might have passed off for civility, but in very intelligible Arabic, and to the great edification of all the bystanders.

In the midst of Damascus this was not to be borne: "See," cried I therefore to the mob, "what it is to have an old woman for a Sultan, who grants firmans[16] to Christian dogs," (my politeness had by this time given way a little) "to come and spy, disguised in our own dress, the nakedness of our land; in order that their Crals[17] may know how to conquer it.—But glory be to the Prophet, and down with the Yaoors!"

"Yes, down with the Yaoors; and let us go and drown them," answered the ready mob.

This proposal even exceeded my wishes. But I had once saved a Jew from a watery grave, and I thought I might have equal success with a brace of Christians. "No, no," cried I, therefore; "the Arabs would think that inhospitable. Let us only disable these infidels from passing themselves off for Mussulmen, by stripping them of their mustachios, and beard. They will look as ridiculous again when shaved, as they would do merely drowned." So thought the mob. My friends consequently were taken to the nearest barber, seated, lathered, shaved, and dismissed.

"Friend," answered the old messmate to whom I addressed my inquiries, "Mavroyeni is no longer to be found at the Arsenal."

"I understand," replied I—and motioned with my hand, as if to say: "he is shortened by the part above the neck."

"Not yet," resumed my informer, "but in a fair way of being so. He is at present Hospodar of Valachia."

"Hospodar of Valachia!" exclaimed I, starting back at least three paces. "What! Nicolas Mavroyeni,—a mere man of the islands, a rank taooshan! has he then at last been able to insinuate himself into the fairest of the two Greek provinces; and that, in the very teeth of every Ipsilandi, Morosi, Callimacki and Souzzo whom the Fanar could muster to oppose his intrusion?"

"He has;" rejoined Notara. "After having been, during fifteen years and upwards, regularly threatened every day at the Terzhaneh by the Grand Admiral with being kicked out of office, he has only left the place of drogueman of the fleet, to step into the very highest situation which a Greek can attain in the Turkish empire; and that, without any stipulation for the purchase of the principality, without any compromise as to the length of his tenure, without any restriction or engagement as to the persons he was to promote. Fettered by no clause or limitation whatsoever, he has distanced all

his rivals, and swept away the whole stake single-handed."

I begged my friend to inform me how this miracle had been accomplished.

"You must remember," replied he, "that Russia never acted with more hostility towards Turkey than after the peace. But the Muscovites were governed by a man in petticoats, and we, ruled by old women in turbans. Haleel-Hameed Visier, and after him Shaheen-Aly Visier, seemed determined to abide every insult of the northern virago. At last, however, the interview between Joseph and Catherine opened the Sultan's eyes. Abd-ool-Hameed felt that his sacrifices would not preserve peace, and must diminish the chance of a successful war. He dismissed the pacific Shaheen, and looked about for a more enterprising and warlike Visier. The only one in the whole empire that could be found to suit his views was Youssoof, the water-carrier of Smyrna, the caleondjee of the fleet, the counsellor and right hand of the Capitan-Pasha, the defender of the Boghaz against the Russians, the Moohasseel of the Morea, and finally, the supreme Visier of the Othoman empire.

"Youssoof in his turn felt the necessity of confiding the government of a province so important and so much exposed as Valachia to none but a man of resolution and bravery. Such an one was not to be found among the merchant-princes of the

But the bristles of the Capuchin's beard were fated to become thorns in my side. The Pasha took up the affair. He could neither bear to be without his friend the friar, nor to see him in his presence with a beardless chin. I very soon got hints of the unwholesomeness of the Damascus air; and of all the physicians in the world I wished least for Djezzar to be my phlebotomist. Having picked up a good number of the country sword-blades, remarkable for their fine temper, I resolved to convert my steel into gold in the capital. There also I should be more in the way of watching the Grand Admiral's motions; and I doubted not that an ex-kiashef, hostile to Ibrahim and Mourad, would easily obtain rank in the Sultan's army. I therefore packed up my little property, and the very evening after the warning slept at Salieh.

The next morning I proceeded with a caravan to Trabloos, and there embarked for Stambool on board a vessel from Alexandria. The cargo consisted of black slaves. The richest article was a little negro, who had been furnished with his passport for the harem by an old Coobd in the Saïd, purveyor to my patron Suleiman. Though the only one of twenty who had escaped alive, poor little blackie looked very unhappy. To console him, I used to prognosticate his becoming some day Kislar-Aga; when he would have all the beauties of the Seraglio under his command! "Alas!" answered he, "of what use will it be to me?" "Of what use?" I replied, "why to whip them, to be sure; and so to vent your spleen!"

CHAPTER VII.

A CERTAIN number of years had now elapsed since I left Mavroyeni; and changes more marked than even those which time effects had since that period taken place in my circumstances. I was not only from a boy become a man, but from a Greek a Mohammedan, and from a person of no note whatever, an individual who had filled no inconsiderable character in the world's varied drama. I had acted a part both in negotiation and in warfare. I no longer either thought myself an inferior to the drogueman of the arsenal, or stood in need of his protection. It was doubtless for the latter reason that, when arrived at Constantinople, I no longer felt any hesitation to call at his door. Little acquainted, however, with the revolutions which might have happened in a place so fertile in storms as the Fanar, I thought it prudent, ere I ventured upon my visit, to collect some information respecting my old patron; lest, seeking his abode too abruptly, I should be conducted to a burying-ground or a dungeon.

Fanar: but such an one he knew his old comrade in the service of the Capitan-Pasha, Mavroyeni, to be. He therefore proposed him. In vain did all the Fanariotes for once cordially unite to prevent your old master's nomination. In vain did they put forward their tool Petracki, the seraff[1] of the mint. This zealous agent might spend more money to prevent an election to a principality, than ever had been wasted to obtain one: it availed nothing. Mavroyeni was invested; and when, in the act of receiving at the hands of the supreme Visier the marks of his dignity, he begged as the single favour which was wanting to complete his bliss, the head of the seraff, that boon also was granted. On going out of the audience chamber,—by way of a delicate attention—Petracki's bleeding head was made to roll at his feet.

"Mavroyeni is now gone in the fulness of his glory to take possession of his principality. Perhaps, however, what he regarded as the last testimonial of his elevation may prove the first step to his downfall. It is secretly whispered that the late Sultan Mustapha had confided several millions of piastres to Petracki for the use of his son Selim, during the reign of Abd-ool-Hameed his brother. This deposit is necessarily involved in the general fate of the seraff's confiscated property. But Selim some day must come to the throne, and he will not

fail to remember the loss he sustained through Mavroyeni."

On hearing all this, my first impulse was to pay the patron of my youth a visit in his principality: but my second thoughts presented my stake in Egypt as the one most worth following up. However, the Capitan-Pasha being as yet far from ready for his expedition, I determined, in the meantime, to indulge in the supreme pleasure of the Italians—the *far niente.*

At Chios, an intimacy had long subsisted between my father and another Greek merchant, by name Mavrocordato. His extraction was honourable: friends traced his pedigree to a younger branch of the Imperial Palaeologi: history allowed him the latter and more certain honour of being related to several of the princes of Valachia,—the first of whom, invested by the Porte, bore the same name. He was a man of most respectable character: nay, while burthened with so numerous a family that the most rigorous parsimony could only ensure to each of its members a very moderate provision, he even enjoyed the reputation of being particularly liberal, and seemed contented when the expenses of the twelvemonth did not exceed the comings in of the year. But—strange to tell!—no sooner had he through a fatal contagion lost all his children save one, in whom consequently was to centre his whole inheritance,

than a total revolution took place in his conduct. The possibility of leaving this only heir extremely opulent now for the first time seizing hold of his imagination, gave it a new bias, and bred a desire for riches, before unfelt. He who while in moderate circumstances had been generous to a proverb, now all at once, when he saw his hoard accumulate, became saving, retrenched many of the innocent luxuries in which he formerly indulged, and began to toil for the acquirement of superfluous wealth with a devotion often before sharply censured by himself, while he only possessed a sufficiency. Still, however, he was never suspected of increasing his gains by dishonourable means, nor could he be accused of sordid avarice. He might be said to live below his income, but he ranked not among those imbecile misers who, during their lifetime, starve the very heir whom they destine at their death to revel in their riches. No expense was spared for the education of Spiridion; and even for the pleasures of this beloved son Mavrocordato would often outstep his own notions of discretion.

The intimacy between Mavrocordato and my father had produced an habitual intercourse between Spiridion and myself. It could not be called friendship; it was scarce even entitled to the appellation of companionship: for there existed between us a difference of two years—a prodigious one at our age,—and sufficient to make me look upon the son of

Mavrocordato as by no means fit to join in my youthful sports. Our connexion might be described as composed of protectorship on my part, and of deference on that of Spiridion. I led him in my train, spoke to him in a tone of authority, and gave myself the airs of his tutor. The fag of the party when I associated with boys of my own standing, my protegé was only allowed to contribute to my pastimes when I found myself destitute of other resource. But, flattered by being admitted in any form, under my auspices, to the diversions of my older playmates, Spiridion asked not for more, contemplated me with sentiments of veneration, felt honoured by my commands, and executed all my high behests with a zeal and promptitude savouring of perfect devotion. To employ in my concerns any other boy but him was on my part a sign of displeasure, and to himself a subject of mortification. It was he who, whenever we went out on a marauding expedition, was sent forward as a scout to explore the ground; who, when we stripped an orchard, kept watch till we had secured the booty; and who, whatever exploit we engaged in, generally paid the penalty while we carried off the fruits. But the sufferings which he earned in our service he ever bore most manfully, and his firmness in submitting to any punishment rather than betray our confidence was truly heroic. In return, I always sustained my part as his protector, defended him against every other

boy, allowed none of my comrades to assume over him the least authority, and would have made any one who in my presence had presumed to correct my little Spirro, long remember the castigation which would have followed such an offence.

Still, however, spite of the public countenance with which I honoured Mavrocordato's son, the father would not have grieved to have seen us less together. For a time he kept us as much asunder as his own frequent intercourse with my own sire would permit: but an event took place, which, in the midst of all Mavrocordato's attempts to dissolve it, riveted our friendship more closely than ever.

I had headed a large troop of my companions in a swimming party, when one of the lesser boys spying some way off a small boat upon the beach, set it afloat, dragged Spiridion in after him, and rowed out to a considerable distance. Suddenly there arose a violent squall. The truants grew frightened, they lost their presence of mind, mismanaged the oars, and overset the boat. Much fatigued with a good hour's splashing in the water, I had just finished putting on my clothes, when an universal shout of terror made me raise my eyes, and see the two children struggling with the waves!

Spiridion's companion was a tolerable swimmer, and rapidly approached the beach. No one felt the least alarm for him: but Spiridion himself, only supported by the oar to which he clung, seemed on

the point of sinking. Already encumbered with my clothes, I called out to my still naked companions to jump in and save my charge. "Who dares?" was the only universal answer.

Dressed as I was, I now resolved to have recourse only to my own exertions, plunged into the sea, swam to Spiridion, and succeeded in throwing to him one end of my sash, while I held the other fast between my teeth. Supporting the child in this way, I tried to regain the beach. It was still a good way off when some of my comrades, seeing me appear faint and overwhelmed with my load, at last took courage, and threw themselves into the water to swim to my assistance. But I had got too far unassisted to accept of their tardy succour, and resolved to achieve the task alone, or perish in the attempt. Collecting all my remaining strength, I pushed away my officious playmates, and invoking my protecting Saints, strained every still obedient nerve for a final exertion. It exceeded my powers:—held back by the weight of Spiridion, I felt myself going down. In this situation, was I, by a perseverance which could do my friend no good, to share his untimely end? or, by yielding to the suggestions of prudence, at least to save my own life?—Reason, I suppose, would have said: "Save yourself."

Luckily, the dilemma never struck me. I had fully resigned myself to death, when an enormous billow, which only seemed advancing to swallow us up, left

me upon a shoal barely covered at low water, of which I had no knowledge. With one arm I clung to the rock, while with the other I now grasped my poor Spirro. Thus we remained afloat, until a boat, which just before had put off to meet me, reached the reef, took us in, and brought us on shore.

Mavrocordato happened to walk with my father on the quay when the accident took place. Apprised of his son's danger, he had arrived in sight half frantic with terror, just as, floundering on the waves, I threw out my sash to Spiridion. He had gone through all the agonies of every subsequent crisis, until he saw us safely landed on the beach. Immediately he ran or rather flew to the spot, and even before he noticed his child clasped me convulsively in his arms, as the preserver both of the son and the father.

These expressions died away on my ear. Exhausted with fatigue, I had fainted, and lay for half an hour bereft of all perception. But on recovering my senses I still found Mavrocordato by my side, ministering to my relief, while poor Spirro was drenching my cold features with his tears.

As soon as his father saw me sufficiently collected, he resumed his boundless thanks, only interrupting them to lay on his son a most positive injunction ever to treat me as a brother; and in the face of all around, and of heaven itself, he took a solemn engagement, strengthened by every most sacred oath,

henceforth to consider me as his other child. "Happen what may, Anastasius," he cried, sobbing with emotion, "rest secure that I shall never abandon you; that in me you will always find a second father:" and indeed, from that day Mavrocordato seemed to have no second object of solicitude (his son always remaining the first) except to palliate my frequent offences. Many a time he redeemed my sins with the sums which he would have denied to his own legitimate gratifications; and, had he been at home, when the ripening effects of my imprudent conduct made me become a voluntary exile, I might not perhaps have fled, as I did, from my natural parent and from my adoptive sire.

Since my abandonment of home I had lost sight of Mavrocordato and his son. When I wanted assistance most at Constantinople, and might have benefited most by their kind offices, Mavrocordato happened to be gone on business to Trieste or to Vienna, I did not know which; and just before I went to Chios, he had entirely quitted that island—a theatre too confined for his extending concerns—and had come to settle at Stambool.

In a capital of that description the love of riches soon begets the love of sway. Mavrocordato, who before only wished to leave his son distinguished for wealth, now aspired at beholding him eminent in rank and dignity. In short, he aimed at nothing less than seeing him some day Bey of Valachia or

Moldavia, as several of his namesakes had been before him; and all his endeavours now tended to forming the requisite connexions at the Fanar. Unfortunately he had not the lungs which ambition requires. Accustomed to inhale the pure mountain air of Chios, he found the confined atmosphere of the capital agree ill with his health. Accordingly, while he only retained at Constantinople a small recess for business, he bought in the country, close to the beautiful village of Kandilly, the villa of a proscribed visier for his permanent residence. It was there that, in one of my excursions, chance again threw me in the way of my adoptive father.

There were two things in this rencontre which surprised me, and to many will appear incredible: the first was that Mavrocordato had not toiled like a galley-slave for his son, while a boy, only that he might fall out with him the more outrageously when he was grown a man; the other, that he did not consider, because nine or ten years had elapsed since I saved that son's life, the natural term of a father's gratitude as wholly expired: nor did he even think that all the promises made to a Christian must fall away on the misguided wretch becoming a Mohammedan. When indeed Mavrocordato learnt that, for reasons good or bad, I had changed my religion, he looked a little dismayed; but soon recovering: "The will of God," he cried, "be done!" and invited me not the less to his mansion as cordially as if I

could publicly have pledged him in the wine of his own growing. Perhaps a person who, in my situation, could raise himself to rank, and had found means to save money, might not, to a mind of Mavrocordato's prudent cast, appear after all wholly destitute of some laudable points. At least my host received me as if he had thought so; and the very day of our meeting wrote to my father, to acquaint him with his rencontre, his pleasure and his grief.

Many letters between Stambool and Chios—I suspect—are intercepted by the Tritons and the Nereids, curious to know what passes above water; but Mavrocordato's epistle was left by these submarine gossips to take its course. There even came as speedy an answer to it as the diligence of man could indite, or the breath of a favourably disposed servant of Eolus waft to its destination. My host was conjured in the truly paternal epistle, by every tie of ancient friendship, and every motive of religion, to spare no pains in recalling a stray sheep into the way of salvation. A postscript, longer by half a page than the letter, stated that, should my abjuration of my errors compel me to quit the Turkish dominions, my wants would be amply provided for in whatever nearest part of Christendom I might make my abode. These assurances moved me to tears. "Blessed be my aged parent!" cried I,—"When permitted by those that surround him, he still feels anxious for the welfare of his

Anastasius!" "And so do your brothers," whispered to me Spiridion. "They had rather even that you should return to your faith than that you should revisit your island. So at least they write."—At this speech a dark cloud again overcast the transient sunshine of my heart.

As to Mavrocordato, he inquired not into the motives, he only considered the merits of the request. At all times he had been religiously inclined: but he had extended the sphere of his devotion, since he had contracted that of his liberality. He gave more to God as he gave less to man;—no doubt expecting the stake in heaven to bear the higher interest. The arduous and delicate commission entrusted to his prudence he undertook, not as a mere act of duty toward a friend, but as an effectual means of working his own eternal bliss. Had he been offered the nursing of a visier's estate, instead of the rekindling of a taooshan's extinguished faith, he could not have engaged with more zeal in the business. I believe he would even have paid me to become once more a Christian, had I been in want of money: but, finding that all I required was good advice, he determined not to spare so cheap a drug, and only considered how he might administer most plentifully the unwelcome potion. Cunningly therefore he bethought himself of making his solicitude for my temporal concerns the means of advancing his spiritual aim; and actually offered to manage

my property for me to the best advantage, free both from commission and from brokerage! The thing was in itself worth accepting, be what they might the conditions annexed to it. I left my casket in Mavrocordato's custody, empowered him to dispose of its contents to the greatest profit, and even accepted, at his urgent request, of an apartment under his own roof.

Still he at first only ventured upon the performance of the task, to which all this was preparatory, with a very tender hand. He feared to excite my impatience of control, or my jealousy of independence, and carefully abstained from all that might savour of the tone of a pedagogue, or the authority of a parent. My well-bred host contented himself with throwing out, when opportunities offered, such delicate hints and such round-about insinuations, as left it easy at my pleasure either to avoid their hitting, to take off their point, or to let their whole weight fall unnoticed beside me.

At last, however, Mavrocordato began to find out that this over cautious way of proceeding did not advance his purpose. Accordingly he resolved upon a more open and undisguised mode of attack. He now on all occasions enlarged upon the reprehensibleness of my conduct, and the danger of my evil courses; constantly represented me as standing on the very brink of perdition, and never met me, at home or abroad, without significantly shaking his

head, uttering a deep groan, and inflicting upon me so vehement a lecture, that, whatever he might say, I could never think myself obliged to submit to the penalty of listening. This new method, therefore, succeeded still worse than the former. Instead of not heeding my host, I now carefully avoided his company. Though still nominally an inmate in his house at Kandilly, I was oftener to be found at the furthest end of Constantinople: and, always out in the morning before he came from his office, and seldom returned at night ere he retired to bed, it was but on very extraordinary occasions that I indulged him with the sight of his very discreet guest.

A third plan of operations was then resorted to. In the idea that the son, from less disparity of age and greater means of watching my behaviour, might succeed in the scheme in which his father had failed, Mavrocordato now committed the whole labour of my conversion to Spiridion. This, undoubtedly, evinced a thorough confidence in the steadiness of the youth. Even spotless purity might risk, unless composed of very hard and impenetrable stuff, to contract in the office of cleansing such extreme moral foulness as mine, a few unavoidable stains.

Independent even of the danger to which the purpose of the father exposed the son, perhaps the son was the person most unfit to forward the design of the father. I do not mean on the score of insuf-

ficient interest in my welfare. Far from it !—In the exuberance of life's early spring, friendship strikes root too deeply in the soul, and entwines itself too closely round every fibre of the heart, to be enfeebled or broken by the vicissitudes of later life. The intimacies of that happy epoch, as they precede, also survive all the more interested connexions of a maturer age; and Spiridion's early devotion to the companion of his childhood had not only kindled up anew, but again glowed in his breast with all its pristine ardour. Spite of my manifold failings, he loved me at Constantinople as he had done at Chios: but the scope of his understanding, so greatly exceeding that of his father's, prevented his wishes for my weal from being exclusively directed to the single narrow point, in which centered all the views of the latter. If he more than emulated Mavrocordato in his solicitude to see me renounce my old sins, he was far from feeling equal anxiety for my abjuring my new worship.

Spiridion had received from nature an expansive mind. It had resisted all the contracting powers of a Greek education. In vain might its glance be obstructed by the opaque blinds of ignorance, its flights impeded by the leaden trammels of prejudice: it could see through the one, and soar above the other. As greater efforts were made to hem in on all sides his powerful faculties, they seemed only to derive superior strength from their concentration,

and to break with more irresistible force through their insufficient barriers. While with all his canvas spread to the breeze of the passing hour, the father sailed down the muddy tide of the Fanar, the son would retire to his closet, there to imbibe long draughts of wisdom at the pure spring of philosophy: and as, in a society where literary discourse is despised or prohibited, men do not peruse books merely to quote sentences, he found more leisure to ruminate upon his reading, and to digest his volumes. Hence his understanding rose far above the level of his age and country: for in those days modern Greece had not yet attained that miraculous emancipation from the bondage of error and superstition, so vauntingly set forth, I am told, by the P—'s and the K—'s of the present enlightened period: and in the more than Cimmerian darkness which surrounded him, Spiridion was almost the only person I could have named, with whom morality weighed more than dogma, and who attached greater importance to inward goodness than to outward practices.

His behaviour and his exhortations wore the stamp of this peculiar frame of mind. He did not indeed say in explicit terms: "Those articles of faith, those forms of worship, which affect not the heart, and influence not the conduct, are of little importance;"—the deference he bore his father forbade such a speech: but, while he more faintly

urged, and only in the tone of an irksome task, an ostentatious abjuration of Islamism, which might only rid the mosque of a bad Moslemin, in order to throw a worse Christian back upon the church;—while he deprecated with all his might the scandalous spectacle of a man running backward and forward between Mekkah and Jerusalem, between the Cross and the Kaaba—sometimes kneeling to the one, and sometimes prostrate before the other;—while he ventured to believe that even a good Moslemin might still enter heaven, though with different credentials and at a different gate, he insisted with all the strength of his faculties and all the warmth of his heart, upon those moral duties commanded by the Koran as well as by the Gospel; he admitted of no mode of compounding for those actions on which depends not only our own happiness, but the good or evil condition of our fellow creatures; he ceased not to depict with all his eloquence and to urge with all his rhetoric, the beauty of rectitude and the wisdom of goodness; nay, he spoke of the charm which purity of mind and dignity of manners throw over our sublunary existence with such earnestness and such unction, as if he wished me to adopt them not from cold conviction but from positive taste, and to regard myself as sacrificing my terrestrial happiness, not in adopting but in rejecting the restraints of decorum and of principle. Whether with some real foundation for his opinion,

or only from the partial medium of friendship and of gratitude through which he viewed my character, he often would say he observed in me a singular and romantic turn of mind, capable of becoming as enthusiastic in the cause of virtue, as it had been unrestrained in the career of vice. He believed that the same energy and boldness which, while wasted in fostering my evil passions, had made me seek distinction in all that was profligate and base, when employed to resist their sway, might render me pre-eminent in all that was exalted and noble; and he therefore felt all that eagerness for inlisting me in the cause of moral excellence which was natural to one, who, himself wholly devoted to its charms, wished to extend its empire by procuring it a powerful new champion. It is true, the prodigious change in my disposition from the extreme of ill to the extreme of good, was a transformation which Spiridion rightly considered as attainable only through immense efforts; and he regarded the victory over my thus far ungovernable temper, the triumph over my hitherto irresistible passions, as an achievement no less arduous than it was desirable; but that very circumstance, by rendering the success as glorious to the conqueror as it was beneficial to the conquered, added a new stimulus to my friend's exertions in my behalf. It made him feel a pride on his own account, as he felt an interest on mine, in the accomplishment of the task he had set him-

self: for he too was of an ambitious mind, and more desirous of success in proportion as success was more difficult.

The zeal which he felt from the first outset in his undertaking, still grew as he advanced in his labours,—as the very obstacles which he met with, forced him to devote his time, his attention and his powers more exclusively to his favourite purpose,—as, by keeping his mind more stedfastly fixed upon this single object, he weaned it more entirely from all other pursuits; as in short, by the pains already bestowed, he felt more committed not to cast them away in a pusillanimous dereliction of his plan, ere he reaped fruits worthy of his perseverance; and he toiled with indefatigable zeal, until at last all his other views and occupations yielded to that of my sole amendment; until he devoted to my reformation alone all the faculties of his understanding, and all the energies of his heart; until he no longer seemed placed by Providence on this globe for any other purpose but that of making me a worthy member of society; and until—almost working himself up, in his honest enthusiasm, into a belief that he had been appointed by the Almighty as my guardian angel—he held himself responsible to his Creator and to his conscience for my conduct, and bound by the very gifts he possessed, to devote his whole existence to the purpose of making mine a blessing. To see me wise, to see me happy, and

that, through his exertions; nay, to sacrifice, if necessary, his own repose and felicity on this globe to mine, became the only bliss Spiridion aspired to on this earth! Indeed, so fully had he identified his fate with mine, or rather, so entirely had he reduced himself to the rank of the mere instrument of my salvation—not indeed by mere faith or even insulated deeds of goodness, but by an entire reformation of my conduct—that, had the irrevocable decrees of fate destined one of us only to be accepted among the host of heaven, I verily believe he would, with all his ardour for excellence, have submitted to stoop to the bitter fruits of sin, in order that Anastasius might not be the one discarded from the realms of bliss eternal!

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH a temper such as mine, Spiridion was perhaps, in spite of all his zeal—and I may add, all his abilities—the person worst calculated, not only to succeed in the more contracted purpose of his father, but even in his own more extensive and more liberal design; not only to obtain from me a public and ostentatious return to my faith, but even a more private, though more sincere, relinquishment of my failings:—

For in truth,—up to the moment when my young friend undertook my reformation, what was I?—A being of mere instinct; a child over which the cravings of the sense still reigned uncontrolled; and which, like all children, still acknowledged no subjection save to superior strength; still could be made to obey the voice of reason, or even the dictates of caution, by no other means but those of physical compulsion; still must, as it were, have his submission to the rules of society and the requisites of the established order rendered a habit through dint of force, ere it could become an act of choice; but who, while thus still weak in intellect, wholly matured nevertheless in bodily might, nay, possessing with the mental imbecility of childhood more than

the ordinary corporeal endowments of grown up man, required to find even more than the ordinary gifts of body in other surrounding individuals, ere he could be awed into an external allegiance to social institutions, and, though he might, like other children, in some degree be allured to good by the mere imitative bias implanted in our natures, was only disposed to make those members of society the models of his conduct, who had begun by making themselves the masters of his imagination; and to take counsel where he felt a previous deference for the person of the counsellor.

And thus far, alas! such had been the example and the conduct of my chief associates, as only to increase my natural aversion from the shackles of civilization, and my repugnance to the mere approach of those who bore them with meekness. Gregarious indeed, though not sociable, I loved not positively to prowl in solitary majesty through the unreclaimed wilds of nature; I felt that some species of companionship was unavoidable, even for the mere purpose of assuaging the cravings of the sense; but, like the rude tenants of the forest not yet themselves lured into subjection by civilized man, I only loved to herd with other beings equally wild, indocile, and unbridled; I shunned every fellow-creature already entrapped in the snares of society; and could only bear to appear linked by choice with such as, ever prone like myself to

deride every symptom of order, and to despite every outward show of decency, were not less anxiously avoided by the sober and steady part of the community than the untamed lion or the unbroken colt. Call it effrontery or bashfulness—temerity or cowardice—I only felt at ease, only thought myself safe as it were from the infection of contented slavery, with men who bade defiance alike to the precepts of morality and the injunctions of the law; and the more an individual showed himself broken into a ready compliance with all the requisites of social institutions, and fearful to outstep any of the rules founded on mere opinion, the more I dreaded and avoided him on that very score as a dangerous person, a confederate in the great plot against my natural rights and liberties, and a rancorous though secret enemy, who only coaxed and caressed in order to betray me to his associates, and to throw with more certainty the fatal noose round my neck.

Add to this that, still wholly averse from the most distant thoughts of quitting Islamism, still elate with all the pride of the turban, I shrunk from the idea of appearing guided in any degree by one not like myself of the privileged cast, and would sooner have seemed to take lesson or example from a Turkish beggar than from a Greek archon.

Now, of the qualifications which a disposition,

such as that of the worthy individual here depicted required in his ghostly director, who possessed fewer, and, on the contrary, of the attributes which must disqualify their owner for the office of guiding a pupil of that description, who reckoned more than my friend Spiridion? Even in point of person he wanted some of the conditions most indispensable to the success of his undertaking. His figure was elegantly moulded indeed, but, far from possessing the size and strength requisite either to support or to repress insolence, it was rather under-sized; and the son of Mavrocordato appeared by my side like the willow by the side of the cedar. Again: his features were in as perfect a symmetry as Grecian blood could bestow; but his countenance, unarmed with that daring look which daunts the brazen stare of audacity and defiance, habitually only expressed gentleness, nay timidity: and if bursts of indignation or of rapture would sometimes impart to it an air so commanding and so lofty, as to awe any being still under the influence of mind, its purely intellectual power must nevertheless remain unacknowledged, where—as in most of my associates—all was mere unmixed matter. His manners too were elegant and refined: but the more they breathed that elevation and dignity calculated to charm a well educated circle, the less they partook of that coarse and vulgar assurance necessary to please men of blunted feelings and a vitiated taste.

Reserved instead of forward, he never had a chance of making the force of reason silence the force of lungs; and, too proud to be conceited, too conscious of his worth to announce his claims to notice, he was only, by people apt greatly to presume upon nothing and unable to understand a behaviour wholly different, praised—if at all—for discreet and becoming humility.

The sombre livery of Christianity too, by rendering my friend a dark spot—almost a positive blemish—in the brilliant circles of Islamism, increased tenfold every difficulty of his arduous task: for while his modest exterior could not prevent me, who knew his inward excellence, from fearing his watchful eye and feeling restrained by his observing presence, it emboldened low-bred wretches to treat him with a rudeness, the pain of which I shared. Hence, though I could not but venerate Spiridion's character, I mostly felt averse to his company, and, so far from meeting the advances of the too unexceptionable youth, discouraged his assiduity. Sometimes, when he pressed me to make him my associate and my confident, I used only to answer jestingly, and say: "How can I possibly live with you, or introduce you to those with whom I live,—you, who have not one idea in common with them; whose very language seems a different idiom, as unintelligible to them as theirs is to you; who stare at every unguarded expression, shrink from every

spirited proposal, and groan at every bolder frolic: who stay at the door where others walk in, keep watch where others slumber, and have the folly to be wise where others have the wisdom to court folly?" At other times I spoke more seriously, and warned the youth in sober earnest against wasting his valuable gifts in the fruitless attempt to reform one, too long owned by sin to shake off the allegiance. "How can you, Spiridion," would I ask, "with your excellent understanding, expect any good from a wretch so thoroughly broken into every species of evil, so suppled by long practice into every form of vice, so loose in all his mental hinges, so dislocated in all his moral joints, that all his inclinations turn with equal facility toward wrong as toward right? The very transcendancy of your merit,—my all good, all perfect friend,—leaves you a far less chance of instilling in my corrupt mind the smallest particle of righteousness than might have befallen a person of inferior worth, less proudly soaring above my own level, and whom I could have met half way. You and I are too far asunder in the scale of beings, ever to come in contact together either in this world or the next." And hereupon, in order to prove my assertion by illustrations taken from facts, and to enjoy Spiridion's surprise and horror, I would commence the braggadocio of vice, and give my friend such details of my iniquity, as made him raise meekly to heaven

his dark expressive eyes; till, unable any longer to bear the revolting tale, he would start up, run to me, put his hand on my lips, and supplicate me to spare at least him, if not myself.

It was not long, however, before even Spiridion felt that nothing was so inimical to the success of his scheme as a forbidding fastidiousness. He therefore tried to repress his too evident disgust at the tone and manner of my habitual associates, and to bring himself (in appearance at least) more nearly down to their level. In short, he gave up his refined pursuits and his regular habits, for the honour of holding in my esteem the same rank with a set of blustering profligates. Upon the sublime principle of seducing me to virtue, he became the patient witness of all my vices. He followed me to those temples where Aphrodite wears no veil, in order to preach to me decency; and more than once in the orgies at which he assisted, narrowly escaped being the reeling victim to his own laudable fervour for opening my eyes to the loathsomeness of intoxication.

Even this effected not the wished for purpose. Libertinism, as well as refinement, requires its apprenticeship. It is not the attainment of a single day, and sits as awkwardly on the wearer as fastidiousness, where—only stimulated by the lips—it flows not from the heart. Wherever Spiridion followed in my train, he failed alike to catch the

spirit of the place, and the tone of the company. His best attempts at extravagance only looked like demureness run mad; and if his endeavours to set my gayer friends at their ease had any effect at all, it was only that of making them, whilst he was by, as constrained as himself. The moment his name was announced, every countenance fell and every lip was sealed up. Adieu from that moment to all that lightness of heart, all that flow of spirits, without which vice itself, only pursued with the dulness of a task, loses its seductive gloss, and, for want of a brilliant exterior to dazzle the eye, shows all its inward foulness. Instead of rendering my associates pleased with him, Spiridion only contrived to put them out of conceit with themselves. The genuine sons of mirth and revelry dreaded the intrusion of this false brother. Abashed at the mere sight of one to whose manners they were strangers, and to whose behaviour they had no clue, they insensibly felt in his company—without themselves knowing why—their assurance and boldness degenerate into a subdued and humble manner. Not but that they strove to resist the novel influence. Fearful lest in his presence they should appear to have lost their wonted tone, they even talked louder than usual, were wittier, made more jests, ironically wished me joy of my new friend, and complained of his repartee as too much

for their dulness: but aside and by stealth, they frowned at me for having brought an extinguisher among their jovial troop; and I myself wished from the bottom of my heart that Spiridion had remained a complete saint, rather than that he should have become half a sinner, for no purpose but to spoil all the sport of genuine honest rakes!

But what of all this!—Be a man ever so sturdy a hater of all that is good and wise, still, if fated day after day to witness in another the most unabating solicitude for his reformation, the most untiring efforts to allure him to virtue; and these endeavours proceeding, not from interested motives, nor even from a wish to display superiority, but solely from a desire the most ardent to procure his lasting welfare: if above all forced to own that the symptoms of this solicitude, never shown in intrusive advice, irksome reproof, and acrimonious censure, only appear in the keenest watchfulness, the gentlest persuasion, the most exulting looks at each instance of success, and the most evident dejection at every failure in the benevolent attempt,—so as not even to leave him a pretence to feign anger and to fly from his monitor, he must have in his composition materials even more compact than mine, to remain wholly impenetrable to so flattering a testimonial, lurking under reproof itself; and to feel no wish, however transient, that it should

cost him less to reward with an amendment in his manners so deep a devotion:—he will in spite of himself repay such constant sacrifices, at least by something more than cold and unprolific gratitude.

It is true, no person, wont to combine cause and effect, could expect that in a vortex of unceasing dissipation, and attracted by the voice of every siren, my heart, volatile by nature, and by constant friction somewhat blunted in its feelings, should return with equal intensity Spiridion's affection. My regard necessarily must have intermittances, display fits and starts, and be interrupted by intervals of forgetfulness, nay of coolness. In the pursuit of pleasure I would shun the sight of the young Greek; in the intoxication of enjoyment I would neglect his society; in the phrensy of passion I would hide myself from his view as from that of an unwelcome monitor: but still did his daily converse here and there drop a seed of tenderness and compunction in my bosom; and this seed—often unheeded at first, and resembling the corn which, in order to germinate, must for a while be screened from the rays of that sun, indispensable to its subsequent development—failed not to spring up, when his immediate presence no longer obstructed the more general survey of his noble conduct and beneficent precepts. In the midst of the raillery at Spiridion's

expense with which I tried to keep up the unconcern and independence of my mind, I conceived for him a real and deep-rooted attachment, and though we rarely associated together in my hours of joy, the moment I felt the least grief or disappointment—the moment the faithlessness of a mistress, the treachery of a companion, or the superciliousness of a grandee cast the least cloud over my happiness,—I darted past all my ephemeral friends, to pour my feelings and my sorrows into the bosom of their sole legitimate depositary. From his lips alone I expected the balm of consolation; and though long and distant were my flights, still would I ever ultimately return to Spiridion's arms, as the stork from the furthermost regions of the globe returns constant to her wonted nest.

My growing regard for Spiridion, and my admiration of his worth, awoke in my breast the first cry of conscience, and the first risings of shame. In the presence of my friend I would sometimes repress the rashness of my temper, and regret the violence of my passions. I blushed for the vices in which I had formerly exulted. For the first time in my life I took pains to excuse my errors, and laid down plans for rooting out my ill-propensities. I went so far as actually to meditate a general reform; nor did I at any time put off the execution to a very distant period. If I carried

not immediately my good intentions into effect, if inveterate habit frequently made me relapse into my evil doings, still did I no longer find in the commission that zest, that unalloyed pleasure which used to attend them. I felt the bitterness of remorse follow the sweets of indulgence. So great was the revolution in my sentiments, that it often made me contemplate with envy the calm dignity of Spiridion's life and occupations, which before I had treated with contempt. Looking over him, when he would hurry the completion of some noble work, or lay by the pursuit of some interesting study, in compliance with my eagerness for some low or trivial pastime, I often could not help repining at the difference of our disposition. "Ah," said I, "Spiridion; why was it not my fate to be brought up like you!—In me, too, nature had implanted many a rich and varied germ. Cultivation might have made them expand into all that was useful and beautiful. Fragrant blossoms might have been grafted on my stock full of vigour and sap; luxurious fruits might have adorned my branches: but, alas! I was born in a desert, I grew up remote from the sunshine of civilization, and I put forth only wild and fruitless boughs, distorted by ceaseless storms, and casting wide around them a drear and deadly shade!"

Nor was this all! Whenever Spiridion parted from me to go into the presence of his God, to

prostrate himself before his Maker, and to listen with devout attention to the loud hymns sung in praise of his Saviour; whenever, in conjunction with all his assembled countrymen, he addressed, through the mediation of holy ministers, his supplications to Heaven according to the forms of his forefathers, and in that language which once had been mine; whenever, in his doubts and perplexities, he derived comfort from performing the awful signs of his creed, and attending the sacred rites of his ancient religion, I panted to follow him to the place of my old worship, to kneel down by his side before the holy doors[1] of the sanctuary, and to join in his ardent and heartfelt devotions at the altar of Christ. I repined at the solace he was receiving, and of which I had deprived myself; regretted that change which only permitted me an open, a public, and a solemn approach to my Creator and my Judge, in a strange house, under a spurious garb, and in an idiom not my own; loathed the Moslem rites, which, converting every act of devotion I panted to perform into a solemn mummery, bereft my appeal of its earnestness, my prayers of their unction, and my worship of its sanctity; and secretly vowed,—should I not be able immediately to re-enter the pale of the church I had abandoned,—at least some day before my death to compel the holy gates to open to my supplications, and again to admit within the dread

precincts—now closed against the renegade—my sighs of shame, of contrition, and of penitence!

Thus did the gentle timidity of Spiridion end by making a deep impression on my obdurate heart, and resemble the frequent falling drop, which by slow degrees hollows out the hardest stone. That empire over my will, which the young Greek never would have obtained had he attempted to assume the least authority, he, by an almost unreserved submission to my own caprice, now for many an hour held undisputed.

It is however true, that the utmost actual amendment in my ways still remained prodigiously short of the quantity requisite to compose a particularly valuable member of society. The effect of Spiridion's exhortations rarely went beyond good resolutions: seldom did they ripen into actual realities; at least of such a nature as to claim peculiar praise. The occasions on which I expressed the strongest determination to become a new being, were often those on which I relapsed into some old sin more deeply than before. The very contrition, however, which followed the misdeed, was already in one who before gloried in evil, a great step towards good; and the power in Spiridion to produce that feeling, the sign of a vast hold obtained over my wayward soul.

How great however was the toil, how constant the watching of my friend to retain that feeble sway

over my furious passions, which he had with such labour acquired! What unceasing terror he felt lest my perverse instinct should again recover its noxious preponderance over my still weak and giddy reason! How he trembled for fear of seeing me, like a young tiger half tamed, resume, at the faintest scent of blood or glimpse of the forest, all my sanguinary yearnings and all my roving inclinations,—break my fetters, recover my ferocity, and forfeit all the fruits of my tedious education!

And but too often still were all his sinister forebodings on the point of being realised. But too often still would I sigh at the remembrance of those days, when no monitor from within checked the freedom of my will and actions; when, if the voice of pleasure called or the spur of instinct urged, no second thought, no extraneous consideration held me back; when, above all, no subsequent reflection, no dread of reproof embittered the image of the joys I had snatched from the fleeting wing of time, and had made mine ere age advanced to scare away their very shadow. Often still would I say to myself—"because a little Greek, who is neither my relation nor my master, happens to owe to me his life, is he entitled to rob me of my liberty; or, because his mind is by nature's own ordination so regulated as without effort or sacrifice to pursue a steady course, must my soul, which that same nature has been pleased to render fiery, impetuous,

and without rule or measure, be, through dint of the utmost violence, forced into the same even pace?" Often, from feelings of contrition for my offences, I relapsed into feelings of indignation at the shackles imposed upon my will. Railing at Spiridion for thwarting my inclinations, and at myself for submitting to his yoke, I only saw in the influence which he had gained over my mind an usurpation, and in the restraint he put upon my passions a tyranny. The fear I felt of his reproaches, and the care I took to avoid his displeasure, no longer seemed to me aught but a wanton surrender of my rightful independence, a disgraceful prostration of my freedom, which made me weep with anguish, or rather gnash my teeth for very rage. "Is it I,—is it Anastasius," I exclaimed, "who suffers the silly and minute forms of society, like the small but numerous threads and meshes of a net, to confine every limb, and to impede every motion? Is it I who have lost all free agency, and like a puppet can only obey the pleasure of another?" And at these mortifying thoughts, shame burned in my cheek, and anger sat quivering on my lips.

I then resolved to tear asunder my slight yet heavy trammels, to assert my ancient freedom, and afresh to roam at liberty. The passions, long restrained, again broke loose with tenfold fury; and

the act, intended to manifest my recovered liberty, was always some extravagance, far exceeding the most outrageous of my former follies.

My friend, on these occasions, seemed lost in despair. Breathless, except when now and then a deep sigh forced its way from his inmost soul—like the slow bubble, which rises from the very bottom of the seemingly motionless pool—he hung his head in gloomy silence, while, proud of my feat, and like the steed turned loose in the meadow, I snorted, shook my mane, and looked round with taunting eye; until, after a certain time, the effervescence of my blood again subsiding, I returned to a sense of my folly, felt contrition for my excesses, and blushed at my bravado. Then again I execrated my ungovernable temper, beat in anguish my throbbing breast, convulsively grasped my friend's retiring hand, and, by confessing how little I deserved it, in the end obtained his forgiveness. Spiridion, who the moment before had renounced all hopes of my reform, now again began with fresh ardour to toil at his chimera.

The father's less pertinacious dream had meanwhile wholly subsided. Spiridion might still expect some day to bring me to the path of virtue; Mavrocordato clearly saw that he was not the person destined to lead me back to the porch of the church. He almost began to think it possible that,

instead of his son's reclaiming me to Christianity, I might end by seducing his son to Mohammedanism. At any rate, he now deemed a familiar intercourse with a personage of my description as equally injurious to the sober habits of his family, and to the commercial credit of his house. He first endeavoured to intimate this new opinion to me by a studied coolness and reserve, totally different from his former cordiality. Unluckily, as I never had courted his favour, I heeded not his change of manner, nor considered the caprice of the sire as a reason for withdrawing my countenance from the unoffending son. Mavrocordato therefore was at last obliged to be more explicit.

I had one evening made myself rather conspicuous at Kandilly. The next morning, as I was sitting with Spiridion, in walked his father, who had staid from his office on purpose. He inquired very civilly after my health, hoped I had not caught cold, and then apprized me in terms polite but peremptory, that his occupations no longer permitted him to manage my property, nor his views to cultivate my society; returned me the remains of my deposit, which my frequent draughts had greatly reduced; presented me with an exquisitely penned abstract of my account, which he begged me to approve at my leisure; recommended to me to seek more complying friends and a more convenient lodging;

and, taking his leave, wished me all manner of happiness.

However politely Mavrocordato's compliment might be turned as to the form, I could not help thinking it very rude as to the matter. His behaviour seemed to me both unfair and unhandsome. In fact, was I the one that had made the first advances to this purse-proud merchant? or had he, on the contrary, first sought of me a renewal of intimacy? He might have left me alone if he had chosen. I asked not of him any attention,—I expected not any civility: I should have been perfectly contented if the accidental meeting had ended, as it had begun, in the market-place. But to invite me to his house, to press upon me his hospitalities, to admit of no denial to his solicitations!—and all this only in order that he might end the farce by turning me out of his surly door, at which I hardly ever had cared to present myself; and that without the least preparation or warning!—It was what I could not brook, and what I promised myself some day to resent. Meantime, I determined not to trespass another instant on the forbearance of one so anxious to recall his bounty, and, spite of all Spiridion's entreaties that I should at least stay the night, and all his endeavours to convince me that his father could not mean things as I understood them, I walked out:—nor did I, until launched into the very middle of the

street, stop to consider how I was to dispose of my person and my casket. Then, indeed, I felt a little at a loss, and could have liked to walk in again. But this my pride forbade.

I had not ruminated half a minute before I wondered how I could have felt any embarrassment at all. Within a stone's throw of Mavrocordato lived the fittest person to succeed him as depositary of my fortune and director of my actions: namely his most rancorous enemy;—an Armenian, and a cashier, who hated him with all the cordiality of one whose commercial schemes had been less successful than his own. There was no species of mischief which the envious Aïdin had not attempted to do his more fortunate or more skilful neighbour. First, he had endeavoured to ruin him by representing his wealth as a mere fabrication. Unable to succeed this way, he took the contrary method, accused him of being too wealthy, and laid snares, no longer against his credit, but against his life, by tracing his opulence to a treasure of a beheaded Visier, found concealed in his garden. But he was fated to be foiled alike in his most opposite attempts at mischief. For when, in order to circumstantiate his evidence, he showed the officers of the fisc the place in the Greek's garden, where from his window he had with his own eyes seen him dig out the ponderous chests, filled with gold and jewels, something more ponderous was found still unremoved; namely, such an im-

mense and continuous stratum of solid rock, as, without being great mineralogists, the very ministers of the hazné judged to have lain there undisturbed since the flood.

Now the personage who had been at all these pains to stamp himself a rogue, was the one whom I sagaciously selected for the depositary of my money:—nor shone my judgment less conspicuously in disposing of my person.

CHAPTER IX.

My worldly affairs thus prudently arranged, I attended to my spiritual concerns, and, to compensate for not eating caviar during the Greek Lent, fasted with all becoming regularity during the Turkish Ramadan. Every one knows how trying that month is to the temper of the stanch Mohammedan. As long as the sun lingers above the horizon, he dares not refresh himself with the least morsel of food, the least drop of liquor, or even the least whiff of tobacco. His whole occupation consists in counting his beads, and in contemplating the slow moving hand of his timepiece, until the moment when the luminary of the world is pleased to release him from his abstinence, by withdrawing its irksome orb from his sight. Sufficiently disagreeable as the month of the Ramadan might appear for every purpose of salvation, even when it falls in winter, its unwelcome intrusion seems absolutely invented for the destruction of the Moslemin species, when the precession of the lunar months brings it round to the longest and hottest days of summer. It is then that the Christian, rising from a plenteous meal, if

he has common prudence, avoids all intercourse whatever with the fasting Turk, whose devout stomach, void of all but sourness and bile, grumbles loudly over each chance-medley of the sort as over malice prepense, rises in anger at the supposed insult, and vents its acrimony in bitter invectives.

Sometimes a demure Moslemin may be seen looking anxiously round on all sides, to ascertain that he is not watched. The moment he thinks himself unobserved, he turns the corner of some of the Christian streets of Pera or Galata, and ascends the infidel hill.[1] Led on as it were by mere listlessness from one turn to another, the gentleman still advances, till perverse chance brings him just opposite a confectioner's or a pastry-cook's shop. From sheer absence of mind he indeed steps in, but he buys nothing. Allah forbid! He only from pure curiosity examines the various eatables laid out on the counter. He handles, he weighs them, he asks their names, their price, and their ingredients. What is this? what do you call that? Where does that other come from? What huge raisins these are! Thus discoursing to while away time, he by little and little reaches the inner extremity of the shop; and, finding himself at the entrance of the recess, in which by mere accident happens to have been set out—as if in readiness for some expected visitor—a choice collection of all that can recruit an exhausted stomach, he enters it from mere thoughtlessness,

and without the least intention. Without the least intention also, the pastry-cook, the moment he sees his customer slunk into the dainty closet, turns upon him the key of the door, and slips it into his pocket. Perhaps he even goes out on a message, and half an hour or so elapses ere he remembers his unaccountable act of forgetfulness. He however at last recollects his prisoner, who all the while would have made a furious outcry, but has abstained, lest he should unjustly be suspected of having gone in for the purpose of tasting the forbidden fruit. The Greek unlocks the door with every expression of apology and regret; the Turk walks out in high dudgeon, severely rebukes the vender of cakes, and returns home weaker with inanition than ever. But when the pastry-cook looks into his recess, to put things in order, he finds, by a wonderful piece of magic, the pies condensed into piastres, and the sugar-plums transformed into sequins.

I suppose my new banker suspected me of sometimes dealing in this unlawful sorcery, and wished to destroy the transmutations in their very source. He disappeared with my casket. On the twentieth day of the Ramadan I found myself with a tremendous appetite, five sequins in my pocket, and not a farthing elsewhere.

Every since my final exit from Mavrocordato's house, Spiridion had kept completely aloof from me, and I had not once seen my till then inseparable friend. That he was a dutiful son, I knew; that

he would not openly fly in the face of his father, I had expected; but I was not prepared to find that where his friend was concerned, he would conform to his parent's orders with such rigid punctuality. It mortified me; and, as prompt as ever to value things only when forbidden, I now began to long for the youth's company: "After all, how preferable," thought I, "was his society to any other! What information he possessed, what knowledge he imparted! How full of resource was his mind, and of variety his conversation! How different from the empty rattle of men whose ideas never moved out of a single narrow circle, and whose efforts at jocoseness absolutely sickened with repetition. How many more acute observations on life at large he used to make, who only seemed to view its storms and whirlwinds from a remote estuary, than those who sailed down its fullest tide. The very reflection of his excellence cast a lustre upon those who were placed within its influence. They felt greater self-esteem from being in his company;"—and I could not forgive myself for so wantonly forfeiting what was so valuable in itself, and yet so willingly bestowed!

Still, if even prior to the loss of all that I possessed, I had felt too proud to seek one who shunned me, it may well be supposed that since that event, I should more than ever spurn all attempts at renewing the intercourse. However great might be my distress, I would rather have thrown myself upon

the generosity of an absolute stranger than upon the kindness of a forgetful friend.

Whatever I might have imagined, such a friend the son of Mavrocordato was not born to be. Two days had scarce elapsed since the retreat of the Armenian, when, as I lay despondingly on my couch, who should I see standing beside me, like a cheering vision, but my still true Spiridion! The disappearance of the banker had soon been published, and amply commented upon, in the commercial world. Spiridion knew my little property to be in his hands. He had immediately inquired into my circumstances, and, apprised of my ruin, had come to my relief.

His pecuniary offers he found me unwilling to accept. "Your friendship, Spiridion," cried I, "is dearer to me than ever; but away with your purse! It offends my eyes. I love you too well to become your debtor."

"Selim," replied the son of Mavrocordato, "if that which affection bestows demands a return of gratitude, believe me, it is too late to escape the irksome burthen. You are already too deeply in my debt for all the anxiety you have cost me. In the scale in which your reformation has outweighed all consideration of my own repose, in which your welfare has preponderated over all my worldly interests, a handful of paltry gold is but a speck of dust—an atom void of weight!"

I felt the truth of this speech, bade my foolish pride be silent, and accepted the money. "This gift," exclaimed I—clasping the purse with both hands, and placing it next my heart—"will enable me to prove that your friendship has not been thrown away; that the seeds you toiled to sow, though slow to rise, have sprung up at last: their fruits will soon appear. Henceforth, Spiridion, I tear from my bosom every root of evil; henceforth I renounce all the pleasures of vice; henceforth I become a new man, thy boast, thy credit, and thy glory!"

These words, the first of the sort which my friend had ever heard me utter, sounded in his ears like music from heaven. Tears of emotion started from his eyes; he embraced me with convulsive rapture. What more could he wish for? His long sought triumph was complete; and, like men on the morrow of a victory which terminates a toilsome war, we had only to sit down and discuss at leisure the new plan of life, suitable to my new resolutions. Upon this we enlarged as upon a delightful dream—soon to be realised, till, fearing to stay longer, Spiridion at last rose to tear himself away from me.

Evening was stealing on, and darkness beginning to let loose all the hounds of hell that shunned the light of day. It was scarce safe for Spiridion to return home without some escort. "Stay, Spirro," said I; "this once let me be permitted to accompany you. Even your father, just now, I am sure,

would wish to know me by your side."—Spiridion consented.

Our way lay by a coffee-house, the favourite resort of those against whom more domestic doors were shut. On the threshold stood lounging a boy —the son of a Capidjee[2] of the Porte—with whom I had already once or twice had a tift. Achmet was his name, insolence his profession. His behaviour had made him the pest of the whole neighbourhood. As soon as he spied us: "What," cried he, "the old inseparables again risen from the dead! See how the hound lugs the hog by the ears!" At these insulting words I felt the blood rush in my face; rage convulsed my whole body: I grasped my handjar; but at the same instant the remembrance of my recent promise to my friend flashed across my mind; and, smothering my indignation, I silently hurried on.

Spiridion, who had turned pale with anticipation of the consequences that might arise from so grievous an insult, observed the struggle in my bosom: "Anastasius," said he, "I see all, and I thank you. But suffer me to pursue my way alone. In the land where my ancestors held the sceptre, I am become thy reproach."

"What, Spiridion," replied I, "when you come to save me, I, leave you in danger! I, leave you exposed to the insult of the bigot, and the blows of the ruffian? Never!"—And spite of my friend's

entreaties, I continued by his side until his own door opened to afford him safety. I then pressed his hand, bade him farewell, and returned my own way.

The lateness of the hour quickened my pace. In the most lonely part of the road I overtook Achmet, likewise on his way home,—and passed, without seeming to notice him, by the swaggering coxcomb.

His sagacity had construed into fear my preceding endurance. Accordingly, his insolence only derived fresh increase from this conduct. "Coward," exclaimed he, "you run too fast for me to take the pains of pursuing you: but I depute this messenger to give you my errand;" and on my looking round to see what he meant, I felt a huge stone graze my ear. But for the motion of turning round my head, it must have broken my jaw.

Human patience could endure no longer. I faced the ruffian. Each lifted his hand, but mine was the dagger which went first to the heart. My antagonist fell without a groan. I paused a while,—but he had ceased to breathe! Raising the lifeless body, I threw it over a wall into an adjoining cemetery, and walked off.

No mortal had beheld the conflict: but the prior provocation had had all Kandilly for its witness. What the darkness of the night awhile concealed, the dawn of the next day could not fail to bring to light; and to no one but me would the deed be imputed. Achmet indeed was abhorred, but his

parents were respected. Having therefore much to apprehend from the law, and little means to purchase justice, I determined not to try which would carry the day.

Still, however, before I abandoned for ever the vicinity of my only friend, I determined to see him once more. By another way, I ran back to his house. For the first time since his door had been shut against me, I knocked. He recognised my hand. It was the signal I used to give, when, coming in late from my evening rambles, I feared to disturb his father. He himself opened to me.

"Spiridion," said I, "but an hour ago, I pledged all I could pledge to make you witness in me an entire reformation. Alas, it is no longer time! I only return so soon to bid you adieu for ever. Forget me; forget a wretch whom his ill fate pursues; and thank heaven that you thus are rid of one on whom misfortune has set its special mark!"

I then told him what had happened; mentioned where I meant to go; and imploring the Almighty to shower on my tender, my last, my only friend, his choicest blessings, once more pressed to my arms the companion of my childhood, and broke away.

But little time was requisite to deliver over the few articles I left behind me into the care of my hostess, to saddle my horse, and to ride to Iskiudar.[3]

There I crossed the channel, entered Constantinople just at the dawn of day, and traversing its long and still empty streets from end to end, went out again at the gate of Andrinople, across field and common gained the western road, and about the middle of the day, reached the town of Rodosto.

In this out of the way place I thought myself safe, at least for a few hours; and, feeling much fatigued, went to a kind of coffee-house, asked for a private room, and lay down on the floor to take a little rest. I had scarce begun to doze, when I was suddenly roused by a loud knocking and by a sort of rumour immediately ensuing, of which I seemed the object.

I listened, though without getting up, and for some time could only confusedly make out inquiries on one side, and answers on the other. At last one sentence distinctly struck my ear, uttered by some one of the party within—" He is up stairs and alone:"—it sufficed for my information. Nothing could be more evident than that my exploit had been discovered, and my footsteps traced. The only thing now left for me to do, was to sell my devoted life as dear as possible. Already was the posse hurrying up stairs, and approaching my door. I drew my yatagan, and cried out with all my might; " Whoever enters, dies!"—but such was the noise outside, that my threat remained unheard:

at least it was not heeded. The door burst open: in rushed my pursuer, and down fell my sword—upon my own Spiridion!

The sight of my friend had not been able entirely to stop my uplifted arm; but it broke the force of the blow. The weapon fell innocuous, and Spiridion, at first quite breathless, and unable to utter a syllable, by degrees recovered his breath, sat down, and spoke as follows.

"You are surprised, Anastasius, to see me again: but listen. When last night, after your departure, I lay down—amazed at what had happened—to reflect upon your conduct and my duties, I persuaded myself that among those contending in my breast, the more recent obligations contracted towards a friend ought to yield to the prior claims of the parent; and confirmed myself the more in this idea, as all my wishes leaned the other way. The struggle indeed between inclination and reason was long and fierce: but at last I began to conceive a hope that the impulse to follow you, at first almost irresistible, had been entirely conquered. In vain, however, I sought repose,—in vain tried to close my eyes in sleep! My mind found no rest, and a feeling of inexpressible anguish invaded my body. While I lay, oppressed by an insufferable weight, but unable to stir and throw it off, my door gently opened, and, without the least noise, a form

glided in which approached my bedside. It was that of my departed mother:—of her whom I loved, and lost the first!

"'My son,' it said—looking sternly in my face, and with an air of settled melancholy, which thrilled me to the heart,—'vows of gratitude are recorded by angels, and only demons blot them out. He who at this moment—breaking the solemn silence of the night—with his horse's heavy hoof shakes the ground over my head, saved thy life at the risk of his own, in days that seem forgotten. For the more daring act of saving it a second time, a second time his own is threatened,—not by nature, but by man. In return for his first deeds of love, my son, thy very father already made thee promise to regard him as a brother; and thou wouldest, now that their sum is doubled, leave that brother to perish, as a lonely, friendless outcast!'

"Here the dread shade ceased to speak. But much as I tried to answer, I had not the power. My jaw was of stone, and my tongue cleaved to my palate. The vision disappeared. A loud clap like thunder shook to dust my imaginary fetters; I started up,—and obeyed the voice from heaven."

Spiridion said no more. I looked at him in astonishment. "Is it you," I cried, "my friend!—you, till now so inaccessible to every form of superstition,—that canst mistake the dream of an agitated

mind or the night-mare of a suffering frame, for a voice from above? Ah! ere you give way to such delusions, reflect but one moment on what may be the consequence. Consider who you are, and what destinies await you. Remember that on you depends the happiness of an affectionate parent, and the preservation of a noble family; that for you are reserved the respect of dependants, the wealth of relations, and the honours of the world: think that I, on the contrary, am a wretch, ruined in fortune and in fame, rejected long ago by his friends and family, now renounced by his fellow-citizens, and proscribed by the laws of his country: then say yourself that between us no further society can subsist, no common interests can be maintained; that far from offering to follow my fate, it is your business to fly from my society as from a pestilence, and to avoid the contagion of my breath, which must at last involve all who remain within its reach. I myself could not allow you to barter your advantages against my wretchedness; could not permit the sufferings of my friend to increase the sins already on my head: I myself must implore you to remember your now grieving father, and to forget for ever the lost, the miserable Anastasius."

"Cruel friend!" replied Spiridion, "talk not to me of the world. Was I ever elate with its blandishments, or solicitous for its distinctions? My father indeed . . . . . but who more earnestly than

he urged at all times my prior duty to my God? Who oftener dwelt upon the paramount sacredness of the engagements contracted with heaven? Let then the vision I beheld have been real, or have arisen only within my own heated brain; still has it spoken what I must accomplish; still dare I not desert my brother. Since then heaven wills you to go, I must not stay behind. Under Hassan's banners my friend purposes afresh in Egypt to pursue the path of fame. Well!—with him I may go; with him I too may run the race of glory! We shall fight side by side. Perhaps I may some day save your life, as you once saved mine. Perhaps, vouchsafed the bliss to shed my blood for my friend, I may die on his bosom the death of the brave! or,—if Providence should guard us both, should permit both to live,—triumphant with thee, I shall with thee return; and with thine lay my laurels at my exulting father's feet! Does not Mavrocordato himself—prizing his son's elevation beyond that son's existence—destine me to those high offices, whose approach is over daggers, and whose end is the bow-string? Thus already inured to danger ere I enter my career, already armed with martial renown ere I encounter my rivals, I shall with greater confidence commence the struggle, and with greater vigour contend for the prize,—sought by a father's ambition under a son's borrowed name!"

"No, Spiridion," answered I, "it shall not be! In accompanying me, thou goest not to renown: thou goest only to disgrace, perhaps to perdition. Thou assumest the appearance of my accomplice. Thou coverest with dishonour a thus far spotless name. Thanks to my conduct, I am alone in the world; I belong to no one but myself; I am a twig torn from its stem, that strikes no root, and bears no blossom. My existence goes for nothing in the sum of earthly things: my lonely fate involves no other destiny! The weed of my sterile existence any one may pluck up, may tear, may cast upon a dunghill—and no loss be felt, no regret expressed, no cognisance taken of the deed; no tear, save by thee, shed over my remains, nor any flower, save by thee, planted on my lonely grave! Of what importance is it where I may wander, or what may become of me? But thou, to plunge headlong from the summit of earthly blessings into the abyss in which I already lie prostrate; thou, to mix thy fair name with the foulness of mine . . . . no, no, it cannot, it shall not be!"

Here the young Greek's tone and manner changed at once entirely. "Anastasius," cried he with a rage so concentrated that it almost looked like calmness; "you may spurn me from your side, you may proceed without me: but mark the consequence.—I return to Constantinople, I go before the judge, and, in the face of the whole public,

I proclaim myself what I am,—the murderer of Achmet!"

It now became evident that emotion and fatigue, acting on a susceptible frame and a mind always exalted, had produced in Spiridion that degree of excitement which rendered further opposition dangerous. I thought it best for the present to give way; bowed, and submitted.

On my first arrival at Rodosto, I had desired my horse might be sold for me, and a boat hired to continue my journey. In their excessive zeal for my service, the good people of the house had parted with my steed for half his value, and had taken a barge at double the usual fare: but it was not a time to mind minute miscalculations. The boatmen were waiting; I stepped in, and Spiridion followed. Before the sun had set, the wind, in conjunction with the current, carried us out of the boghaz into the open sea.

Just as we launched into the wide basin of the Archipelago, the sun's brilliant disk was majestically dropping behind the distant peaks of Athos, whose gigantic and insulated mass, alone dimly beheld soaring above the silver wave, looked like the huge spirit of the deep, emerged from its dark caverns to survey its domain. With the last departing rays of the orb of day also died away the breeze, leaving the liquid plain as smooth as a mirror.

The monotonous stroke of the oar, falling upon

the waters in slow and steady cadence, now remained the only sound which broke the universal silence, and insensibly its solemn and regular return disposed me to ruminate on my portion of life already wound off.

"How whimsical a thing," thought I, "is man's immutable destiny! How variously seem contrasted its most proximate vicissitudes, and yet, how intimately are linked its furthest incidents: by how many anterior minute and hidden agencies is often irresistibly produced the last and sole ostensible cause of the weightiest events! How entirely is the will that seems spontaneously to urge us on, an unavoidable offspring of circumstances wholly independent of that will, since they are prior to the very existence of the being whom it sways! A fair form arises in Damascus; and this form, just caught by my eye from a distance as it flits away—this form, never before or since beheld, makes me throw down a Frank on the steps of the mosque, crop a friar's beard in a barber's shop, seek refuge from the governor of a province in the vortex of the capital, incur in protecting an old friend the insolence of a stranger, rid the world of a ruffian for threatening my own life, and again abandon Stambool to fly . . . . God only yet knows to what remote part of this ill conditioned globe!

"How fearfully above all blood begets blood! Had I not many years before slain a Greek under

the walls of the capital, I should not have spilled mamluke blood under the battlements of Cairo, nor, by a recoil as distant as the first impulse, again have shed Turkish blood in Constantinople's suburbs.

"But stay;—in this filiation of slaughter was I entirely passive? Had my own temper no share in the sanguinary parentage? Did not the untowardness of my own disposition give fertility to otherwise barren circumstances? If at one time I durst have owned a friend, at another could have pardoned an enemy, at a third have held in the contempt which he deserved a silly coxcomb, had not the treble generation of murders been stifled in the birth, the causes that brought them forth remained childless, and the black offspring wasted away in the vast womb of time?

"True indeed!—But that *if*, the indispensable condition of the more favourable alternative; what prevented its growing into a reality? What mixed up with my temper those fiery, those combustible ingredients, always ready to explode, to silence my reason, and to raise my hand ere my mind could check the blow?—was it myself? Certainly not:—for if, at my outset in life, the option had been given me, how gladly would I have received, instead of a bias to evil and its bitter fruits, an inclination to good, and its beneficial consequences!

"But to whom," I exclaimed inwardly, "is such an option granted? In whom does not the inclination

preponderate either on the side of good or evil, only according to the examples beheld, the lessons taught, the circumstances experienced, the very constitution inherited from parents, and the elements imbibed from climate and from food, prior to the first dawn of individual volition? However prone man may be to think himself endowed with free agency, as soon as his actions correspond with his own wishes; however much he may forget that those very wishes are not free; however much he may regard his will as spontaneous, from its being often so nicely poised between agencies so numerous, so complex, so minute, so intimately connected with every most distant prior circumstance, that it yields irresistibly to impulses of which the precise period, and place, and boundary, and existence even cannot be definitely recognised, it is not the less true that—unpossessed of the smallest component particle of body or of intellect, of will or of knowledge, of sensation or of thought, which, if his Maker be really the sole creator, upholder and mover of the universe, is not an emanation from, a part of that very Maker; incapable of performing the most trifling action or conceiving the most transient desire, which, if there be a single first cause of all sensible effects, does not proceed originally from the express will of that first cause alone; liable to no temptation of which the first seeds have not been sown by that first cause itself; and fraught by that first cause

alone with the strength which resists, or the weakness which yields to their blandishments—man is from his first breath unto his last, as wholly passive an instrument in the hands of Providence as the insentient plant, or the unorganised mineral; conforms as fully to the irresistible decrees of heaven in doing what is blamed, as in performing what is praised; becomes guilty of as flagrant an act of rebellion to his ruler in attempting to decline the task of evil as that of good set down for him;—or rather,—where he most fancies he rebels against, still most implicitly obeys that ceaseless ruler; and leaves heaven itself as exclusively accountable for the mischiefs of the moral world, as it is for those of the mere physical creation,—for the destruction caused by conquerors and statesmen, as for the havoc produced by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, famine and pestilence. To eat and be eaten by each other is the business assigned us here below by our Maker himself:—and, much as I may regret the greatness of my appetite, how can I more restrain it than the wolf or the vulture?"

At this somewhat disheartening period of my reasoning, a new light flashed suddenly upon me. It struck my sublime intellect that, if Omnipotence had not merely permitted, but had itself positively ordained, on this transient globe of wailing, good to be still mixed with evil, production with destruction, knowledge with error, and happiness with suffering, this ordination was only a more palpable

effect of Almighty goodness than any other apparently more desirable disposition could have been: —that so far from this temporary conflict of interests and passions being decreed for the cruel purpose of punishing the man, who yields to temptations which need not have assailed him, it was in reality only with the benevolent design of teaching creatures all destined for ultimate felicity, through the means of some intervening sufferings, that which a state perfect from the beginning could not have taught, —namely, the eternal difference between evil and good, ignorance and knowledge, misery and happiness: in order that they might thus, through the unceasing comparison of their opposite effects, more forcibly feel when attained the ineffable bliss of that new existence where good is to be freed from evil, and joy to reign without the alloy of pain.

But man will never be satisfied:—for even in this arrangement (liberal as it seemed upon the whole) I still perceived a clause at which to cavil. I still thought that those ill-fated wretches, selected as it were from their very birth and wholly without their consent, for the purpose of serving through the mischiefs they were doomed to perform and the miseries they were destined to suffer, as examples, as warnings, as foils to the rest of mankind, might have reason to complain of partiality in the decrees of Providence, at least during its present temporary

dispensations;—unless indeed, as seemed fair, these unfortunate evil-doers in this world were to be made adequate amends in the next, by an additional share of rewards and of glory. But, as I was not at all sure of such a compensation being intended; as, on the contrary, I almost feared that there might still be in store for these unfortunates, even hereafter, a sort of fiery process, for the sole purpose of purifying and bringing them to the precise standard of perfection, requisite to associate with the elect by right of birth, I began to feel wroth at being myself (as I suspected) among these pitiable wretches, forced to perform all manner of mischief for the general benefit; repined at the mortifying part allotted to me on this vilely got-up stage, and wholly lost what little patience I thus far had evinced in following up my cue. In short, I determined no longer to forfeit the certain for the uncertain, but immediately to throw off my compulsory character, and—whatever punishment I might incur for my disobedience,—forthwith to become a very pattern of virtue, in spite of heaven itself!

But alas! I found there is no contending with the powers above: I soon discovered that the scheme which I was meditating is more easily planned than executed. Spiridion, whom till that moment I had looked upon as my good demon—as the angel appointed to guard me from evil,—was in reality

the spirit destined to scare me from good. Perceiving the strong labour in my mind, he set aside his usual caution, and, in the mistaken idea of availing himself of the propitious moment, commenced so dark a picture of my vices ere my virtuous resolves were well matured, that my self-love—that infernal and ever watchful sprite—suddenly felt alarmed, flapped its raven wings, and took the field. At once the current of the salutary reflections spontaneously sprung up in my breast, became totally stopped by the fear lest my companion might think me subdued by a sense of my forlorn situation. Angrily interrupting his lecture—"I agreed," cried I, "to the society of a friend, not to the admonitions of a preceptor. It is unfair to get me into a small boat out at sea, in order to pursue me with lectures from which I cannot escape!"

This sally, though it made Spiridion smile, still left me ruffled; and a little after, when my friend, after spreading out our little provision, looked for a knife to divide them, I offered him my handjar, still crimsoned with Achmet's frothy blood. He said nothing, and only turned away his head:—but as he leaned over the side of the boat, I saw big round tears drop into the waves. Night, meanwhile, had stolen on, and our little silent skiff, filled with mourning, and encompassed by darkness, looked like the barge which carries to the regions of wailing the souls of the damned.

The hours of darkness passed without further discourse; but early in the morning Spiridion, thinking me more calm, ventured on what he called another appeal to my reason. The very word deprived me of what little I had left. "Appeal to my affections," exclaimed I: "bid me do one thing or leave another for the love I bear you, but talk not to me of reason. I hold the cursed gift in abhorrence. It is the source of all our errors, the mother of all our mischiefs. The brute, who has only instinct to guide him, is sure to act right: but human beings, with their miserable reason, are always acting wrong, and acting wrong through the persuasions of that reason itself. For, if they are liable to evil passions of which brutes have no conception; if they experience avarice, and ambition, and pride—those feelings most fertile in crimes and in havoc among the human species,—to what do they owe this unfortunate distinction, but to the impulse of a reasoning faculty which happens to mistake its way? And if they have been able to accomplish mischief beyond what brutes could have imagined; if they have succeeded, for instance, to double on this globe through such inventions as printing, cookery, and gunpowder, the three evils of infidelity, disease, and premature dissolution, what again have they to thank for the advantage but their inestimable reason? It is no doubt in mercy to the human species, that, of all its baneful faculties, that of reason, on

which it prides itself most, should have been made to develope the last, and to slumber the oftenest."

"I suppose, then," said Spiridion, "it is only for fear of appearing too reasonable, that you, who do not think yourself accountable to heaven, and, indeed, are not over nice how you act by your neighbour, yet make your neighbour pay so dearly for any injury he may attempt to do you?"

"Listen," replied I with becoming gravity. "As to the duties between man and man; if my life or happiness depend upon the bread, or money, or jewel which happen without my consent to be in my neighbour's hands, assuredly I do not see why I should so far prefer his interests to my own as to leave them there, if I can do better for myself. Upon the same principle I defend against my neighbours what I already have gotten; and, as I ward off impending injuries, so I retaliate injuries received, in order to prevent a repetition; but in all this I feel no ill humour towards my neighbour, allow him a complete reciprocity of rights against myself, and, though I should even occasionally find it necessary to kill, in order to settle whose right shall prevail, I presume not to blame, and think myself not entitled to punish."

"Indeed!" cried Spiridion archly; "and when would you, pray, first think chastisement lawful?"

"As soon," answered I, "as, by an express, or even tacit, but acknowledged agreement between cer-

tain individuals, each had ceded to the rest his natural indefinite right over their persons and properties, in return for other definite concessions at once more restricted and more advantageous; and had voluntarily submitted to certain penalties on infringing this agreement."

"Well said!" exclaimed my friend; "you have described the social compact,—the source of every law, the cement of every state; and, since you not only have acknowledged its sacredness but subscribed to its terms, by claiming its support both as subject and as ruler, what more have you to do but henceforth to abide, while this empire subsists, by all its stipulations?"

Here I rubbed my eyes. "Am I alive," cried I, "and awake; and do I hear a Greek, and under the yoke of the Turks, talk of a social compact—of an agreement intended for mutual benefit, support and protection, as of a thing actually subsisting; as of a thing that should regulate his conduct to his masters? Ah! had I only discovered the faintest trace of any such agreement between Christianity and Islamism, and had I found, in those for whose security it was framed, the least disposition to enforce its terms and to resist its infraction, who would have been more proud than myself of remaining a Greek, of standing by my oppressed countrymen, and of maintaining the glorious struggle to the last drop of my blood! But it was because in these

realms the contract, if ever it existed, had been perverted,—or rather,—had been torn, rent asunder, cast away! because my countrymen—as if fascinated by the despot's crooked cipher—had in their own hearts preferred implicit submission to the restoration of an obliterated text, and, not content with themselves going quietly to slaughter, when I claimed their defence, only bade me do likewise, that, no longer either benefited or bound by the broken engagement, I left the community from which I in vain expected support for that from which I hoped for effectual protection,—until, equally disgusted with the brutal stupidity of the rulers, as with the servile apathy of the ruled, and seeing in every system, whether of conquered or of conquerors, equal disorganization and ruin, I at last resolved to resume my rights of nature, and the primeval state of warfare against all worth attacking!"

Here Spiridion looked, or pretended to look, as if he thought he might be among those entitled to that distinction, and would now gladly have rid me of his company if he could. *That* being impossible, he vouchsafed to answer me. "Men;" he cried, "so violently enamoured of their natural liberty, or rather license, should at once remove themselves from the pale of civil society; nor disturb those who are satisfied with what *they* disapprove."

"Spiridion," I replied, "that is easily said; but is it as easily done? Far as that society has spread its insidious snares, has it so much as left a single small spot on earth, where those yet unborn who should dislike its partial regulations, may find room to retire to the enjoyment of their birthright? Or, if there be any such asylum remaining in the wilds of Tartary or the wastes of America, has not society, at any rate, so monopolized all the means of disentangling oneself from its mazes, as to render the gaining these blissful abodes next to impossible? Must we not possess land caravans, or vessels, licenses and passports, even to fly to the loneliness of the desert, together with a strength of body and of mind, of which the social institutions take care to deprive us ere we suspect their dangerous power? They cut our claws, they clip our wings, and then they cry out with a smile of derision: "poor pinioned eagle, fly if thou list!" The man who is not wealthy can only escape from society through the gates of death. Nor does he every where, I am told, dare to approach even these boldly and honestly. He must, in some countries, smuggle himself out of the world by stealth, and embark for his journey under false colours; lest his body be made accountable for the roving disposition of his soul!"

In this sort of conversation did we while away our time in the boat. I knew that some of my

arguments could not bear minute scrutiny; but I felt less solicitous to seek the shortest road to truth, as it must abridge our discussions, and leave us to all the irksomeness of a passage, which grew more tedious in proportion as our sentiments became less discordant.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER X.

After a coasting voyage of three or four days, some ominous appearances in the sky made us veer about, and enter that most beautiful of harbours, Port Caloné, on the island of Mitylene, where the olive tree, growing almost out of the sea, again dips its boughs in the tide which laves its roots. "Had it not been written," exclaimed I, as we stepped ashore, "that this brain of mine should be stewing under a huge turban, instead of freely venting its superfluous heat from under a slight skull-cap, what a fine opportunity there would now be, midway as we are between the three hundred rich friars of Nea-Moni,[1] and the three thousand poor friars of Agios-Oros, to turn thrifty myself, and exchange the thoughtless prodigality of the sinner who stakes eternal happiness against a few years of jollity, for the calculating conduct of the saint who inflicts upon himself just enough of privation and torture in this life, to purchase a perpetuity of bliss hereafter;—or again, had it been written that you should wear the turban as well as myself, how profitably we might spend our time in this boat slashing our arms and legs, in order to mix our blood, and ever after to be bound

to each other both in body and soul, and sure of a companion in hell as in heaven. But I wrap my brains in muslin, and you in sheep-skin; and so our souls must—whether they choose or not—after their emancipation go miles asunder, and while they remain in this earthly bondage we have nothing to do—since we cannot pass our lives rowing through the Archipelago—but to consider how we may dispose of our persons to the best advantage, or at least where we may convey them with the smallest inconvenience."

"All this," said Spiridion, "I suppose you are already fully determined upon, in your own mind."

"I am," was my reply,—"but still I want your advice. You must know that in my humble opinion this eternal Capitan-Pasha, whom I am for ever talking of and waiting for, may be longer going to his new harvest-field than my poor old father to his last home; and therefore, as we are approaching my native island, and the attraction begins to operate, I should like, wind and weather serving, with so many sins on my head and so many enemies at my heels, to crave my sire's last forgiveness and blessing. It would lighten my burthen, and strengthen my soul, which sickens, and wants such a cordial."

My motives for visiting the *fior di levante*[2] silenced all Spiridion's objections to going where he himself still had so many connexions. We agreed

to cross the mountains which separated us from the town of Mitylene, and there to hire a swifter vessel for the remainder of our journey. Like Orestes I was to wander about from place to place, trying to expiate my guilt, while Spiridion—my Pylades, had nothing to do but to watch me, in case I went mad.

Arrived in the city and on the quay, the first figure that struck me was a person—like myself going to embark—of whose features my mind seemed to retain a faint reminiscence. On closer examination I found the gentleman to be an inhabitant of my native town; upon which I accosted him, and inquired the news of Chios. Eight or nine years had altered my features considerably more than his, of which the already long fixed wrinkles had only acquired a little more depth and sharpness. He therefore answered me as a stranger. His account was not the less minute; but throughout the whole narrative not a syllable was mentioned of the only thing I cared about, namely, my own family, which somehow I had expected would have figured foremost. At last, losing all patience: "And Dimitri Sotiri," said I, "what may he be doing at this time?"

"You come from distant parts, sir," answered the gentleman, smiling agreeably; "otherwise you would know that signor Sotiri has been dead this fortnight. I myself attended the funeral, and a

noble one it was;—more sweetmeats consumed than at half a dozen weddings! But you turn pale, sir! Is any thing the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," cried I,—trying to contain myself,—"but a little giddiness to which I am subject;"—and laying hold of a post for my support:—"who," resumed I, "carried the body?"

"His two sons, of course."

"There was a third."

"Ay, so there was;—and, though absent in person, present enough in name. Sotiri talked of no one else during his illness."

"What was it he said?"

"Why, faith! that is what nobody can tell. Constantine and his brother maintained it was all raving."

"Has that third brother been heard of?"

"Troth! people talk differently. Some say he is a great man—a Bey of Egypt; others, a positive beggar at Constantinople. An acquaintance of mine, a man who seldom speaks any thing but the truth, swears he met him the other day in one of the streets of Galata, all in rags, and absolutely begging charity. My friend was going to give it in the shape of good advice, but the spark said that was not what he wanted, and turned away. As to his brothers, they report all that is bad of him. Their father never could silence their tongues; and

though it is likely enough that all they say is true, yet every body cries 'shame' to hear people talk in that way of their own blood. It is what should be left to strangers. With the mischief they have made, it may be as much as his life is worth, for signor Anastasius—or Selim, as they call him—to show his face among us. The Turks' fingers itch to throw the first stone at him, as much as those of the Christians: although they say he is a hadjee, and has been to Mekkah. But none need fear his trying to come to Chios. I'll lay my life on it he is dead long ago!"

"No," exclaimed I,—as if suddenly awaking from a deep trance, and grasping the affrighted talker by the wrist;—"he is not! and since you are going to Chios, and may be glad to carry a piece of news—tell them, Anastasius still lives; tell them they soon shall see him; and tell them he comes to resent his wrongs, and to claim his rightful property!"

Spiridion, alarmed at this sally, interrupted the conversation. Taking the Chiote by the left hand, while I still held him tight by the other, he pointed to his boatmen, who were making signs of impatience at his delay. Nothing he wished for so much himself as to be gone. Disentangling his hands hastily from our grasp, he gave us an awkward half strangled salutation, and sped to his barge.

As soon as he was out of hearing: "Is this," said Spiridion, shaking his head, "the way in which a son should mourn for his father?"

I could only stammer out: "my brothers, my brothers!"—Spiridion let the first emotion pass; and when he saw me more composed, spoke as follows:

"I see, Anastasius, you still meditate some outrage; of what nature I know not, nor wish to hear. But of this I think it right to apprise you:—if, impressed with a sense of all the forbearance you stand in need of yourself, you show equal lenity to your kindred; if, forgetting every injury, you only appear among them to speak words of peace; if, above all, you renounce every advantage bestowed by the partial laws of Islamism, you have my friendship for ever: I bind my fate to yours, until the hour of death. But if, on the contrary, you only return to your country to insult the ashes of your father, to devour the little substance of your brothers, and to justify the disgrace stamped in your birthplace on your name, I stay here, I leave you to run your race of shame alone, and I abandon for ever all solicitude about your welfare!"

"Spiridion," answered I, "you know that covetousness is not the vice of my heart; but do you blame just resentment; do you wish calumny to remain unpunished?"

"And are you then so irreproachable," asked the

son of Mavrocordato, "as to leave so much room for injustice in the reports concerning you, and to render every unfavourable representation of your proceedings an unbearable calumny?—But be that as it may; promise to do what I ask, or be content to see me withdraw on the spot from the pain of witnessing your future errors, and the disgrace of sharing in your yet unborn crimes."

"I will not," replied I, "bind myself by a promise. I should appear to have taken the engagement, unmindful of its weight,—and only to fulfil reluctantly an irksome task, because I had unguardedly pledged my word to perform it. I wish at least to acquire all the merit of acting right, by retaining the power of acting wrong. Only go with me as far as Chios. When there, should my behaviour offend those whose notions of justice differ from my own, it may not still be too late to leave me."

"Then once more go we on!" cried my friend, in a tone half confident, half fearful; "once more be the day yours;—but beware!"

I now strewed ashes on my turban, took the gloss of newness off my glittering vest, and put on the signs of mourning. After this we engaged another boat, and in a short time reached our destination.

There was no necessity in Chios to announce my arrival. On my very first landing I found every minor topic eclipsed by the more important subject

of my speedy coming. Already had my brothers found means to stir up the whole town against the renegade: already was every inhabitant up in arms, to prevent him from reducing his nearest kindred to beggary. So loud was the cry of defiance, that, on stepping ashore, I found it expedient to go straight to the mekkiemé. Safe in the hall of justice, I had my brothers summoned.

Spiridion did not know what to think of my proceeding. Questioned by his anxious looks, I made signs for him to remain silent: but though he unclosed not his lips, it was easy to see his heart trembled between hope and fear.

For my part, without giving the least hint of my intentions, without noticing the crowd collected to survey my person and to watch my behaviour, without satisfying the curiosity or correcting the errors of the bystanders—who aloud, at my very elbow, imparted to each other their surmises,—I stood haughty, unmoved and silent, waiting the appearance of my worthy pair of brothers.

At last they made their entrance; and never certainly did men take less trouble to conceal the ill-humour they felt at seeing an unexpected relation. Without deigning to address me even in the words of anger, they went and took their station on one side of the hall, while I stood on the opposite side. There—pale, sullen, dejected, and now and then casting upon me a louring look of mingled rage

and despair—they awaited, without uttering a word, the legal injunction to surrender the paternal estate.

I own that for some time I enjoyed their dismay. It was the only pleasure which they could afford me. Having indulged in it till its zest evaporated, I at last broke the long protracted general silence. "My brothers," said I, "you are aware of my claims upon you; and you likewise are conscious of your conduct to me. In your own minds, therefore, you dare not cherish the smallest particle of hope, that I should surrender in your favour any portion of my right. Yet what you dare not expect, I of my own accord perform. I here publicly relinquish my privilege. Take each your third of the paternal property; and only leave me that portion which would have belonged to me as a Christian, and which I can but ill spare. That done, mourn for your sins, and repent of your injustice."

To describe the effect which these words produced on the audience would be impossible. Those who before considered me as a devil incarnate, now of course regarded me as an angel from heaven. The hall resounded with loud applause. Nothing was heard but praises of my generosity; and my brothers themselves, stunned by so unexpected a turn in their situation, were reluctantly forced to join in the general cry. They thanked me, but in such a way as made it doubtful whether they more re-

joiced at recovering their property, or more regretted retracting their abuse.

I took no notice of their coolness, but, leaving the mekkiemé, went straight to the paternal house. My progress looked like a triumphal march: all that had witnessed my behaviour in the hall of justice, and all whom we met on the way, joined the procession. Having reached the steps of the mansion, I turned round and saluted the company. In its turn the assembly honoured me with fresh cheers, intermixed with a few observations on my brothers, which at least showed that they were not overlooked. I expressed my unmixed gratitude, both in my own name and in theirs; and retired to a private chamber, where I was glad to sit down and rest my wearied mind.

While every one else had been loud in praise of my conduct, the son of Mavrocordato alone had not uttered a syllable. As soon as we were by ourselves, he threw his arms round my neck, and attempted to speak: but in vain! His emotion was too great for utterance. He could only gaze on me with overflowing eyes. To see his Anastasius, who thus far had caused him nothing but anguish, had afforded him no employment but to conceal his errors, all at once become the theme of universal admiration; to find his friendship thus justified, his perseverance thus rewarded,—what a moment for his feelings! Even while speechless for want of breath, his exult-

ing look seemed to say, "Well, my friend, are you sorry or ashamed now that you followed my advice?"

If, however, Spiridion's first thoughts were for his friend, his second were for his father. Till that moment, a more urgent subject of anxiety had occupied his mind. This being set at rest, he took up the other. "Ah, my tender parent," exclaimed he, "why cannot you witness my success, or rather your own! For I act in your name; I but accomplish your vows. Alas! while I triumph, you still remain in anguish. Yet shall you not suffer longer than a grateful son can help."

Hereupon, he proposed to go out, and inquire for the means of sending a letter. Already he had despatched a few lines from Rodosto, to make his father easy respecting his disappearance. On my agreeing to the thing, we went forth. As we crossed the esplanade of the castle, I perceived a dark cloud gather on my friend's brow. His eyes seemed to dart out of his head, and to remain riveted on the quay. I turned mine the same way, but saw nothing to account for Spiridion's perturbation. At last, changing colour and pressing my arm: "we are traced," he cried; "see Marco coming towards us!" This person was his father's steward—an old and confidential servant. "Let us go," rejoined he, "and meet him. I have done nothing for which I ought to blush."

Marco saw his young master advancing. He pressed on his feeble steps, and with a respectful salutation, presented a letter which he took out of his bosom.

Spiridion, with a trembling hand, broke the seal, and read: then paused, ruminated, and read all over again. At last, trying to speak with more composure than he felt; "your instructions, Marco," said he, "were to trace me, to follow me, and to hand me this letter. Your commission is performed. I have in a great measure answered my father, by anticipation, from Rodosto: what remains, I shall go and complete. I now am able to convey the welcome information that the adopted brother whom he committed to my care is become worthy of his kindness, and, like me, only wants his prayers and his blessings.

"Sir," answered Marco, in a firm but respectful tone, "my instructions went further than you state. I am bearer of letters to the despots,[3] the bishops, and the proëstis of our different islands. They import that I am to see you safe home. But even had I not received express orders to that purpose, could I find the courage to reappear before your worthy parent, unaccompanied by the son for whom he grieves? Ah, sir,—ah, my dear young master!—already, from the anguish he has suffered, his precious life hangs by a mere thread. Seeing me return alone would certainly break his heart!"

"Hark ye, Marco," replied Spiridion, pacing backward and forward in an agitation which almost bordered upon phrensy: "my father gave me a charge which he cannot recall at will. It was witnessed by heaven, and was recorded by angels! In conformity with his solemn commands, and in compliance with my sacred promise, I have toiled at my task. God knows I have not spared myself. But on the eve of completion, I cannot, must not, give up my work unfinished. On my head would lie, to the end of time, the sins of a brother unreclaimed. If therefore you urge me no further, but quietly return to Kandilly, I pledge my honour, nay, if you wish it, I take a solemn oath, that all on my part shall end to my father's ultimate satisfaction. If you refuse me, the soul I stand accountable for shall not be lost alone; two shall plunge together into ruin everlasting. I run to the first mosque, and, whatever be the consequence—may it fall upon your head!"

"Sir," replied Marco, "I grieve at this issue of my commission; but the will of God be done! Many years have I lived under your kind roof, many an hour have I had you in my arms, as an infant, as a child, as a boy. From the day on which you first lisped the feelings of your affectionate heart, to that on which you left your home, never have I known your promise fail. The word of Spiridion always was that of truth! I therefore

submit. I return alone; yet may I hope you will deign to let me carry to your father a few lines of comfort from your own beloved hands."

Spiridion, in running home to comply with the request, only performed what he had already promised. I, meanwhile, remained alone with Marco, and availed myself of the opportunity to question him respecting the reports of Kandilly. They were more satisfactory than I could have hoped.

When, on the morning after my departure, the son of the Capidjee was found, already taking his last sleep in the proper place—the public cemetery, no one suspected me of being the universal benefactor who had introduced him to the silent, sedate sort of company, in which he for the first time spent the night: inasmuch as he was notorious for his outrageous conduct, and, at the time I met him, had several other quarrels on his hands, much more public than the one for which he deservedly suffered;—but every body agreed that whoever had taken the trouble of ridding the neighbourhood of the nuisance rather deserved thanks than blame. As to my disappearance, a sufficient cause for it was charitably found in the very natural wish of a needy adventurer to fleece a wealthy heir.

These particulars left me an opening to return to Constantinople, whenever I liked. I ran to relate them to Spiridion, ere he concluded his letter; and they relieved his mind completely. He pledged

himself soon to bring back to his father two sons instead of one; and, on this assurance, old Marco took his leave. I proceeded to settle with my brothers respecting the succession.

Had I quietly stepped into an undisputed property, and found nothing to do but to mourn to my heart's content for the loss of a parent, I would have fulfilled with the utmost punctuality all the observances of grief. Sadness really possessed my soul, and I had constantly before my eyes my poor father, in his illness wishing to see his Anastasius, to forgive him, and to die in his arms—and perhaps, in his last moments, and when I would have gone to the world's end for his blessing, pierced to the heart by exaggerated accounts of my unfeeling and incorrigible profligacy. But, if mere business accords but ill with sorrow, nothing is so sure to drive melancholy away altogether as strife and bickerings; and my brothers were much too considerate not to afford me every distraction of this sort which they could think of. Theirs was a malice which no kindness of mine could assuage, nor no forgiveness blunt; and the moment my formal renunciation of their portions made them conceive all cause either for hope or fear on my score at an end, their ill-concealed hatred broke out again in all its pristine virulence. They not only cavilled about every most trifling article of the property, they even tried to deprive of every degree of merit the act by which

it was restored to them:—they roundly asserted that I had only been influenced by pusillanimity, and had only sacrificed a part to make sure of the remainder. Constantine was the Coryphæus in every invective, as well as the leader in every altercation. Eustathius, more indolent, contented himself with giving his unlimited approbation to whatever his brother (and that meant Constantine alone) thought proper to do.

Thus were all the ancient wounds, inflicted upon me in my former visit to Chios, afresh torn open, and made to fester. Spiridion tried in vain to interpose. He only got for his trouble taunts from his antagonists, and reproaches from me. "Why had he meddled at all;—why had he made it a point with me to behave kindly to unnatural brothers, whose injustice, but for his interference, would have met with its deserts?"

And yet, notwithstanding my murmurings, did I to a certain degree restrain myself; not from any real moderation, but from the wish that my assumed forbearance might encourage my adversaries to so extreme a pitch of ill conduct, as to render its provocations evident to all the world, and to justify any step prompted by my legitimate resentment. Nor did this period seem far distant. Whether from an idea that they had daunted me by their haughty tone, or from an absolute intoxication of brutality, they by degrees cast away all pretensions

to decency. The more I forced myself to appear calm and composed, the more they increased in the grossness of their insults.

All wondered at my patience; all beheld me with admiration. When my brothers allowed themselves every license of language—almost every latitude of gesture—all stared to see me content myself with turning up my eyes to heaven like a saint cast among savages. Even those least acquainted with my irascible temper, cited me on this occasion as a perfect model of meekness and forbearance. He alone who with unwearied vigilance watched each change of my countenance, and could penetrate each emotion of my heart, was not to be deceived. One day, when Constantine even exceeded his usual insolence, and I, my customary forbearance, I caught him expressing, by an almost imperceptible shake of the head, his distrust of my tranquillity. His suspicions were spoken too intelligibly for me to pass over. "What do you fear?" cried I, as soon as my brothers were out of hearing. "Do you not see me laugh at their meanness?" "Ah!" replied Spiridion, fetching a deep sigh: "you may laugh with your lips; but laughter reaches not your eyes, and fell resentment rankles in your heart."

My friend was right. Suppressed anger had already curdled my blood, and clogged the whole circulation of my humours. Ere yet he had done

speaking, a sudden shivering rushed through my frame, my teeth began to chatter, and my limbs to shake. In an instant all my strength seemed to forsake me.

Since my sojourn at Chios, I had resumed my old travelling custom of carrying my pistols, duly loaded, in my belt. Many in Turkey always wear them thus, when out of the capital. As they now impeded my breathing, I took them out, and laid them on the sofa. Scarce was I disencumbered of my weapons, when my knees began to tremble; a dark curtain seemed to drop over my eyes—and I fell senseless on the couch.

I continued some time bereft of all perception. On its return I found myself stretched out at full length where I had fallen, with all the accompaniments of one duly convicted of a decided and lasting illness. A regular physician of the place was feeling my pulse, and going to pronounce on my case; and as my first return to my senses was marked by a fierce struggle with my Esculapius, I was at once judged to be in a violent delirium, and in imminent danger. Sentence was pronounced accordingly, and every internal medicine and every external application prescribed, which could torture the human body and stomach. All the bystanders conceived me to be in the agonies of death, and civilly expressed their regret, at the short stay I made among them.

To myself these politenesses seemed premature. The sudden transitions from heat to cold, the suppressed perspiration, the fatigue of body and the anxiety of mind during the journey, were quite sufficient, in my own opinion, to bring on a strong paroxysm of fever, without death being the necessary consequence. I however deemed it expedient to assent to all the doctor said, in order that he might say no more. It afforded Spiridion an excuse for turning out the company, and procuring me a little quiet. He alone stayed to nurse me.

"What a pity," muttered I to myself, when I thought no one heard me, "that that last dose of the English powders of mine should have been wasted in Egypt on that traitor my father-in-law!" Spiridion lost not a syllable of the soliloquy. "There are foreign vessels in the harbour," he cried:—"possibly they may have some;" and he immediately ran out to inquire.

Meanwhile my brothers had received from the visitors departed the agreeable intelligence of my being at the last gasp. They hastened up to me eager with curiosity and hope; and finding my door ajar and unguarded, slipped in with the least possible noise. I however had discerned their steps on the stairs, and immediately—before they entered the room—assumed the appearance of one in the act of resigning his last breath. Constantine was the first to approach. On tiptoe he came to my

bedside, in order to ascertain whether his joy was well founded, ere he gave it full scope. With that laudable view he examined me most minutely from head to foot, raised and let fall my arms and legs, moved his hand before my eyes, put his ear to my mouth, first addressed me in a low whisper, then audibly, then shouting with all his might, as if he suspected I might not be in earnest.

Most manfully did I stand the whole ordeal. Nothing could make me wince or move a muscle; and my affectionate brother at last acquired the grateful conviction, that, if not quite dead yet, I had at least already lost all perception, and could not fail soon to depart for ever. He no longer delayed conveying the agreeable intelligence to the discreet Eustathius, who, the hindmost on all other occasions, on this also had not ventured beyond the door, and there stood, in breathless expectation, waiting the result of the scrutiny; and perhaps also watching the condition of the outposts.

"Stathi," said Constantine, with a sort of subdued exultation; "there is some warmth still about him,—but depend upon it he cannot last!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the wary Stathi, shaking his head, "worse than he, I fear, have recovered!" and he fetched a deep sigh at the thought!

"True," answered Constantine; "and as we are alone, and have every presumption in our favour, why not make sure work, and crush the snake at

once!" And so saying, he laid his hands on my throat, and attempted to strangle me.

This was doing things in a grand style! Not stopping at half measures. I conceived for my brother a veneration unfelt before; almost thought it a pity to interrupt him in his spirited proceeding, and would have let the farce go on, could I, at its conclusion, have revived at my own pleasure. *That* not being the case, I was reluctantly forced to notice the intended favour, and, weak as I felt, to defend myself as well as I could against my two stout assailants; for Stathi too had now advanced to lend a hand: and it was evident, that having once begun, they would not, if they could any way help it, leave their noble work unfinished.

My fire-arms lay concealed, but within reach. With one hand I seized Constantine's wrist, and with the other a pistol: "Ah brother! ah fiend!" I cried,—and fired.

Never yet had I missed my aim, even when I held not my prey in my grasp. But at my first sign of life Constantine had started, and, content to leave his jubbee in my possession, had disengaged his person. My hand, besides, trembled with the effects of the fever,—perhaps even with some instinctive sense of the dire office it was performing, and—the miscreant only received the ball in his shoulder.

Uttering a dreadful yell, he made a spring at the

door, and darted out. Ere I could find my other pistol, Eustathius too had made good his retreat. Both were out of sight in an instant, but not out of hearing. My ears bore witness to Stathi's tumbling down stairs with such violence and outcry, as to make me entertain hopes that neither of them had entirely escaped the merited retribution.

As soon as, after a few dying murmurs, all was again hushed in silence,—"now," thought I, "for the tête-à-tête with Spiridion! According to custom, he will lay the whole blame on me. He will deem my good brothers' intentions all very wise and proper; will see much sound reason in them, and will not be content, I suppose, until I go to them with a halter round my neck, beg pardon for my impatience in stopping their proceedings, and humbly supplicate them to put their design into execution!"

Meanwhile, the report of the pistols had a second time collected the whole neighbourhood round my door. But, if pronounced delirious before, I now was supposed to be under the influence of a phrensy so outrageous, that no one durst step across my threshold. The curious contented themselves with forming a blockade outside the room, each holding himself in readiness to fall back, and to shove his neighbour in his place, should I make an unexpected sally.

This state of things continued till Spiridion's return. His expedition had been unsuccessful.

When he appeared, so many officious friends sprung forward to explain what had happened in his absence, that it would have been utterly impossible for him to understand a single word of the matter, supposing even that the relaters themselves had known the truth. But my brothers, to whom they were indebted for all their information, had, in their hurry, dropped the trifling circumstance of their attempt upon my life, in which the affair began. Despairing, therefore, to make any thing of the confused and contradictory accounts with which he was stunned, Spiridion at last pushed aside the crowd, and, to the utter astonishment of all—entered my room undaunted and alone!

He found me seated on the sofa, with my face in my hands, and my elbows on my knees, overwhelmed more with disappointment than with shame, and incapable either of raising my eyes or unclosing my lips. Thus I remained wholly unmindful of his entrance, until, after contemplating me some time in silent earnestness, he at last took a seat beside me, and spoke.

"Selim," said he, "am I to believe these people? Are you really out of your mind; or are you rather, as I apprehend, perfectly in your senses?"

"In my perfect senses," answered I with all the composure of which I was master.—"My hand was raised to punish demons. This time they have escaped:—but what is not yet, may be!"

"Never, never," cried he, "while I have life.—Rather than that you should hurt your brothers, my breast shall interpose."

"Then through your breast," I exclaimed, "must I strike them."

Spiridion here rose. "Anastasius," said he, calmly, "I feel but little wish to live: not however at thy hands must I receive my death-blow! My bosom may be pierced by thy speech, but let it remain sacred from thy sword. The world must not have it to say that thou couldst plunge thy dagger into the heart of thy friend. The crime would be as idle as it would appear heinous. If my presence be a burthen to thee, say but the word, and I go."

"I never desired you to stay," cried I, in a sullen tone.

"Very well," rejoined Spiridion. "You speak plain. Yet, ere I act accordingly, once more, and for the last time, I appeal from Anastasius blinded by passion to Anastasius restored to his reason. In an hour hence I return and repeat the same question. If the answer be the same,—then farewell, and for ever!"

At these words Spiridion went out, and tranquillised the gentlemen drawn up in the passage, with respect to my situation. On my friend's assurances they all rushed in, and teased me with so many questions, and with so much advice, that they almost

made me lose the little wits I had left. Their annoyance still lasted, when, at the expiration of the hour, Spiridion returned. Without seeking it, he had gained so universal a sway by his dignified demeanour, that at his desire all retired. The room being cleared of strangers, he took me by the hand, and finding that the symptoms of bodily disorder had subsided, he looked sternly in my face, and spoke thus.

"This, Anastasius, is at last the moment which must decide my resolution. The solemn vow is irrevocably spoken; and, according to what you now answer, I may stay, or I must leave you for ever. Do you swear by all that is holy to renounce your impious revenge, or do you prefer to be released from my society?—If the last, utter not, I beseech you, the ungracious word. Only withdraw your hand."

Undoubtedly this would have been the moment thoroughly to explain the nature of the recent conflict with my brothers, of which my friend knew but half, and of which that half more than doubled my guilt. Not aware that my own life had been attempted first, and ignorant that I acted in my own defence, Spiridion considered my illness as a pretence, or, at any rate, my firing as a premeditated scheme. It would have been easy to have removed his error.—Had not my bare word sufficed, Constantine's torn garment would have borne witness to the

struggle. But after my solemn promise at Mitylene, I considered the bare suspicion as so injurious to my honour, that my offended pride forbade my undeceiving my friend, or clearing my character. I pulled away my hand, and Spiridion walked out. —Yet God knows that I did not wish to lose him!

As soon as he had left me, I paced up and down the room with a hurried step. After a few turns I went out to fetch breath on the quay. An hour's air and exercise changed the current of my ideas. I felt regret for my obstinacy, and fear of its consequences. With the utmost speed I ran home, and up to Spiridion's chamber.

He was closing his portmanteau. The things about the floor had disappeared. All looked empty, orderly, and desolate.

"What means this?" cried I, affecting more surprise than I felt.

"Only," replied Spiridion, "that what I said, I do."

"Ah my friend, my real brother," exclaimed I, "do you then, in sad earnest, purpose to leave me? Cursed be my tongue, which uttered what my heart had no share in; and cursed be my hand, which confirmed the untruths of my tongue!"

"Anastasius," now said Spiridion, seating himself upon his little bundle, "fancy not your last words and actions to have been the sole and pri-

mary cause of a long formed, and long resisted, resolution. Its origin dates far higher. The unkind speeches and gestures of this day only gave the final impulse.

"From children we were brothers in love. When you rescued me from death, the day that all our companions stood palsied by fear, gratitude only riveted affection's prior links,—and duty, I hoped, had rendered them indissoluble, when my father himself named you his second son. Many years his commands of fraternal kindness to his Spiridion's preserver remained without fruit,—you yourself best know how. Yet was the deep-rooted attachment of childhood never replaced by more recent friendships; and when I again beheld you at Constantinople, my feelings for my Anastasius still preserved all their freshness unfaded. Evil inclinations of no ordinary magnitude, indeed, I saw mixed with your better qualities: but I thought that, if freed from their alloy, your virtue too would eclipse ordinary virtue; and I imagined that an unbounded devotion might enable me to become the instrument of so noble a reformation. I undertook the task. I resolved to save from perdition your soul, as you had saved my body; and I prayed the Almighty to bless the undertaking. Some return on myself also, some selfish feelings, perhaps, were mixed with my wishes for your welfare. I could not help fancying that, regenerated through me, you would

become my support and my consolation in the irksome race I am destined to run; that in your turn, you might assist me in the struggles and dangers that strew the rugged path, through which I am destined to journey to my fate. In short, I hoped that, each blessed in the other, we should toil through life together; and that, when shone forth our last day, whichever of us was summoned the first, should only die in the other's loved arms. Great as were the pains you took to expose my presumption and to dispel my foolish dream—long did my soul firmly cling to its fond chimera; long did my heart hug its foolish vision, as a thing too substantial and too precious to part with!

"But there are lights that even strike the blind. Reluctantly, though irresistibly, I have at last been forced to see that no arguments, no persuasion, no labour of mine have power to control the passions which enslave you; and that, however I may strive, I still must leave you ungovernable, and you still must leave me wretched as before. Much as I tried to avert my eyes from the fatal truth, I have at last yielded to the painful conviction that, sooner or later, we still must be separated for ever; and that, by trying to put off the evil day, by struggling for a short and transient respite, I can only at last drink the parting cup with greater bitterness. I therefore submit to the decrees of Heaven: I bow to the will of Providence in flying from thee, as I

erst hoped to fulfil its behests by following thy footsteps. In sadness I go; but I go, and for ever! Far from thee I henceforth shall live; and far from thee it will be my fate to die! Yet, Selim, thou art young still. What the anxious warnings of friendship could not perform, the leaden hand of time may achieve. It may allay the ferment of thy passions, clear away the impurities of thy heart, and,—though I shall not witness the blissful change—still make thee great and virtuous. This happy consummation God in his goodness grant!"

"Ah, Spiridion," cried I, clasping my friend in my arms, "you cannot, you shall not leave me thus!" But he—fearing his own weakness,—in order to render a relapse impossible, "On my head be God's eternal curse, be that of my aged father!" cried he, "if I do not immediately return to my paternal roof!"

I now felt all remonstrance to be fruitless. "You are right," replied I. "The game could not go on between us. The stakes were not even. Loaded with the gifts of Providence, and accountable to your fellow creatures for their use, you may not squander your ample means on a barren soil, nor seek ruin with a reprobate whom you cannot save. Yet, if once Anastasius did possess your love, and still returns all your affection; if that wretch, that reprobate, in the midst of all his errors never ceased to reverence your virtues; if his spirit, undaunted

by all else, stooped to you, and worshipped you alone,—oh Spiridion, listen! At present when, bereft of all hope, indeed weaned of all wish, to hear a sentence repealed on which depends your peace, he for ever renounces the happiness of your society, nay, urges you himself to fly his baneful presence, at least grant this last and only request; grant what he, who never yet humbled himself before mortal man, implores of you on his bended knee: tell him—lay this unction to his sickening soul to know—that you do not hold him in utter detestation; that on leaving him to return no more, you at least feel a pang: and when—all earthly things gone by like unsubstantial shadows—comes the day of your reward in heaven for the good deeds done on this earth; when, before the throne of Mercy, arrayed in all your worth, you receive your well-earned meed of ineffable joy, cast back one look of pity on the wretch who, overwhelmed by the weight of his guilt, sinks irretrievably while you rise to glory. Speak for him to your Maker one poor word of intercession: and supplicate that he may not fall so low in the abyss of wretchedness, but that from an immeasurable distance he still may behold, and be consoled by your bliss!"

"Here or hereafter," cried Spiridion, "if I forget you, may Heaven forsake me!"—and bending down his head, he wept aloud.

After some time he rose up, and wiping away his

tears: "I have," said he, "signed an engagement to endure throughout eternity:—now, in your turn, make me a promise to hold good only for a short space of time."

"Any promise you please," I answered.

"What a temptation that!" rejoined my friend. —"But I shall not abuse your confidence. I shall not ask what you cannot perform. It was only a trifling favour which I wanted for the mutual mitigation of pain. Take this watch," he added, giving me the one he wore; "and count just twenty minutes ere you stir from this spot."—Saying which, he took up his parcel, and walked to the door. I tried to remonstrate and to stop him; but, gently pushing me aside: "you have promised," he cried, and instantly disappeared.

I ran after my friend as far as my pledged honour would permit—to the threshold of my room, and there called him back with loud and repeated cries: but in vain! Spell-bound by my promise, I stood motionless on the utmost verge of my apartment, with ears stretched out to catch each fleeting sound, and eyes riveted on the hands of my watch. At first I perceived some commotion, some distant bustle in the house, some running backward and forward; but very soon all these noises sunk away in a dreary and lasting silence. Yet were there several long minutes wanting of the point marked on the inexorable dial for my release. Each of these appeared

an entire age, composed of many lesser periods of endless duration, and all the time I kept my eyes straining on the figures, as if my bare look could quicken by its motion the impulse of the hands. At last they approached the goal, glided over the last second, and attained the long wished-for term!—I now dart forward like an arrow: I run, I leap, I fly; first, through the house, from room to room; next—on finding all deserted within—out into the street, and lastly to the quay.

There I perceive nothing but an indifferent and gaping crowd, which my eyes in vain interrogate, and which gives me no satisfactory answer. Where-ever I look, no Spiridion appears!

Fearfully I at last cast my eye on the wave; and, after an anxious search among the shipping in the road, spy, already far away, a small caïck, which, with stress of sails and oars, seems steering towards Tchesmé. A young man, I was told, for whom the caïck lay waiting, had been seen to step in, with his face wrapped in his shawl; and immediately the boat was pushed off, and cleft the billows with such speed, as already to appear little more than a mere speck.

The young man was Spiridion,—and my first impulse, to go after him. I called for another barge; but while it was preparing, soberer thoughts drove away my first design.

Why in fact follow a friend determined to fly

from me!—Was not his purpose irrevocably fixed? Went he not back to his father and his home? Was he not right in doing so? Did not the happiness of his life depend upon this measure? was I to impede his progress, or to increase his parting pangs, and that from a mere selfish feeling? For what now could he gain, by aught that I could say or do?

Immediately I gave up the short-lived project, and having paid for the trouble I occasioned, walked away, and sought on the beach a more retired spot, in which to vent my sorrows. Distracted by so many opposite feelings that I scarce seemed to feel at all, I threw myself on the ground, and moistened with my tears the sand on which I lay. "All now," cried I, "is to me at an end; my abode is become a desert, my life a scene of solitude, my very existence a blot in the creation!"—and hereupon I struck my breast, until, exhausted by my grief, I grew somewhat more quiet, and began my song of sorrow.

In the midst of my melancholy ditty I remembered that, together with his watch, Spiridion had slipped into my hands a pocket-book, which, not knowing what to do with, I had thrust into my bosom. I now pulled out the toy. It might contain some farewell token,—some last and sacred behest.

A few words had indeed been written on one of

the leaves, but had been rubbed out again. The only uncancelled document I could find, and to which the case seemed intended as a vehicle, was a loose slip of paper, an order to the bearer—but to what amount I know not: for, without looking at the figures, I tore the draft to pieces, and scattered the useless fragments in the wind. No sooner however had I done so, than I regretted my precipitation. The sum was nothing! I never meant to claim it; but the last signature of my friend in my behalf,—what to me could be equally precious? As of many other things, however, of that also I first felt the value when too late! Already had the surf washed away the last remnant of the paper.

I now pressed to my lips the empty book. "Last remembrance," exclaimed I, "of a friend for ever lost, be thou my sole unceasing companion. Lie ever next my heart. Continue its ægis against all evil passions. Preserve me henceforth, not from grief, but from sin!"

This said, I started up, and left the lonely spot: but as I returned among the bustling throng, my sadness increased. Why did I tarry any longer in my native land? How could I face my countrymen, abandoned as I was by my friend? "Ah!" cried I, "since I have him no more to guide and to support me, let me fly from Chios, as from the place of my shame. Let me seek refuge in Egypt, at Algiers, in France—or wherever else men acquire

fame by destroying each other! There let me forget the silenced voice of friendship, in the savage cry of war and the shout of defiance; there pass my days in strife, there conquer, or there die!"

Conformably to this resolution, I determined not to stay for the completion of the settlement with which had commenced my worst misfortune, but left my full powers with a friend, or in other words, sold my birth-right to a schemer, for an immediate sum. The same act rid me of my troubles, and began those of my brothers:—a circumstance which they probably only learnt after my departure, as in consequence of their ill-fated attempt both kept their beds; not entirely from choice, however,—Constantine having got a broken arm in the conflict, and Eustathius a dislocated hip. These were the only incidents which soothed my disappointment.

As for me, I took my passage to Cyprus, where I thought I might join the Turkish fleet in its way to Egypt; and, in the act of embarking, called down upon my head the utmost wrath of heaven, if ever I set foot in my native land again.

Spiridion, by the way of Smyrna, speedily reached his home, and his father's longing arms. Whether from fatigue or from mere disappointment, he fell into a state of languor, which long threatened a fatal termination. But time and corporeal debility at last blunted the sting of mental suffering. Insensibly health returned, and with health a calm

hilarity. The youth then resumed, never more to abandon it, the regular mode of life which only for my sake had been interrupted. In good time he married a young lady of noble blood and distinguished beauty, and became the happy father of a lovely family.

Mavrocordato, as observed before, had destined his son to run the perilous race of ambition; and, had he never known what it was to fear the loss of that darling son, would with difficulty have been diverted from his vain-glorious purpose. But while Spiridion's fate hung suspended between life and death, his father too strongly felt the blessing of his existence and the value of his happiness, any longer to stake them against perilous honours, difficult to attain, and unsubstantial when possessed. His desires became sobered, and his views less aspiring: he determined to prefer the certainty of his son's bliss, to the probable misery of his grandeur; and vowed, so Heaven but left him his child, never more to abuse a father's authority, by goading him on to dangerous distinctions. Mavrocordato thus forfeited, indeed, the advantage of boasting, like the Giccas, the Callimackis and others, that their nearest of kin had been bowstringed on a throne;—but this misfortune he bore with becoming resignation. As to Spiridion, content to move in the sphere of a wealthy merchant, he employed his daily growing riches in diffusing around him happiness and prosperity.

His life resembled the course of a majestic stream, whose deep but tranquil waters, winding their ample way through fertile plains and flowery meads, as they advance still receive from new rills fresh increase, while at each step also they bestow more profusely all the fruits of industry, and all the blessings of plenty.

Far different was the similitude borne by my roving existence. Seeking my fortune in strife, not in harmony; making havock, not culture, the means of my support; and engaged, not in the steady pursuit of a regular profession, but in a wild wandering flight from one career to another; sometimes prosperous, and oftener unfortunate; now in unavailing plenty, and now again in pinching want, I at best resembled the blustering mountain torrent, which, only acquiring might and substance during the war of the elements, as soon as their contest ends, again subsides in a mean rill; in times of serenity shows no trace of its passage, save in the havock of darker days brought to light; and so far from diffusing in its fulness more benefits than in its penury, only effects greater mischief as it receives ampler supplies. While still near its source in the upper regions of the globe, this ill-favoured offspring of the clouds—hurried over fell and precipice—only presents a succession of fierce struggles, furious falls and impracticable shallows; when further advanced in its impetuous career, and rushing

with tremendous roar into the fertile plain below, it seems indeed determined to seek a full recompense for all former restraints;—it disregards all rights, destroys all property, and levelling fence and boundary, annihilates crops, habitations, and life: but, throughout the whole of its wild uncertain progress, from where it first bubbles up near the sky, to where it finally plunges into the vast abyss of the deep, it equally remains a curse to the regions it pervades!

CHAPTER XI.

The paroxysm of fever which seized me at Chios had, in the hurry of the strange and multifarious events to which it gave rise, been entirely forgotten. I was therefore surprised when, on board the ship, a second more violent attack came on; and was still more mortified when it appeared that, so far from being allowed to drop the acquaintance, I had thenceforth to consider the unwelcome intruder as my regular guest. Its visits were repeated with most irksome punctuality, every third day, during the whole of the passage; and this passage seemed to have no end.

Oh! how long appeared those sleepless nights, in which I felt no change of motion in the ship, but what was caused by its rolling from side to side, or pitching from end to end: in which every object suspended round my narrow birth—my clothes, my lamp, my person, and the very shadow they cast on the wainscot—never ceased exhibiting the same monotonous see-saw motion, which found its equally monotonous response in the periodical creaking of the hulk, straining of the mast, swaying of the yards, and flapping of the sails and tackle. How slowly approached those mornings which were neither

announced by the crowing of the cock, nor hailed by the twittering of the swallow; and whose dead and universal silence was only broken by our own harsh discord, added to that of the howling winds and roaring waves! How often I anxiously looked out at my narrow loop-hole, to see whether the stars had yet lost their quivering radiance, and whether the horizon yet reddened with the approaching dawn! My mind suffered with my body; and, during those tedious hours, the depression of disease made me survey with deep contrition the errors of days past, and form sincere resolutions for my future life. They lasted with unremitting continuance— until health and strength returned.

This happened at Cyprus. That island which gives agues to so many, cured my tertian completely; or perhaps only transferred it to some other luckless wight, most opportunely in the way to catch the disorder, on its getting tired of its former incumbent. I was however only just convalescent, and had scarce left my bed, when, from the heights above Larneca, Hassan's armament was descried five or six leagues out at sea, in full sail for Egypt. That fleet which I had so long expected now cleft the wave almost under my eyes, without its proximity enabling me to join the nearest vessel of the squadron.

Fortunately I had another string to my bow:— but ere I proceed to tell by which way I returned to the land of the mamlukes, I must premise a few

words concerning what happened there after my departure.

I have already mentioned, I think, that in Aly-Bey's time an alliance had been proposed between Petersburg and Cairo. This project the Autocratrix of all the Russias failed not to resume, as soon as she saw Ibrahim and Mourad in firm possession of the supreme authority. Her wish was to obtain from the Beys the port of Alexandria; an object of the greatest importance to her future maritime operations against the Turks. In return, she offered to afford these turbulent leaders every assistance in shaking off the yoke of the Sultan; and the Russian Consul-general at Alexandria, Thonus by name, was entrusted with the negotiation. He had the facility of corresponding with the rulers of Cairo through the medium of a personage, once a Russian subject, but then a renegade, a mamluke, and a Bey, under the appellation of Khassim. On the other hand he found indissolubly united against him the Consuls of the other European powers in Egypt, who, whether friendly to the Porte or not, were all alike hostile to the plan of giving up to the Russians so important a harbour as Alexandria. Thonus undertook to defeat their opposition by the simple expedient of removing their persons. A petty quarrel had arisen between Mourad and the commercial diplomatists, respecting some trifling repairs to the Latin hospice at Alexandria. This slight spark of

misunderstanding the crafty Livonian contrived to fan into so furious a blaze, that the Consuls no longer thought themselves safe on land, and determined to take refuge at sea. Their intention was to sail in a body to Constantinople; and this design, sedulously fostered by Thonus—who suffered not the fears of his friends to relax—would soon have been fulfilled to that gentleman's utmost wish, had not Ibrahim, alarmed at the consequences of the dispute, sent a messenger to efface by his concessions the outrages of his colleague. Already were the Consuls on board, and in the act of weighing anchor, when, stopped by this trusty agent, the exulting Thonus had the mortification to see them return on shore, and resume their situations.

Ibrahim's conciliatory measures, however, came too late to prevent the interference of the Porte. On the first blush of the business, the Consuls, apprehensive of violence on the part of the Beys, had despatched an express to Constantinople, to lay their complaints before the Sultan; and Abd-ool-Hameed had determined to resent the insult offered by the rulers of Egypt to the strangers under his special protection, in an exemplary manner. Had it suited the convenience of the Porte to remain at peace with its vassals, the representatives of all the potentates of Europe, flogged round Mourad's hall, would have obtained no other redress than an exhortation

to mutual forgiveness of injuries; but the Divan wished to humble the rebellious Beys, and it therefore expressed the utmost readiness to resent their behaviour to the high offended personages. In vain did these worthy individuals themselves, as soon as they no longer entertained any apprehension for the safety of their persons, try to undo what they had done, and to prevent a rupture injurious to their interests. In vain did they write to assure the ministers that they had been premature in their fright, and had forgiven their enemies, like true Christians as they were:—Hassan Capitan-Pasha, who was a Turk, and moreover had never yet found, in his varied expeditions, an opportunity of exploring the fertile plains of Egypt, expected too plentiful a harvest, if not of laurels, at least of piastres from this business, to let the quarrel be hushed up; and, under Abd-ool-Hameed, the wishes of this favourite were law. The Divan, therefore, in answer to the pacific protestations of the consuls, only observed that they were much too lenient, that the offence could not be overlooked, and that they must have satisfaction whether they chose or not; and hereupon proclaimed the Beys outlaws; and ordered an armament to be fitted out against them.

A show of negotiation had, however, been kept up, and had to a certain degree succeeded in lulling asleep the apprehensions of the mamlukes, when, on

the sixth of July 1786, the squadron which I had beheld with longing eyes from the coast of Cyprus appeared before Alexandria. It consisted of six ships of the line, four frigates, some gun-boats, and forty or fifty kirlangitsches, and other small craft capable of going up the river to Cairo. These vessels carried six hundred chosen Arnaoots from the interior of Epirus, as brave as well armed, and about five thousand raw recruits from every corner of the Archipelago, possessed of neither arms, courage nor discipline. To this small force the Grand-Admiral added at Alexandria about three thousand Maugarbees, or Barbaresques, very lightly equipped. Of cavalry, the species of troops most wanted against the mamlukes, Hassan's armament was entirely destitute; but the Asiatic Pashas of Oorfa, of Haleb, of Trabloos, and others, had been ordered to bring with all expedition from their respective governments more horse than were wanted, to Belbeïs, near the Syrian confines of Egypt, there to wait the Grand-Admiral's further orders.

These orders were indeed despatched the day that the commander in chief reached Rosetta: but their execution experienced some difficulty, inasmuch as the Pasha of Oorfa was not yet arrived at the place of rendezvous, and as all the others had, immediately after Hassan's departure from Constantinople, been entirely countermanded. The mini-

sters were in daily expectation of a war in the north, and felt unwilling to waste all their resources in the south.

Hassan, thus disappointed, resolved to compensate for want of numbers by celerity of movements, and began to ascend the Nile on the last day of July. The land troops marched along the banks of the river, while the flotilla of gun-boats advanced by their side on the stream.

When the intelligence of the Capitan-Pasha's operations reached Cairo, the greatest unanimity took place among the Beys as to their sense of danger, but the greatest diversity of opinions as to the mode of repelling it. Ibrahim was for submission, Mourad for resistance; and no medium being hit upon between these two extremes, the former retired into the Saïd to avoid the imputation of rebellion, while the latter marched into Lower Egypt to oppose force by force.

The fourth day of August witnessed the meeting of the two armies near Mentoobes. Mourad with his well-mounted mamlukes, all mail without, and all ardour within, felt secure of an easy victory over the Grand-Admiral's ill equipped foot soldiers. He had neither taken into his account the artillery by which they were flanked on the stream, nor the swamps he must wade through, to attack them on its banks. Received, on his first onset, with a tre-

mendous discharge of cannon from the boats, his troops were immediately thrown into confusion. Even the safety of flight was denied them. Sinking, with the weight of their accoutrements, up to their horses' bellies into the rice grounds that formed the field of battle, they became motionless, and were slaughtered at pleasure by Hassan's naked infantry, which might have walked on the wind. The few mamlukes that escaped, immediately fell back upon Cairo; but, finding the gates of the citadel shut against them by the Sultan's Visier, they only traversed the city, and joined Ibrahim in Upper Egypt.

Hassan entered without further opposition the defenceless capital, and received the homage of the country. He took up his abode in Ibrahim's palace at Kasr-el-aïni, and conferred on the long-exiled Ismaïl, arrived from the Saïd to meet him, his long vacated office of Schaich-el-belled. Djeddawee's more dubious loyalty was less splendidly rewarded; and Yeyen-Visier, the obsequious tool of every party in power, was dismissed from his place: it was reserved for the expected conductor of the Asiatic troops.

This personage, Abdi by name, had been Pasha of Haleb. Turned out of that city by its janissaries—jealous of his Koordish body-guard[1]—he had just been consoled for his loss by the government of Oorfa, when he received orders to march

with all the force he could collect from Diarbekeer to Egypt. As nothing had been said about provisions, he resolved to trust for his supplies to the plunder of the districts through which he had to pass; and, as he only had to traverse Syria from end to end, in its greatest length, he only contrived to spend, for want of subsistence, the whole summer on his march.

Nothing could have happened more conveniently for a man who, like me, wished to go from Cyprus to Egypt. It afforded the readiest means of making up for the loss of my passage on board the fleet on my right, by joining the army advancing on my left. A boat conveyed me from Larneca to Trabloos; and thence forward I found the track of Abdi's troops too distinctly marked by their devastations to miss the way. I could however only overtake the Pasha near Nabloos in Palestine, where I reached him in the best possible disposition for glory; that is to say—not valuing life a straw. Had I been inclined to fastidiousness, I might have found some fault with the appearance of my competitors for warlike fame. They pursued its career unincumbered by superfluities. The best equipped among the Pasha's troops were his own body-guard of Koordish horse, who under the denomination of dellis[2] still exercised their old trade of banditti, and plundered every friend on their march to the

enemy. To this body of about eight hundred men was added another of about six hundred Spahees, in very indifferent condition. The infantry was composed of about five hundred Maugarbees, who looked as if they could be led to victory by nothing but famine. In fact, this ravenous horde only resembled a swarm of locusts, who suddenly appear in a region as if driven by an evil wind, fall on whatever spot offers the most abundant harvest, devour all its crops, and, when they find nothing further to consume, rise again, only to lay waste the fields next in succession. As long as there remained in a place a single article to take away or to devour, the Pasha thought not of stirring. The complete denudation of all around him became the signal for departure; but the tents were again pitched in whatever nearest district admitted of the same proceeding. The march was lengthened only when such deserts intervened as offered neither provision nor plunder. Every where, before the approaching army, the inhabitants abandoned their villages, carrying with them all that was moveable to the mountains; so that every new region we came to looked as if we had been there already, and left us no means of marking our route but by the destruction of the fixtures; and, from the elongated shape of Syria, and the direction of the march, no district escaped the devastating scourge.

Besides the general claim which my former rank in Egypt gave me to the attention of a commander in the pay of the Porte, I carried particular letters to Abdi from the governor of Larneca. Accordingly, I was promised the reversion of whatever eligible appointment might become vacant, and, meanwhile, stepped into the place of a captain of dellis, most fortunately killed the very morning of my arrival, by some peasants, in an ambush.

On calling over the muster-roll of my corps, I found not a single baïrak[3] possessed of half its complement of men. Each was a grand skeleton composed of lesser skeletons; and never did troops, at the opening of a campaign, more strikingly resemble soldiers returning from the wars. This remark, however, I kept to myself. As a new comer, I took it for granted that my predecessor knew what he was about (except indeed when he got killed;) and resolved not to begin by breaking through established customs. Quietly therefore pocketing the surplus pay, and selling the supernumerary rations, I gained the love and esteem of all my fellow-officers. We agreed that Hassan would not give us more fighting than was necessary, and it would be wrong to tempt him to imprudences by too martial an appearance. The only thing I took care of was to be well mounted myself. But the horses and accoutrements which I purchased having

drained me of most of my remaining cash, I was obliged to draw for my other expenses on the present holder of my kiasheflik,—whoever that might be.

At Gaza we made our scanty provisions for the great desert. Very ample ones were left in it for the vultures. Belbeïs saw us arrive at last, not in May indeed, but in September; and from that place of general rendezvous, where not a soul met us, we marched on to Cairo.

It was here that an edifying scene of mutual astonishment took place, in Hassan, at the smallness of our force, and in us, at the absolute nothingness of his. In fact, we had never had many more troops, while he had disbanded half the men which he brought, to pocket their pay.

Nothing could equal the change of scene which Cairo presented from what I had known it before. I had left it a mamluke city; I found it a Turkish camp. Every object indicated a change of masters and of regulations. Turkish detachments patrolled the streets, Turkish piquets occupied the places; and those porticoes of the grandees' palaces which formerly witnessed the mamlukes driving away with their naboods the famished Egyptians, now saw the Osmanlees treat the mamlukes with scarce more respect. My friend Aly-tchawoosh, whom I had the pleasure of finding with the Capitan-Pasha—but somewhat impaired in flesh, in spirits,

in brilliancy, and in boastfulness—took me to the house where I was billeted. "What?" cried I, on seeing it; "am I to lodge with my old acquaintance Sidi-Emin, who used to rail so loudly against usury, and, when a friend wanted money, would oblige him by buying his old slippers at fifty sequins down, so he only consented, in return, to buy Emin's new ones at five hundred, payable in three months!—I shall be glad to shake hands with the worthy man." "Ah!" cried Aly, "you will only shake hands with his ghost. But that you may make sure of. It stalks all night about its old mansion."

And good reason it had for being disturbed. The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he laboured for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries could scarcely hold all his corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choked up the entrances of his store-houses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until grain had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice. This it at last attained;—and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours,

Emin took his keys, and opened his vaults. But O horror, O dismay! Instead of the mountains of golden wheat which he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rottenness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven. The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. He only for a few minutes contemplated the infected mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell,—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body, life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption!

I had the pleasure to find Mavroyeni's former place of drogueman of the fleet occupied by his nephew Stephan. This youth's character presented a singularity among Greeks in public situations, wondered at by all; and disapproved of by most: —he was a perfectly honest man. His enemies rejoiced at it, though his friends still kept hoping that he was not too old to mend. Meanwhile the acquaintance, begun between us in the Morea, ripened at Cairo into a real mutual regard. I say

mutual—for though Stephan did not always think well of my conduct, he valued my sincerity.

The strongest proof of attachment, however, which I received in Egypt, was from my quondam mamlukes, whom I had ceded to Ismaïl at Es-souan, and now found established with the reinstated Schaich-el-belled in the capital. At the time of my flight they seemed perfectly satisfied with the transfer; and indeed, had they now thought it incumbent upon them to leave the Schaich-el-belled and to return to their old patron, they must have been great losers by the change. But so excessive became, on seeing me again, their generous wrath at thinking I had renounced their services, that they could not even bear to remember that they once had belonged to me.

As to the Capitan-Pasha himself, his memory was more retentive. He not only recollected having seen me in the Morea; he even remembered the proposal he made me after the affair of Tripolizza. When again presented to him: "you would have acted more wisely," said he, "to have embraced the true faith for the sake of a patron, than for the love of a mistress; and perhaps you might have found the service of the Sultan more profitable than that of the Beys. You have lost much time, and gained few friends. But you are young still, and what is more, you are brave: if you would not let me lay the foundation of your fortune, I still

may raise the fabric by a few additional stories." And so saying, he recommended me to his kehaya; who grinned a ghastly smile of obedience and of spite.

The government of Egypt being completely organised by the installation of Abdi Pasha in the office of Visier, and all the forces having arrived that could be looked for, Hassan at last began to busy himself about the long talked of expedition to Upper Egypt, in pursuit of the rebels. Resolved himself not to stir from his commodious quarters, he gave the supreme command to his kehaya. The troops destined for the expedition were to rendezvous at Atter-el-nebbi, a place on the Nile, half a league above Cairo. As before, the land force was to follow the banks of the river, and to be supported by the flotilla. Hassan's favour enabled me to exchange my ragged Koords for a fine body of Arnaoots; and in honour of my new soldiers I furbished up my old Epirote pedigree, and my presumptive descent from Achilles and from Alexander. The former indeed they knew little about, but the latter all seemed acquainted with; and only maintained, in opposition to my doctrine, that he had fought the Doge of Venice—which, in fact, he had.[4] Including the militia of the country, supplied by the citadel of Cairo, our force might amount to six thousand men; and I could not help thinking that Hassan rather over-rated our chance of success,

when at parting he recommended to us, in a speech full of pathos, to bring back the days when the Schaich-el-belled held the stirrup to the Aga of the jenissaries, and when, in return, the Pasha of the Porte hung up the Beys under the gate of the castle; —a wish at which Ismaïl, now surnamed kbir, or the great, Aly-Bey-defterdar, Mohammed-Bey-mabdool, Rodoan Bey the bold, and several other Beys present, I thought, winced a little.

As usual, our army depended for its subsistence on the plunder of the provinces through which we had to pass. This circumstance would alone have retarded our coming up with Mourad; but what still more increased the difficulty of closing with this chief, was his own good management. He had profited by his discomfiture in the Delta. Instead of advancing to give us battle, he this time, on the contrary, kept constantly retreating before us; only now and then just letting his rear appear in sight, to keep up the ardour of the pursuit. We discovered his drift—somewhat late however—when at Sioot we found the waters too low to permit the further progress of our flotilla, and thus were obliged to proceed, deprived of the support of our floating battery. With a diminished strength we only reached the rebels at Djirdgé, where they had all the advantage of the ground. Their position was admirable. Backed by the walls and garrison of the city, they had in front a long declivity of hard even

ground, where their excellent horses and impenetrable coats of mail gave them as great an advantage, as they had caused them a disadvantage in the swamps of the Delta. They rushed upon us like a torrent, and it soon became evident on which side the scale would turn. Our rout began with the Asiatics. The brave Arnaoots alone kept for a time the victory in suspense. Unable, however, entirely to dismiss all anxiety for the character of my former troops, the dellis, I set some Epirotes at their heels, and thus got them wedged in between two fires. This concern for the credit of others cost me dear. A pistol-shot struck my hip, which certainly came not from the enemy. It brought me not the less to the ground; and I must have died from loss of blood, or have been trampled under foot, had not by good fortune one of my trusty Albanians thought me dead already. He judged it a pity that my handsome armour should become the spoil of rebels, and approached to strip me; when, to his great dismay, he found me still alive. For a second or two he seemed to hesitate whether he should not realize his surmise; but my good stars prevailed. Shrugging up his shoulders, as if to say, "it was not his fault," he took me in his arms, carried me off the field, bound up my wounds, and left me in the care of two of his comrades, themselves disabled from continuing to support a more active part in the engagement.

Meantime our commander, seeing the rout be-

come general, sounded the retreat. Fortunately the enemy had determined only to act on the defensive, in order not to cut off all opening to a reconciliation. Thanks to Mourad's moderation, we experienced no annoyance in our flight except from the fellahs, whose crops we had destroyed in our progress. At Sioot we rejoined our flotilla; and thence returned to Cairo in a plight, which even those among the mamlukes that had been reinstated by Hassan could view without breaking their hearts. The assistance of a rival is seldom forgiven.

After a certain period Mourad's Arab allies, tired of the protracted war, as usual withdrew from the contest; and Mourad, deprived of half his strength, no longer appeared averse to a negotiation. Of this disposition Hassan availed himself to draw him down to Djizeh, when he again sent his kehaya in pursuit of the Bey. Cured of my wound, I joined the expedition, and on the eighth of January 1787, we crossed the Nile. The flotilla was on this occasion out of the question—the river being at its lowest, and the commander of the gun-boats dismissed, for an offence which Hassan seldom forgave in his officers; namely, robbing without his participation.

At the news of our approach, Mourad again fell back; but we came up with him at Sioot, where he was forced to halt, to face about, and to receive us.

His position was exactly the reverse of that which he had held at Djirdgé. Instead of occupying the top of a long declivity, of which we filled the bottom, his army was drawn out at the bottom of an extended slope, of which we occupied the summit; and instead of having immediately in his rear a high wall to cover his movements, he only had a deep ditch to cut off his retreat. The consequence was, that when we fell upon him as he had before done upon us, with all the impetus of a downhill charge, we almost immediately drove his troops backward into the fosse, where, tumbling head over heels in the mud, they left us no trouble but that of despatching them at our leisure.

Of my old patron, who sided with the rebels, I hitherto have made no mention. The edge of the ravine, down whose slope the mamlukes were sliding with different degrees of speed, gave me the first glimpse of his venerable figure. He was curveting mid-way the long descent, surrounded by his retinue. The sight roused all my dormant feelings of relationship, and others not less warm; and I became most irresistibly anxious to join my father-in-law, to lock him in my arms, nay, to keep entire possession of his valuable person. Calling to my best men, I showed them the Bey, and proposed a bold push for so important a prize. They fired at the thoughts, and off we set! I was within ten yards of his person, and already

in imagination hugging him most fervently, when some of his guards, perceiving our drift, gave the alarm. Immediately his whole house closed in upon him, and our purpose miscarried. I retired not, however, empty handed. We had penetrated so far into the mamluke knot, that I was enabled to seize by the arm and to carry off, what at the time was nearest Suleiman's heart, his tootoondjee.[5] This young fellow I consigned to some of my servants in the rear, and having seen him safe in their custody, again returned to business.

The chase of a young mamluke, whose showy accoutrements caught my eye, had inadvertently drawn me out to some distance from my men, when another mamluke of more advanced age and greater powers—till then concealed behind a small eminence—suddenly darted forward between us. The contest now lay with the new comer, and his agility already rendered the issue somewhat doubtful. But when a third mamluke of colossal size—a kiashef of my ancient patron's—found means by a dexterous circuit to join his comrade, my situation seemed indeed become desperate. It was plain that a scheme had been concerted to entrap me;—and, unable single-handed to contend with two such formidable antagonists, whom others were still approaching, I gave myself up for lost, and only resolved to sell my life as dear as possible.

To my inexpressible surprise, just as I rushed forward—to certain death as I thought—the new comer made a signal for a truce, which his comrade immediately obeying, I failed not to do the same. I stopped short like my antagonists, still however remaining on my guard, and watching every motion of the two mamlukes, in order to make my escape, should an opportunity offer. The kiashef perceived my apprehensions. "Fear not," he cried: "your life is indeed in our hands; but we seek not your death; we want only your prisoner. Restore Suleiman's tootoondjee, and in return take this handjar studded with diamonds, this order on the Bey's harem at Cairo for two thousand sequins, and this signet of our patron's to corroborate his draft."

All this was vastly better than to be butchered at Sioot: I accepted the offer. Meantime some of my Arnaoots, who had perceived my danger, were coming up. I cried to them, as soon as within hearing, to fetch back the prisoner. One went on the errand, and the others waited at my signal. The tootoondjee was delivered over, and the ransom placed in my hands. With this rich spoil, the thing which I feared most was to return to my own men. Fortunately they were full-handed themselves, and I rejoined our troops safe and sound—just in time to see the remnant of the enemy's force, which had escaped the ditch, in full flight towards the Saïd.

Our men were so exhausted, that we spent the night where we had won the day. The next morning, ere we marched, I walked over the field of battle. Beholding on all sides sturdy limbs locked in death, which but the day before had turned my blows with all the energies of life; lips closed in eternal silence, which had stunned me with their clamour; and eyeballs fixed in sightless glare, which, when met by mine, had sent forth flashes of lightning:—unable to avoid treading upon the mangled bodies of some who often had attempted to crush me with their very look, and now could not keep away the already busy vultures—I felt a strange delight! I contemplated with a bitter satisfaction that unavoidable lot of all mankind, that doom of mortality remitted to none, that precariousness of life shared alike by king and beggar, thanks to which, if I could not be sure of a single instant before me, no more was the proudest of my antagonists certain of not being the next moment a clod of clay, a mass of corruption, a feast for worms; thanks to which, if any rival obtained over me a temporary advantage, it was, however important, a trifle, an atom, a nothing, in the contemplation of the common fate awaiting all that breathe, and awaiting all too soon; and thanks to which, finally, if I could not reach the very top of fortune's wheel, or for the present carry my head

quite as high as some of my more successful opponents, I knew that theirs must ultimately lie as low, and be as little regarded as mine!

"Poor speechless ghastly object!" cried I, lifting up by the ears one whose taunting language had but the day before still tortured my own; "thou art now not only below me—below the meanest of my slaves; thou art worse in estate than the live dog that licks my hand, or the very worm that hies to feast on thyself; he harbours joy, thou feelest not even my abuse and my scorn!"

Though we did not absolutely stay in the agreeable spot which occasioned these reflections, we seemed loth for a time to move beyond its influence. Want of money to pay his troops prevented our commander from proceeding in good earnest, in pursuit of the rebels, until the month of May. We then made a sudden advance; but as soon as we came in sight of Mourad's men, they crossed the river, and retreated into Nubia. Arrived at the Cataracts, heat, want, and disease stopped our further progress. We admired the falls, wheeled about, and marched back to Cairo.

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CHAPTER XII.

By this time Hassan had, through penalties, confiscations, and other such lucrative processes, reaped all the real fruits he expected from his expedition. He knew the utter impossibility of exterminating a set of men who always kept open a retreat where they were secure from pursuit; and he now made the approaching rupture between the Porte and Russia a pretence for conveying his armament back to Constantinople. On the twenty-fourth of July, 1787, therefore, he signed a treaty with the rebel Beys, by which he left them in full possession of the country from Barbieh to the frontiers of Nubia. All below these limits was to be prohibited ground. For the observance of this treaty his opponents consented to give as hostages four of their party—my old friend Ayoob-Bey, Osman-Bey-tamboordgi, and two other Beys of recent creation, Abderahman and Husseïn. These important mamlukes had leave, however, to remain at Cairo, under the eyes of the Visier.

The quartetto soon arrived, and I failed not to call upon Ayoob. He had strongly reprobated at

the time Suleiman's conduct in giving me up, and assured me he wondered not to see a man of my mettle, after such treatment, return to Egypt in so different a character. I was glad in my turn to find an opportunity of doing a chief, who formerly had distinguished me in a most flattering manner, a very signal piece of service. Some expressions, dropped by the Capitan-Pasha, had made me surmise that foul play was intended to the hostage Beys. I need not say by what means I verified my suspicion; but I forthwith went and apprized Ayoob of his danger. His gratitude for this friendly act led him to offer me a handsome present, which I declined.

Meanwhile Hassan had got every thing in readiness for his departure. He confirmed Abdi-Pasha in his place of Visier, and Ismaïl Bey in his rank as Schaich-el-belled. On his kehaya, whose name likewise was Ismaïl, he conferred the situation of his wekil, or agent at Cairo. After these, and other appointments, he assembled in the citadel a solemn Divan; gave, in a set speech, a pompous detail of the incalculable benefits he had bestowed on Egypt; and terminated the sitting by inviting the four hostage Beys, against the faith of treaties, to follow him to Constantinople. Osman, Abderahman, and Husseïn, taken by surprise, were obliged to accept his proffered hospitality. Ayoob, put upon his guard by me, had taken his precautions, and prepared his chief mamlukes. The summons had

scarce dropped from Hassan's lips, ere he rushed out, and, assisted by his suite, sought refuge in Ibrahim's harem. Hassan durst not, in defiance of his own solemn promise, drag the most respected among the beys in disgrace from so revered a sanctuary. He was left at Cairo in the enjoyment at least of his outward honours.

Those which Hassan offered to my choice were, to remain in the citadel of Cairo, commander of the local Arnaoots, or to go back to Constantinople, and obtain promotion in the expected war. Admiring neither the Visier, the Schaich-el-belled, nor the wekil, and wishing much to try Valachia and to rejoin Mavroyeni, I accepted the latter. The ransom of Suleiman's tootoondjee, duly paid on presenting his order; the well lined belt of a mamluke whom I had disrobed at Sioot, and the liquidation of certain old claims at Cairo, which I employed those ready accountants my Albanians to settle, had gone a good way towards repairing my shattered finances. The last evening of my stay at Cairo added another figure to the balance of my capital. As I passed through a narrow lane, an ill-looking fellow suddenly stopped me, and drew out a dagger. I started back: but instead of the point he turned to me the hilt, left the handjar in my hands, and disappeared. The weapon was covered with emeralds, and of considerable value. I had seen it before, on grand occasions, sparkle in Ayoob's girdle.—Hassan never saw it in mine.

Nothing remarkable occurred on the journey down the Nile. On the 21st of October we weighed anchor from Alexandria. Our voyage was prosperous, our reception at Constantinople indifferent. The mob of the capital, it seems, had promised itself the agreeable spectacle of the heads of the Egyptian Beys stuck on the battlements of the Bab-humayoon, and cared little to see us only bring back our own. To ourselves, however, this was a source of some satisfaction; and the more, as we brought, besides, wherewithal to fortify our minds against idle clamour.

Even after Spiridion and I had parted for ever, my friend had not dismissed all solicitude in my behalf. Fearing lest the obscurity which hung over Achmet's death might not always succeed in preventing its baneful influence over my fate, in case of my return to Stambool, he had, during my campaign in Egypt, negotiated with the family of the deceased a legal renunciation of its vindictive rights. At first indeed his proposal greatly shocked the mourning parents. "What! sell the life of a relation, of a son, for money!—No, never!"—Were the earth to swallow them up on the spot, they must, they would have blood for blood!—At any rate, they could only compound with the executioner's axe on the culprit's neck! By degrees, however, they came round to more reasonable sentiments. The event was nearly forgotten, the loss small, the

chance of discovering the offender still less, and the sum offered considerable. With many ifs, and buts, they at last signed so formal an act of forgiveness, that I might, if I liked, have added to my other titles that of slayer of Kara Achmet.

I needed not this new proof of kindness, to feel ill at ease till I had embraced my friend. Fearful however of taking him by surprise, perhaps at an unseasonable moment, I sent to inquire whether my visit would be acceptable. The precaution proved a wise one. Just then was pending the negotiation with the lady, who soon after bestowed upon Spiridion her fair and faithful hand. Her parents only objected his former intimacy with a notorious profligate and a renegado. Had I shown myself at that juncture, and taken advantage of Spiridion's friendship to appear in his company, the match would have been broken off. It was even requisite, I understood, for the advancement of the business, that the coolness grown between us should be openly expressed. A hint of this circumstance having been given me, I acted accordingly, and complained aloud and in bitter terms of Spiridion's leaving me at Chios; but privately I sent him, as a token of friendship, a fine Arabian, accompanied by a few lines of affection and of thanks. Unavowed proceedings always turn out ill, however well meant! Whether the messenger thought the horse would betray the giver, or whether the horse ran away with

the messenger, neither they nor the letter reached their destination; and, long after, I heard that Spiridion had felt hurt at my seeming neglect.

Returning one day from witnessing—with infinite satisfaction—to what degree the Franks, who accuse the Greeks of meanness, can excel them in that useful quality; how they can humble themselves, even in the persons of the representatives of their sovereigns, before the paltriest of the Sultan's officers; and how at their public audiences these pliant envoys of European powers will put up with any indignity from the lowest Turkish rabble, for the sake of maintaining an intercourse with a nation which returns their advances with contempt,—I happened to meet a face no longer young, which put me in mind of an old vow, not the less sacred from the lowly station of its object. It was that made to the little grocer's wife, who in the days of my first distress had come to my relief with conserve of roses. In her own later career—poor soul!—bitters had succeeded sweets. The new French style of cookery, and the white sauces introduced with the revolutionary principles among the Greeks of fashion, had exploded the spice and comfits, staple ingredients of the darker complexioned dishes, the delight of their forefathers. The grocer consequently was become a bankrupt, had died of grief in the midst of his unsold dainties, and had left his consort to struggle with misfortunes, which required a

species of consolation more solid and less sentimental than that which I once administered to a mourning widow in Egypt. I should not have mentioned the visit which I paid for this purpose, and the real pleasure I derived from the relief I was able to afford, but that my friends, justly solicitous about my unsullied fame, might remark that I had at an early period of my history recorded a solemn engagement, and nowhere had mentioned its fulfilment.

Let us return to matters of more importance. Though from the first instant of his elevation, Youssoof-Visier had been preparing underhand the rupture with Russia, the war broke out without any formal declaration. On the 18th of August, 1787, the Russian ambassador found himself unexpectedly complimented with a lodging at the Sultan's expense in the Seven Towers,[1] and the Turkish troops stationed at Ockzakow made an attack upon the fortress of Kinburn, when the garrison thought itself in profound peace. The fullest success of these petty manœuvres could not have made amends for the imputation of bad faith which they fixed upon the Turks; their failure only added disgrace to discomfiture. They gave the Emperor of Austria a plausible excuse for joining the Russians, and for declaring war against the Porte, on the 9th February, 1788. This event seemed to mark Valachia for the seat of the ensuing campaign. It increased

my wish to take a share in its hazards; and I obtained from Hassan-Pasha letters both for Youssoof and for Mavroyeni. Encamped at Daood-Pasha, the supreme Visier had already hoisted the standard of the Prophet, and was collecting round the sacred staff the grand army of the faithful, for the defence of the empire. I intended to visit the Commander in chief on my way, but aware of my moderate dimensions, and expecting to make a greater figure on the smaller theatre of Valachia, I purposed to tarry only with Mavroyeni.

Neither personage, however, was to be favoured with my company the very instant my credentials were signed: such unnecessary diligence would have bespoken an anxiety in their behalf somewhat too flattering. With my letters in my pocket, I gave three days more to the dissipation of the capital; and, satisfied with having, through dint of unexampled diligence, compassed as much pleasure as so short a period would allow, proceeded without further delay on the less perilous road to open and avowed warfare. My equipage was light. It consisted of what articles my own horse could carry in addition to my person; for, unable to afford a long string of attendants, I trusted more for safety to a perfectly unobtrusive appearance, than to a small and insufficient retinue.

Though I had seen camps before, that of the

Visier-Azem, with all its want of order, struck me as very magnificent. The central object, the tent of the commander—with its avenues of pillars and standards, its gilding and its draperies—looked a most imposing mass: but its tenant disappointed me. I had formerly known Youssoof as Hassan's kehaya. He was then quoted for the erect majesty of his mien, and for the jetty lustre of his ample beard. The personage to whom I was introduced at Daood-Pasha, on the contrary, had the grey hairs of age and the stoop of infirmity. "Heavens!" thought I, "can this be the same man whom I formerly admired? can seven years so pull down the sturdiest human frame? would they make so woful a ruin of this body of mine?"—And it was a relief to my mind when I heard that Youssoof, in order to increase the gravity of his appearance, used arts for the purpose of looking old and infirm, similar to those which others employ for that of appearing young and active.

With the other attributes of age, Youssoof seemed to have acquired its garrulity. I thought there never would have been an end to his inquiries after Hassan-Pasha. The Grand-Admiral's health, his looks, his spirits, were each separately made the theme of long and repeated expressions of solicitude: and at each favourable reply, Youssoof blessed Allah for the good news with such studied em-

phasis, that I judged the Visier's affection for his ancient patron, and the Capitan-Pasha's regard for his overgrown favourite, to have sunk nearly to the same level. Base coin is always showy!

As soon as Youssoof had added his contribution to my letters for Mavroyeni, I proceeded on my journey. The supreme Visier himself was soon to break up his first station, and to halt successively at divers other marked places, in order to give the Zaïms and Timariotes of all the different provinces of Roumili an opportunity of reinforcing his army: and I was unwilling, by unnecessary delay, to encounter on the road more than I could help of the small detachments of true believers, expected soon to obey from all quarters the invitation of Mohammed's vicar![2]

From Daood-Pasha I met nothing in a questionable shape until I reached Erekli. There appearances became more terrific. On going out at the gate of that city after dusk, and turning the corner of the spacious burying-ground which extends close under its walls, my horse suddenly stopped, and in defiance of whip and stirrup, stood staring at the tombs, trembling like a leaf. "So!" thought I, "the Gouls are abroad; the spirits of the dead hold their revels; the living are unwelcome here!" And in fact, I soon perceived, by the light of the moon, a number of gigantic shadows glide

along the marble gravestones. The spectres that cast them seemed to be dancing hand in hand round the cemetery; sometimes separating, then again forming clusters, then totally disappearing under ground. Presently sounds too arose from the earth: confused murmurs pervaded the place; and at last a whole swarm of ghastly figures sprung up close to my horse,—no longer indeed unsubstantial phantoms, but seeming, from their emaciated form and pallid hue, the very corpses of the dead arisen from their coffins. Immediately they encircled me with hideous yell.

No sooner, however, was the frightful ring completed, than my apprehensions of the deceased vanished in my fears of the living; and I no longer thought myself in the company of spectres, but in that of banditti. Accordingly, clapping both stirrups to my horse, I was going to break through the threatening circle, when I perceived that none of the party were armed, or at least had any weapon more formidable than a stick, or a pair of crutches; that there were as many women and children in the ranks as men; and that more than two thirds of the troop were halt, blind, or paralytic.

There is, gentle reader, a district in the Morea, whose inhabitants are, to a man, beggars by profession. Every year, as soon as they have sown their fields, these industrious members of society abandon

their villages till harvest time, and sally forth, on a mendicant circuit, through the different provinces of Roumili. The elders and chiefs of the community plan the route, divide the provinces, and allot to each detachment its ground. They shorten or prolong their sojourn in the different places, according as the mine of charity is rich, and has been more or less explored. Through wastes where little is to be gleaned, large troops travel in close order; but, on approaching fruitful districts, the swarms again divide and spread. According to his peculiar talent, each individual undertakes the heart-rending tale of mental woe, or the disgusting display of bodily suffering. "His wife and children died of hunger by the road side, after having been burnt out of house and home;"—or, "he has an incurable leprosy in every joint;"—or, "he is actually giving up the ghost for want of a morsel of food!" Old traders, grown rich by their indigence, sell out to young beginners; and the children of the society remain in common, so that each female may in turns be provided with a pair of fatherless twins, to be duly pinched to tears, and made to roar their lungs out, whenever compassionate people are in sight. Unceasing warfare is kept up with interlopers from other quarters, who trespass on the domain of this regularly organised band. Among its members a dislocated limb, or a disgusting disease, are esteemed peculiar blessings; an hereditary complaint is a sort

of an estate, and if conspicuous, and such as to resist the officious remedies of the charitable, confers rank, and may be called a badge of nobility. But even those who have the misfortune to labour under the most incurable state of health and vigour are dexterous, if not radically to correct this perverseness of nature, at least to remove its unpromising appearance. They excel in the manufacture of counterfeit wounds and mock diseases; and the convulsions of a demoniac are graceful movements to their spontaneous fits.

The troop with which I had the luck to fall in had destined Erekli for the next day's scene of action. Its worthy members were taking among the tombs a comfortable night's rest, previous to the morning's labours. Already had most of the party sunk into soft slumbers on the pillows of the fresh laid graves, when the tramp of my horse, resounding among the hollow vaults, and reverberated by the sculptured slabs, roused, and made them start up and surround me, as has been seen. Their clamour was only the eleemosynary ditty, which, from long habit, they kept mumbling even in their sleep.

Moved with compassion at the sight of so much suffering, I determined at once to remove all these accumulated ills, and, for this purpose, began to lay lustily about me with my good long ox-hide whip. It would have gladdened a feeling heart to see what

a salutary and immediate effect followed this application. At the very first flourish, the lame found the use of their legs, the blind recovered their sight, and the deaf and dumb a Stentorian voice. A poor decrepit creature, doubled with age and infirmity—straightening as if by magic—became all at once as nimble as a stag: a man, shaped like a dromedary, slipped his hunch without missing it; and a woman, eighteen months at least gone with child, stumbling over a gravestone, brought to light a truss of straw!

The fright of my friends, however, was not of long duration. By degrees they began to fancy, that, though I was armed and on horseback, and they were unarmed and on foot, yet in the dark, and among heaps of gravestones, thirty or forty had a chance against one. In this notion they again rallied, and soon sticks and stones whizzed about my ears as thick as hail. I now found that I had to deal with a set of ungrateful rogues, who, so far from thanking me for the miraculous cure which I had performed, only requited good with evil. It therefore seemed time to leave them to their fate, and to scamper off; by which means I soon got out of sight, and a very little while after, out of hearing of the vollies of abuse, which accompanied the repeated showers of stones.

The crossing of the Balkan—which rose in sight soon after—would, I suppose, have been a delightful

treat to one who preferred the remains of a former worn out world to the good things of the present renovated globe, and a petrified oyster or cabbage to fare of easier digestion. For my part, who felt more anxious to know the end of things than their origin, I was very glad when I found mount Hemus fairly left behind me, and still more so, when before me I beheld winding in ample sweeps the wide waters of the Danube. My raptures still increased on setting foot, after crossing the turbid stream, in the plains of Valachia.

In order to profit as much as possible by the benefits of Christendom, and to evince the estimation in which I still held its institutions, I purposed marking my entrance into its domain, by sleeping the first night at a monastery. I had heard of one on the road, where the caloyers lived well, and could spare a way-faring man a few crums from their table, and a corner in their dormitory. On my arrival I found my design forestalled. The convent had been invaded, only an hour before, by a set of Frank travellers, who carried a licence from the provincial government to inconvenience at their pleasure every place on the road.

I say invaded: for between masters, servants, interpreters, couriers, mikmandars[3] and jenissaries, there were no less, I think, than twenty or thirty individuals; and for many of the least important among these gentry singly, the place appeared much too

small. The very monks had been turned out of their cells to make room for the strangers.

At first I took for granted that so mighty a removal of human bodies from the place of their birth must have an adequate end; and that the head of the party could be no less than the ambassador of some great Christian potentate, come to transact affairs of the utmost importance with the Porte; and resigned myself in consequence to lay my own diminished head where I could: but, on discreetly seeking to have my surmises confirmed by a sort of courier, half Swiss half Italian, who, in a gibberish between both, was giving directions to the Greek steward of the convent, who understood neither, I could only discover that the *padrone* was a young gentleman of great fortune, tired of having every thing at home in the most comfortable style for nothing but the trouble of issuing his commands, and who therefore wandered about the world, to enjoy the variety of now and then going to bed without his supper, or getting up without having gone to bed. Constantinople was to be his first halting-place on the journey; but whether from thence he was to go by land to China, or by sea to Peru, was not yet decided.

I now began to think it somewhat hard that in the Sultan's own dominions, one of his own liege subjects, travelling on real business, and who had

lived long enough not to like going to bed on an empty stomach, or to think sleeping in the fields a desirable variety, should be thus kept on the *pavé* by strangers who only came to burthen us with their ennui: and, accordingly, desired my informer to go and remonstrate in my name with his master, respecting the unreasonable monopoly he was exercising;—fully determined, should the negotiation prove inefficient, to resort to more energetic measures for obtaining redress. I knew that, to whatever extremities I might proceed, the Greeks would remain neutral; and I feared not the Franks. All I apprehended was, that the servant might not deliver my message in terms sufficiently forcible; and I therefore soon followed him myself—highly incensed at the supposed indignity I was suffering,—and bolted into his excellency's dingy chamber, just as the courier had concluded his speech.

To find all complacency, where one expects a determined resistance, and is prepared only for using proportionate force, occasions a shock in the brain similar to that experienced by the body on sinking into a down pillow, where movements had been measured for meeting with a seat of impenetrable stone; and this sort of shock I experienced, when received by a young man of the most prepossessing appearance, only intent upon knowing how he could most effectually accommodate myself and all my

suite; and ending by inviting me to partake of his own indifferent supper, which—he added—his companion had just stepped down to hasten.

Thus courteously addressed, my answer was made to correspond; and nothing ensued but a conflict of civilities. It was only interrupted by my going out again to look after my said suite—namely, my horse; ere I gave myself up for the remainder of the evening to the pleasure of conversing with so charming and wellbred an host.

His invitation to the strange traveller, meanwhile, had gone abroad among his own retinue; and, before I was able to return from my excursion, it was my good fortune to overhear the impression it produced on his companion, still engaged in bustling below stairs. This somewhat less hospitable personage was pleased loudly to wonder what pleasure Mr. T— could find in courting every adventurer, Turk or Christian, with whom chance brought him in contact on the road; and grievously moaned over the selfish vanity which made a man of his sense unfeelingly put his friends out of their way, merely to have his politeness admired by utter strangers.

The remark fortunately affected not my appetite. When the smoking evidences of the amiable companion's industry appeared on the table, I paid them not the less every compliment in my power; and was only the more intent upon diverting their author from the nefarious purpose of being himself the first again to destroy the various fruits of his

labour, by forcing upon him a thousand little attentions, for which, in his heart, he would have wished to box my ears. Even this proceeding lengthened the meal but little. I soon perceived that my host,—overcome with the fatigue of the journey—though striving to the utmost to entertain his guest, was scarce in a condition to receive from that guest an adequate return; and therefore speedily proposed a separation,—in which proposal I was most warmly seconded by his companion, who, sated at last, now sagaciously observed that, as they were to rise betimes, they had better go to their rest.

As far as his own share was concerned, it is but doing the gentleman last named justice to state that he spared nothing to promote this laudable object. He kept to himself a mattress which might have accommodated three more of his fellow-travellers, and left these—not *friends*, I suppose—unceremoniously enough, to lie on the bare tiles: but in spite of this precaution, the nimble tenants of the place, whose supper was only just beginning, kept *il signor compagno* awake. This misfortune caused him to groan so loudly and so incessantly all night, that no one else within hearing was permitted to enjoy the repose which had forsaken this important personage. I heartily regretted his fine feelings, and wished he had had some of the selfishness of his patron.

The moment the Frank party was off, the caloyers were released from the forced confine-

ment in which all, except the superior, had been held during their stay. I thought this black gentleman looked at me distrustfully, for having displayed Frankish freedoms under the Moslem turban, and feared he might make some report at Bucharest to my disadvantage. The impression was to be done away. Taking him therefore aside, I honestly confessed that I was not only a Greek—which my speech confirmed—but a disguised emissary from Russia, come to sound the disposition of the Greek papases in favour of Ekatharina![4] Hereupon his heart opened: he expressed his admiration of the Empress; particularly commended her laudable perseverance in the privations of widowhood; and earnestly intreated me to inform her by the first opportunity what a staunch friend she had in father Kyrillos; dwelling much all the while upon the means of corresponding with the well affected to that sovereign, throughout Valachia, afforded by his convent,—a hint by no means lost upon me, when afterwards I had troops to quarter, and contributions to levy in that province.

Continuing my journey, absorbed in reflections which were greatly favoured by my slow progress through endless swamps, I scarce perceived a personage who came from whither I was going, till he pulled up his steed to honour me with a more minute survey. I returned him the compliment,

though his equipage little deserved such an attention; and "Selim!" on his part, and "Condilly!" on mine, were roared out at the same instant.

This signor Condilly, originally a Roman catholic, had first married a sister of Mavroyeni's, and consequently a Greek. On her demise he showed his grief by embracing the Greek creed himself, and marrying a Roman catholic. Her he left to go into a monastery; and the convent he fled from to take a third wife, younger than the two former. He had treated his sovereigns as he had done his consorts. When Venetian consul at the Canéa, he sold the interests of the republic to the Turks; and when employed for the Turks at Zante, he betrayed them to the Venetians. I had known him at Constantinople, where he gave himself as much airs as if he carried Jove's thunder in his sleeve, and entertained his friends with stories so long and tiresome, that they would have made the very moon split her face with yawning. On Mavroyeni's appointment to the principality of Valachia, he sent this worthy brother-in-law on before him to Bucharest as his caïmakam; and when he came himself, he appointed Condilly his cupbearer: nor had I heard, when we met, of any later change.

"Whither bound, Georgacki," cried I;—"for the capital or for the army?"

"For whatever place," was his reply, "I may be invited to. You see me at large again!"

"That misfortune," rejoined I, "you seem to be used to; but how happened this last speedy dismissal?"

"Who can tell?" exclaimed Condilly, with a shrug of the shoulders: "Not I, at least.—When a man has his familiar sprite, with whom alone he takes counsel, we poor mortals must be contented to remain in ignorance. People do what they please, when they act by inspiration. You must have heard of the wealthy Vakareskolo, the Cresus of boyars,[5]—he who thought himself so secure from being fleeced, by never appearing at court, and declining all dangerous distinctions. Well!—has not Mavroyeni, by means of his invisible counsellor, at last hunted him out, and sent to him to say that the humble should be exalted; and that his very disinterestedness made it necessary, for the good of the country, that he should assume some high and responsible office?"

"The Bey found not the same reason, I presume, for securing the permanence of my worthy informant's services?" was my reply.

"His household Demon," rejoined Condilly, "lately put it into his head that his Greek name was a base corruption; that he was descended from the ancient Venetian family of Morosini: and its Latin translation, Maurocenus, is now the name by which he insists on being addressed. My tongue once made an unlucky slip; I called him by the

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name of his forefathers;—and for this offence he condemned me, his kinsman, his counsellor, and his cupbearer—who tasted every drop of his wine—to bread and water in the salt-mines! Had I remained there long, I must have become pickled alive, and so have died a vampire, even without excommunication, and have sucked his blood, as he does that of others. For that reason only, I suppose, he let me out at last, on condition of leaving Valachia. But, O how I shall talk, as soon as I am past the frontier!"

To me it seemed that signor Condilly waited not till that period to execute his threat. Loth, however, to lose time in conversation, where I was sure not to hear a word of truth: "Hark ye, Georgacki," cried I, "you, who are going, may be right to talk, but I, who am coming, would do wrong to listen. You have been long enough in the world to know that the atmosphere of one out of favour is infectious, and cannot take it amiss if you are done by as you would do by others. So adieu; and fare ye well!"

At these words I pushed on. The cup-bearer called after me, to say that for all the caution with which I seemed to act, he would take upon himself to bespeak the horses for my own return. I did not stop to retort, but made what speed I could, and the same evening reached Bucharest.

CHAPTER XIII.

From the first moment of the rupture with Austria, Mavroyeni, expecting Valachia to become the theatre of the war, had sent his useless princess and her still more useless train back to Constantinople—a wise measure, I thought, where *real* clouds were gathering! In order to defray the expenses requisite for the defence of the principality, he had levied enormous contributions, not only on the laity, but on the clergy, who, as ministers of peace, could not conceive what they had to do with the war, and thought their task fulfilled when they had prayed for the safety of the country. He had moreover banished to Turkey, or put in durance on the spot, such of the Boyars and others—no matter what their rank—whom he suspected of a secret understanding with Austria. Among the passes or ravines which form the only communication athwart the formidable barrier of mountains that separate Transilvania from the land of the Roumooms,[1] he had distributed seven or eight thousand Seimen, or provincial troops. Through his care, Bucharest, a city of immense extent, lying in an almost dead flat, for whose safety nature had done nothing, and art

could do but little, bade as formidable a defence to an enemy as its situation permitted. Each khan within its circuit was become a battery, and each convent a fortress. The very Archi-episcopal palace, and the cathedral, situated on the only commanding eminence, were, to the inexpressible horror of the Valachians, transformed into a citadel. Soldiers quartered where priests used to say mass, cannon-balls heaped up where stood the cross, and muskets and sabres piled where had been raised the host, completed the dismay of the natives.

It was in the midst of all this bustle of warlike preparations that I entered Bucharest. At its gates nothing was seen but groups of weeping families going out, and detachments of turbulent soldiers marching in; and wherever I stopped within its precincts, no other discourse met my ear but that of banishments, confiscations, fines, imprisonments, recruitings, fortifications, and plans of attack and of defence. "Good!" said I to myself; "this martial discord is music to my ears! It promises plenty of what I most want: dear delightful confusion! Born to live in troubled waters, again I breathe, again I feel in my element:"—and every officer of state whose favour seemed expiring, every grandee of the court whose fall was announced, I only considered as kindly making room for me. My feelings somewhat resembled those of the sagacious birds called vultures, who, the moment the

battle begins to rage, flap their wings, exult, and already in imagination revel in their promised feast!

When, however—the first tumult of the sense allayed—I sat down quietly in my lodging, to consider how I should best proceed, my reflections assumed a soberer hue, and my expectations gradually fell to a less exalted pitch. "I am now," thought I, "in a place where I possess not a friend, nor even an acquaintance; where all must consider me as an intruder, against whom it is their business to unite,—and, in that place, at the mercy of a single man, and that man, Mavroyeni!—Mavroyeni, even in his first dependant state often uncontrollable and ruled by caprice rather than by cool reason, and who now, after so long thirsting in a state of servility for the despotic sway he has at last obtained, every hour drinks unto intoxication of the honeyed cup of power. It is true, I bear within my own breast the qualities which his situation renders most valuable, and I carry in my pocket the recommendations which his interest obliges him most to respect. The commands in my favour of the two rulers of the state—by sea and by land—would, with any other rayah in his place, leave me no further trouble than that of announcing my person and my wishes: and I moreover know Mavroyeni sufficiently lenient in religious matters, not to regard my apostacy as a great bar to my promotion, even in his

Greek principality:—but," added I, in order to restrain the too sanguine hopes founded on these considerations, "may he not retain an unfavourable impression of my youthful pranks, and my insolent mode of quitting his service? May he not with still more probability feel hurt at my long estrangement from his person, my long apparent disdain of his protection, my long obstinacy in seeking my fortune any where upon earth rather than under the shelter of his raven wing?"—So often had his wayward temper only turned the more restive for being more sharply reined, that, in order to show his independence, it was likely he might make the very weight of my recommendations a motive for treating me with greater coolness.

I therefore—spite of my expectations—prepared my mind for the possibility of an indifferent reception, and resolved only to advance in so cautious a manner, as not to stand much committed should I meet with a rebuff.

In this spirit,—so far from dressing for my first audience of Mavroyeni as I had done for my first interview with Suleiman;—so far from informing every passenger as I went along, by the importance of my looks, that I was going to court; from announcing in an authoritative tone, on my arrival at the palace, that I carried letters from the Grand Visier, the Lord High Admiral, and the Drogueman of the navy,—I rather ran into the opposite extreme,

and, by way of pitching my tone at the outset in such a key as I might be sure not to have to lower afterwards, went in so modest a dress, crept into the audience chamber in so quiet a manner, and, having delivered my message in a scarce audible voice, stood so demurely with my hands in my sleeves at the lower end of the room, that I was scarce noticed by a troop of gentlemen of far higher apparent pretensions, who held their more conspicuous station in the middle of the apartment, and bore such a prodigious air of self importance, that their very yawnings (which were both frequent and loud) had in them a something grand and imposing; while their conversation—chiefly intended, it should seem, for the benefit of distant hearers—ran entirely upon the last joke of the Ban of Crayova, the last remark of the Cameraz, and the last witticism of the Spatar!

I had heard that in some place or other the humble were to be exalted: but this certainly was not in Mavroyeni's ante-room. Its familiars seemed of a sort not disposed easily to give a stranger credit for higher claims than he chose to divulge, but, on the contrary, to indulge a man, desirous of remaining in the back ground, to the utmost of his wishes in this to them strange propensity. It is true, they vouchsafed now and then to honour me with their attention, so far as to eye me from head to foot,—but it was with any thing but a look of invitation to join their

noble group. This silent scrutiny was even carried to such a length that at last my patience forsook me, and I began, in my turn, to stare at the starers with such steadiness, as gradually to disconcert all their petulance, and to make them fall from their haughty self-sufficient look into an appearance of downright constraint—till at last one of the set, determined to beat me out of the field, detached himself from the cluster, came over to where I stood with a sort of mock civility, and asked me in a simpering tone, whether the company had the honour of my approbation?

I was going to answer "No," without circumlocution—when suddenly the door of the inner room opened, and the party fell back to range themselves round the room in a respectful circle, in the middle of which the gentleman usher advanced, to select whom he should first introduce to his Highness.

Each was striving to obtain that distinction, by straining to protrude the upper part of his body a few inches before that of his neighbour;—for as to me, I did not at that critical moment come into consideration at all, and would have been entirely forgotten, had I not informed the usher of my presence, by holding over the heads of those that pressed before me certain talismanic papers, at the sight of which the officer pushed the crowd aside to let me pass. I now handed to him my credentials, to be taken to the prince; and, as I delivered my

letters, amused myself with naming the writers one by one.

Being, on the strength of so respectable an introduction, immediately let in, I left my ante-room friends nearly as composed as if a thunderbolt had just exploded among them. One half looked pale as ashes, the other red as crimson; and every one seemed intent only upon how he should repair his imprudence, on the re-appearance of the great man in disguise.

Though my call was speedy, my reception was not the more promising. Mavroyeni, at first, deigned not even to greet me with that look of surprise with which I had laid my account, but went on with the various occupations in which I found him engaged, as if unaware of my presence; leaving me full leisure, in the mean time, to mark the havock made by ambition more than by age in his originally hard and homely features. In fact, the ruling passion seemed to have increased to such a degree the obliquity which the natural dimness of his right eye had produced in the motions of the other, as to have rendered his a perfectly *sinister* look, in every sense of the word. He always eyed one askance! Those to whom he stood opposite, his eye glanced beside, and, to fix his interlocutor, he turned his face away from him. It is true that the undermost features of that same face made amends in some measure for those above. His

jet black beard and mustachios, of which he took great care, encompassed lips whose smile was as pleasing as the frown of his dark brow was terrific; and these lips in their turn disclosed, when he spoke, two rows of teeth as white as drifted snow, which no man could be more ready to show on all occasions.

For some time after my entrance, however, they were only uncased in the process of dictating a letter of three pages to the Reïs-Effendee: and not until he had finished this and all his other business—paring his nails included—with the utmost composure, did he seem to perceive that I stood before him, tired of watching his left eye, and of commencing bows all stifled in the birth. At last, when he had fairly exhausted his own occupations and my patience, he cast a look my way, and appeared to see me; but it was only to ask in a gruff and snappish manner—while pointing to my poor letters flung unopened on the sofa—"Whether it was I who had brought that load of paper?"

I bowed again, and said it was, but only as the person entrusted with its conveyance. "For well I know," added I, "that with your Highness neither interest avails, nor even talent, when presumptuously relying on its own merit, and unfriended by the sunshine of your spontaneous favour, heaven-directed towards its possessor!"

This compliment to the Bey's independence smoothed the bristles round his heart. His fea-

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tures immediately relaxed; and I thought I could clearly discern through what they retained of outward rigidity, an inward smile of approbation. At last his satisfaction even broke out in words. "Right," he cried, "my will alone is my law! If you were the angel Gabriel, descended from the ninth heaven, you must hit my fancy ere you obtain my favour—at least here in Valachia. But,"—added he, wholly unbending, "you know I always liked you, in spite of your pranks; nay, perhaps even the better for them. You were clever as a lad, and I trust years have given you discretion, without blunting your spirit. Tell me,—for I know you have been a Kiashef in Egypt,—how you got that rank; and how you contrived to lose it?"

Thus invited, I gave the Bey a sketch of my principal adventures,—not indeed drawn with the entire unreserve of these memoirs; but in which, without startling Mavroyeni's belief by an improbable account of my excessive wisdom or virtue, I yet only touched upon my follies and vices with the tender hand of a friend, whose blame is less severe than the praise of an enemy. The last occurrence which I mentioned was the first of my entrance into the Bey's dominions, the meeting with Condilly.

"He was going to Turkey," said I.—"Not so," answered Mavroyeni; "he was speeding to Vienna: he only made a circuit to deceive me. It was not worth the while. I ever knew him do more harm

to his friends than to his enemies; and so I ordered that every pass might be opened to him. With you I mean to do the reverse."

I assured the Bey I should remain a willing prisoner; and finding that nothing more was wanting of me for the present, made my bow and retired.

Meantime my seemingly interminable audience had fully confirmed the idea of my importance among the inmates of the ante-room. The mystery which hung over my character only served, like the vapours which envelope a mountain, to magnify my seeming grandeur; and when I stole back among my friends in sheep-skin, I found that during my absence they had had high words about me,—each reproaching the rest for his own incivility. No sooner did they perceive my return, than they all dropped some incidental remark, intended to smooth the way to a more direct address. The gentleman who had the first turned a deaf ear to my salutation, had lost his hearing from a cold; the one who had laughed at me most openly, had been able to think of nothing but a domestic misfortune which quite distracted his senses; and as to the one who attacked me in articulate speech, he always made it a point, when he saw a stranger of quality anxious to remain incognito, of doing something or other to favour the scheme.

Having thus each dropped his little propitiatory sentence, but without the smallest intention—poor

innocent souls!—of its being overheard, they now all with the utmost surprise perceived me standing before them, immediately bowed in the most gracious manner, and, all speaking together, ventured in the most obsequious terms to express . . . . . . but what?—is the thing I am unable to tell; as, without stopping to hear it, I left the cringing circle to divide among them, according to the respective claims of each member, a single supercilious glance cast upon the whole troop collectively, and then, turning on my heel, very quietly walked off.

The next day I received from Mavroyeni a summons to a pleasure-garden, formed by him outside the city. "A good omen this," thought I. —"His villa is the place where he deposits his Beyship at the entrance gate;" and truly, among his tulips and ranunculuses, his temper seemed, chameleon-like, to reflect a somewhat gayer hue. It was almost *couleur de rose*, and not perhaps the less resembling the queen of flowers, because it had a lurking thorn. Through Mavroyeni's transient gaiety of manner and conversation might still be discerned the stationary weight which oppressed his heart, as through the fleeting waters of the stream are seen the rocks that lie motionless on its gravel bed. The whole drift of the Prince's apparently unpremeditated discourse tended to find out indirectly how he was spoken of by the world at large. "Nothing," he observed, "was so en-

tertaining as to hear what people say of one: and nobody had such opportunities of knowing as a stranger who mixed in every set, and whom no party yet mistrusted. Often an indifferent new comer heard sentiments drop by chance from the lip, which the person most deeply interested could not wring from the heart."

"Sir," answered I with great gravity, "Suleiman the Just,[2] of glorious memory, when his subjects disapproved of his measures, used to cut off not only the tongues of the railers, but also the ears of the listeners."

"Sensible Suleiman!" exclaimed the Bey, sighing: "but I, who am not the supreme ruler of the empire, may make it my amusement to hear the various opinions on the merits of my administration."

"What can your highness expect to hear," answered I,—somewhat doubtful of the intensity of that pleasure, where every one of those opinions uniformly ended in abuse,—"but that all who make your actions the theme of their discourse, vie in expressions of equal veneration?"

"Which of my virtues are dwelt upon most at length;" resumed Mavroyeni;—"my clemency, or my contempt for money?"

This was a home question: it sounded like wishing to take flattery by storm; though thus abruptly assailed from the most vulnerable quarter, she could scarce avoid inflicting wounds, even with the utmost

wish to caress. I looked at Mavroyeni to find out whether, perchance, he only intended the query as a trap to catch the flatterer.—His countenance gave me no clue; his features were immoveable.

"Sir," said I therefore, "every one knows the natural humanity of your disposition; every one is persuaded that, if in your conduct you depart in the least from the dictates of clemency, your tender soul regrets what your trying situation commands."

"I see," rejoined Mavroyeni with a shrug of impatience, "I can extract nothing from you. Now at least let me show you I can spare your information. Let me tell you myself what people say. They call me —— a monster of rapaciousness and cruelty."

I looked surprised.

"Yes," repeated the Bey, raising his voice; "they call me as covetous as hell, and as merciless as Satan: and though you try to look astonished, you know it full well. But what you may not perhaps know quite so fully, is, that for being what I am I deserve public thanks."

Here my surprise became real, and I therefore concealed it.

"Two things," rejoined Mavroyeni, "I assume, which you will scarcely deny." . . . . . .

I was going to say: "certainly not;" but I stopped myself in time.

"The first," he continued, "is, that this province must be defended; and the second, that no man in the empire is fit to defend it but myself."

I bowed assent.

"Now," added the prince, "how am I to fortify my province against invasion, without money; and how, without money, am I to keep myself in my province? Without the sums necessary to raise soldiers and batteries, the Austrians march into Bucharest next month; and without the sums requisite to fee the Capitan-Pasha, the Visier and the Sultan, I am turned out of my principality next year. Let then my avarice light on the heads of my employers! With them, my generosity would be my only crime."

"Again;—as to cruelty," resumed he—having paused awhile to breathe. "For what purpose, do you think, has the Porte made, in my favour, the hitherto unexampled exception to its rules of joining the rank of a Turkish Seraskier[3] to the prerogatives of a Greek Hospodar? For what purpose has the Porte allowed me to command in the field several thousands of Moslem soldiers? but for that of enabling me to avert the extraordinary perils that hang over this province, by extraordinary vigour! If I then find that from all the various peculiarities in my situation, as a native of the Isles, as a stranger to the leaders of the Fanar, and as the Christian subject of a Mohammedan master, I have every

body against me, as well within the very heart of my principality as beyond its boundaries; if I see the Greek who hates me as an intruder, the Valachian who prays for the success of the Austrians, and the Mussulman who looks down upon me as a yaoor and a rayah, all unite in wishing for my subversion; if I have to defend myself against the jealousy of the first, the treachery of the second, and the fanaticism of the last; if I know that the least lenity, considered as weakness, will only encourage the audacity of my enemies, and hasten my ruin; and if I also know that with me must perish my trust,—is it not my duty to my sovereign and my province, to steady by an extraordinary pressure the jarring elements ready to fall asunder; and must I not, neglecting the petty forms of the law to do the speedier justice, wherever I can, pinion the suspected, paralyse the traitor, and cut off the criminal?"

Here Mavroyeni again stopped to draw breath, and to see what effect his oratory produced; and having established to his satisfaction the entire propriety of picking pockets, and chopping off heads, without waiting to ask the owner's leave, he passed from his affairs to mine.

"You have much employed my thoughts," said he, "since your arrival. Unfortunately, by the capitulation of these provinces, it is as difficult for a Mohammedan to obtain promotion in Valachia, as

it is elsewhere in Turkey for a Greek. Few are the offices to which Turks may be appointed; and yet I should like to give you something good in itself, and something too that might not remove you too far from my person. To combine these conditions is a purpose which I have turned every way in my mind. In short, convinced that, with your talent, it only depends on your will to succeed in any line, I make you my Divan-effendee.[4] It is only exchanging the sword for the pen."

A mere trifle, thought I:—the same turn of the wrist will do to cut a flourish on a sheet of paper and on the face of an enemy; and it would only be fancying myself in the field, marshalling a parcel of soldiers, when I sat in my closet symmetrising a set of words; and that for the same purpose too—namely, of defending ourselves, and of attacking our enemies. The ministers of the Porte would be delighted with their new correspondent, and my epistles could not fail to be preserved as models of a diplomatic style, for the use of future ages!

Too well, however, I knew the Bey's fondness for extraordinary measures to express my surprise at the proposal. "Sir," said I, bowing respectfully, "your highness has performed so many other wonders, that I consider the additional miracle of making me all at once a sober steady secretary, squatted all day long upon his heels, squaring lines and rounding periods, as only to depend upon your will: and as

my forte in the Turkish language has hitherto been confined to the vulgar dialect, I mean this very minute to go and study the court phraseology, in order that the grandees of the capital may have no fault to find with our provincial despatches."

These suggestions made the Bey reflect a little. As I prepared to take my leave: "Stop," cried he; "on second thoughts I may do better in making you my Besh-lee Aga. You will have the command of my troop of jenissaries; you will see the orders of the Sultan carried to the different districts; you will provide escorts for the great officers of the Porte; and all that, I know, you will manage to perfection. It is true, you will also have to preside in a sort of court of justice, and to decide in all differences between Mohammedans and Rayahs, according to the Mussulman code. But what of that! Where God gives an employment, he gives the requisite capacity. My Postelnic makes an excellent secretary of state,—indeed, all the better perhaps,—for not knowing how to sign his name. I find no fault with my Vestiaris, in his place of treasurer, though he never learnt the rule of three: and as to my Spatar, is he a worse minister of police, I pray, for possessing practical knowledge of how windows are broken at night, and riots made in the streets? You will do like all the rest: provide yourself with a clerk who gets less pay, and knows more of the business, than his principal; and in

every doubtful case of law, always presume the Mohammedan to be in the right; and give verdict in his favour."

I bowed as before. In truth, I liked the place of Besh-lee Aga as little as that of Divan-effendee: but I trusted to the Bey's own mutability of temper for again changing his plan. I knew the only certain way to make him persist in a design was to remonstrate. I therefore silently retired.

The next day I was again summoned. The wind meantime had, as I expected, shifted to another quarter. "Skanavi"—cried the prince, as soon as he saw me—"thinks you will make but an indifferent judge after all. He is sure, he says, you will never look grave enough in the hall, nor consent to let your mustachios turn down instead of up. I myself cannot conceive what made you so anxious for the employment. Take my word for it, the command of my arnaoots will suit you much better."

This happened to be so exactly what I thought myself, that I now felt fain to argue the point, in order to have the nail more securely clenched; but, as the mere act of revolving the expediency of this measure in my mind gave me an appearance of hesitating, it answered all the purpose. "No words!" exclaimed the Bey. "I know what suits you much better than you can pretend to do yourself. Here is your commission made out already. Take it; go

home, and thank God and the bog-fever which has left so fine a vacancy for you to step into. Your promotion will cause a few heart-burnings,—but I soon depend upon a good dose of leaden pills to cure them."

I now threw myself at the Bey's feet to thank him for his favours, and went to assume the insignia, and to perform the duties of my new station. Acquaintance was soon made with the officers of my corps; and obedience enforced somewhat later among the privates. Many had been haïdoots or banditti before they became soldiers, and seemed likely to end as they had begun; but, though they at first looked at me rather askance, we in time came—and without needing the court phraseology—to a proper understanding,

Of one who like me expected to be but little stationary, no great establishment was required. Leaving to prince Brankovano to lie in state alive in gilt keoschks, amidst troops of female slaves, I contented myself with a firwood hut for my habitation, and a few gypsies for my domestics. It is the fashion to abuse that chattering, lying, thieving, nimble race, who, invoking Mohammed among the Turks, and the Holy Virgin among the Christians, make shift in Valachia to extract gold with equal dexterity from the filth of its cities, and from the pure crystal of its mountain streams, and, if they were all to drive their waggons elsewhere, would

leave the province without singers, dancers, fiddlers, fortune-tellers, tinkers, blacksmiths, or grooms. For my part, I did not dislike their attendance. Too much despised to be honest, but too timid to commit atrocious crimes, I found them lively, entertaining, and sure to succeed in whatever requires more address than courage, and more dexterity than labour.

The disorganisation of the Othoman empire often obliges the sovereign to enforce by stratagem that absolute right over the lives of his immediate servants, which the constitution admits; and thence the government of the Turks frequently presents a strange contrast of apparent perfidy with real good faith. Its scrupulous observance of treaties is proverbial; and has been most powerfully exemplified in the Greek provinces of Valachia and Moldavia. When they surrendered to the Turkish arms they stipulated the preservation of their Greek worship and rulers; nor has the letter of the capitulation ever been violated. The governors may have been changed from the nobles of the country to the merchants of the Fanar; from men entitled to the situation by their descent, to individuals only invested with the office in consideration of their wealth; but to this day in both provinces the steeple soars above the minaret, and the worshippers of Christ take precedence of the followers of Mohammed: I mean in as far as the internal organisa-

tion is concerned; for, with regard to external allegiance, the Greek Hospodar holds his power of his sovereign by the same tenure as the Turkish Pasha. A despot in his province, he still remains the slave of the Padi-shah; and his head may at any time be included among those with which the Sultan sometimes adorns the outer gate of the seraglio,—a circumstance which, with some, might be considered as a small drawback upon the felicity of possessing a court, modelled in all its departments upon that of the Greek Emperors.

With each new Bey a whole new flight of officers of state and courtiers comes from Constantinople. They are generally the relations of their sovereign, unto the twentieth degree. Mavroyeni, however,—averring that these family leeches, the nearer their consanguinity, the harder they sucked,—had fewer hanging about him than any of his predecessors. My arrival therefore formed a desirable addition to the intimate circle. Scarce a day passed that I was not sent for by the prince, to contribute my share to his entertainment. He distrusted the Greeks and he feared the Turks. I was an amphibious animal, which he considered as equally destitute of the fins of the one and the fangs of the other. "Selim," he used to say, "will neither bite me, nor slip through my fingers."

This degree of favour, however, was not without its inconveniences. Nothing could exceed the va-

riableness of the prince's temper. Sometimes all calm and sunshine, it was at others more stormy and boisterous than the Black Sea in March. Its changes chiefly depended on the news from Constantinople. Whenever a messenger arrived from the Porte, I used to keep out of the way, until the object of his mission had transpired. One day I found the Bey as desponding as if the Fates had come in person to warn him. "See," cried he in a tone of despair, "what I have got here!"—I expected to behold nothing less than a hattee-shereef purporting his recal. It was only a Vienna gazette; and the whole misfortune consisted in an article dated from Bucharest, in which, it must be owned, he was somewhat roughly handled. "This ribaldry," exclaimed Mavroyeni, "composed in a garret on the Danube, for the entertainment of a day, will be preserved by the scribblers of Germany in their monthly, quarterly, and annual journals; will be, by the writers of the rest of Europe, chronicled as an authentic document, and will finally receive endless durability in carefully written histories, intended to go down to the latest posterity, as accurate pictures of the present times. Strangers will defame my character to all future ages, and not one of my countrymen will waste a drop of ink in my vindication. Ah! why was I cast among so vile a race! why was I born in such a miserable epoch! I had some generosity, some honest pride,

some noble sentiments in my composition; and it was only when I found modesty confounded with incapacity, and humility considered as meanness; when I saw virtue excite more distrust than vice, and successful vice usurp the praise of virtue, that I cast off qualities which could only prove stumbling-blocks in my way, and that, like the rest, I became insidious, vindictive, and faithless:—but on others fall the weight of my sins; on others the responsibility of my good dispositions depraved!"

It may be inferred from this speech, that one of Mavroyeni's great weaknesses was a desire to make a figure in history; and many were the things which he did with no other view but that of their being recorded. Many also were those which on that account he enjoyed, though, abstractedly, they had nothing else very enjoyable in them. When an earthquake happened, or an inundation, or a fire which laid waste half the capital, he would rub his hands and cry out with evident marks of glee; "Materials for the annals of my reign! Posterity will say—this happened in the days of prince Maurocenus;"—and in order that posterity might say this, he would himself, I believe, like Nero, have set fire to his capital. This thirst for posthumous notoriety gave all his actions a sort of theatrical turn, which appeared quite an anomaly in a Hospodar of Valachia, and made him do things which in Christendom would have been cried up

to the skies, and here made him pass for insane. Nothing frightened him so much as an anonymous threat of being turned into ridicule, or mentioned in a slighting manner in some Frank publication: and I know of two or three heads that were left on their shoulders, not in consideration of what the owners might feel, but of what the journalists might write. Sometimes he thought of imitating prince Kondemir, and composing the history of his time himself, in order to make sure of appearing in it as he wished; but for this he had not leisure yet, and put it off till after the war. At other times he talked of dubbing me his historiographer; but then I was not serious enough, and might make my readers laugh. At other times he had thoughts of sending for some French savant; but their heads seemed all turned by the revolution in their country, and they might raise the cry of liberty in Turkey. Meanwhile he never failed to distinguish by his attentions whomsoever he thought likely to give him celebrity in verse or prose. Bucharest would have become a nest of writers of odes and sonnets, had not sometimes the Bey's fancy been difficult to hit. For, occasionally, amidst the most lavish praise, a single word would provoke his wrath; and that word the author would be sent to correct in the salt-mines. This place was a great damper to poetic ardour, and nipped many a bright effusion in the bud. Nothing, however, under ground or

above, could daunt the courage of a little hunchback poet, who conceived himself destined to restore in modern Greece the pure Hellenic taste. This wry-necked son of Apollo was admitted to present to the Bey an ode, composed in his honour on the Pindaric plan. In conformity to his model he had despatched the prince's praise in half a dozen words, and had then passed over to the Lisbon earthquake, and the fall of Babylon, which served to eke out the remainder of his performance with as many rumbling sentences as he wanted. This, however, suited not exactly Mavroyeni's less classical ideas; and the poet, finding he did not make the impression he expected, begged of the Bey to expunge what he disliked; whereupon the Bey tore all away, save his name; observing, that that alone would say more than any rhymer could express.

The author united in his single person all the irascibility of a poet and a hunchback. He said nothing; but he sold his habitation, disposed of his moveables, and retired to the Austrian states. As soon as safe out of Mavroyeni's reach, he wrote the prince a letter, to state that he had intended to make him the hero of an epic poem;—but, that, since his verses were disliked, he should content himself with only writing in prose the history of the war, for which he had contracted with a Leipsic bookseller; and in which nothing was to be left out, but himself and his proceedings!

Meanwhile apprehensions of a very different sort from those in which the Muses had any share began to appal the stout heart of Mavroyeni. The northern frontier of his principality, immediately bordering on the Austrian states, gave him little uneasiness. This nature had sufficiently fortified, by a barrier of mountains, only interrupted by a few narrow defiles scarcely less inexpugnable than the heights on either side. The vulnerable part of Valachia consisted in its eastern boundary, which lay open to the neighbouring province of Moldavia, occupied by the Russians. Almost at the outset of the war these barbarians had entered that principality, had taken Yassi its capital, and had made prisoner Ipsilanti its Hospodar; and, though they had been since driven back upon Chotim, they threatened every day to recover the lost ground, and to advance to where only a small rivulet, running through a dead flat, separated the confines of Moldavia from those of Valachia.

To defend this line of frontier most immediately threatened, Mavroyeni had early fixed, for the rendezvous of his chief forces, upon the plain of Fockshan, which took its name from an open place on the borders of the two principalities, belonging half to the one and half to the other. Thither were ordered in April, from Bucharest, the arnaoots of which I commanded the principal division, together with as many seïmen and provincial jenissaries as

could be mustered. At the same time were marched thither from Sophia, where the Visier had now established his head quarters, several divisions of infantry and cavalry from the grand army,—the stipendiary jenissaries under the command of their Sangeaks, or generals by promotion, and the feudal spahees under that of their Agas by descent. When all were arrived, the collective force at Fockshan might amount to twelve or thirteen thousand men. Of these various troops, however, none were to be depended upon save the Albanians, brave by nature, and only deficient in tactics and in discipline. Most of the jenissaries, or infantry, came from Anadoly.[5] They were men engaged in the professions of peace, forcibly torn from their wives and families, and who only marched on foot when they could not afford a horse. The spahees, or horse soldiers, on the contrary, often only holding their zeeameth or timar[6] from some grandee as the wages of domestic service, or sent as substitutes by the real fieffee, a woman or a child, scarce knew for the most part how to sit on horseback, and would have looked better on foot. Obliged to furnish their own equipment and to find their own provisions, they were only occupied in calculating the length of their journey and the hour of their return; only stayed while the pillage of friends or foes afforded them a subsistence, and, as soon as this mode of

supply failed, considered themselves free to depart, and without asking leave, hurried back to their homes. The provisions supplied by government, and contracted for by the commanders, were, as usual, partly from neglect, and partly from fraud, at once so insufficient and so bad, that it was difficult to say which was calculated to produce the speediest mortality, their abundance, or their failure. Destitute of all regular magazines, the troops must have been, if not poisoned, at least famished, but for the immense train of volunteer tellals, or retailers, who always follow a Turkish camp, impede the progress of the army, and obstruct its retreat. When the pay of the soldiers runs short, these accommodating gentry take in exchange for the necessaries with which they supply them, their arms, their accoutrements, and their horses. Thence, on a sudden emergency, half the Turkish infantry appear disarmed, and half the cavalry dismounted.

These disorders Mavroyeni saw, but could not cure. A part only of the forces at Fockshan were furnished from his principality, and he durst not remind the remainder, by unwelcome innovations, that the man who had been raised over the heads of so many Turks and Moslemen was a yaoor and a Greek. When, however, on joining the camp, his own eyes were struck with the unwieldy and disjointed force brought together, he felt dismayed

and trembled for the issue. One day, going round with me to ascertain the observance of some new regulations, which he found wholly neglected, he could not help bursting out.—"You know, Selim," cried he, "that I am not a coward; I have sometimes given proof of bravery, even while prudence might still have seemed the virtue best suited to my station; and if at this juncture nothing but valour was required to insure victory, I should feel little fear of a defeat: but to what can one look forward with such a motley assemblage; and on what quality, pre-eminent on our side, can one found the least hope of advantage in the conflict?" "On that," answered I, trying to cheer the prince, "which the hireling member of those admirably drilled corps of Christendom—fighting for a cause he understands not, and for interests to which he is a stranger—wholly wants; on that which alone, in the undisciplined gatherings of the Turks, often compensates for every absence of order, tactics, and subordination; on that which has often made the bands, led on by its powerful stimulus, defeat double their numbers—on fanaticism! on the enthusiastic intrepidity with which the Moslim soldier contemns, nay courts in battle a death, which he regards as the sure passport to eternal bliss!"

Somewhat revived by this speech: "It is singular," replied Mavroyeni smiling, "that a Greek should be the person most desirous not to see

Turkish fanaticism abate; most anxious not to let the fair-headed hordes from the north afresh plant the cross on the banks of the Bosphorus:—but so my strange fate ordains; and this blessing I can only pray heaven in its goodness to grant!"

CHAPTER XIV.

For such a length of time had the Supreme Visier remained stationary at Sophia, that Constantinople began loudly to murmur at his inactivity. In order to restore the capital to good humour, Youssoof resolved to sacrifice a part of his army. The Bannat of Temeswar was the theatre chosen for this farce —or rather, tragedy. The attention of the few Austrian forces left in that province was, however, first to be diverted. For that purpose the commander in chief directed Mavroyeni to attack successively all the passes between Valachia and Transilvania, and sent him a reinforcement of about four thousand fresh troops, half foot and half cavalry. With these, and what other troops he could afford to draw from the camp at Fockshan, the Bey successively tried his strength, in conformity with his instructions, against the passes of Terzburg, of Vulcan, and of Rothenturm; but the expeditions against these formidable defiles all ended alike in failures, and Mavroyeni now wished to give up the destructive and hopeless attempt. The Visier was not so easily to be satisfied. Having crossed the Danube at Widdin, and skirted with his army the

western borders of Valachia, he renewed his orders to the prince to make a more vigorous assault on the still untried passes in the vicinity of Cronstadt —a rich and commercial town, whither the fugitive Boyars had sent all their treasures for safety. The Bey hereupon formed at Valeni a fresh force, consisting of about three thousand spahees, already broken in to the business by the attack of the former passes, and of about two thousand five hundred arnaoots and jenissaries, drawn fresh from the camp at Fockshan, and consequently new in this species of warfare. Some German deserters from the different passes, well acquainted with their intricacies and defence, were to serve as guides; and the pass of Bozan was the first to be attacked.

To me had been confided the conduct of the expedition: mine was to be the glory or the disgrace of the result; and accordingly I determined that nothing should be wanting which skill or vigilance (I do not mention courage) could effect to ensure complete success.

On the ninth of August I sent on from Valeni six hundred spahees, who the same day reached the vicinity of the Austrians, and threw themselves into an abandoned intrenchment opposite their lines. On the tenth I led on the principal division, composed of eight hundred arnaoots and twelve hundred more spahees. We halted within three leagues of our advanced guard, and were joined a few hours later

by the remainder of the cavalry, and by all the infantry. Early on the eleventh our whole collective force arrived under the heights of Poru-Ilke, the first object of contention.

To secure this commanding eminence was a point both essential and difficult: but, gently sloping towards the Austrian lines, it could not fail of being, on the slightest suspicion of such a design, immediately occupied by a troop of horse stationed in observation on their right flank. For the purpose of deceiving this corps I made our spahees and jenissaries advance leisurely under the hill, as if with the intention only to wind round its base; and while their lengthened column engaged the attention of the Austrians, our arnaoots attempted the most practicable part of the ascent, on the reverse of the eminence, and succeeded to drag our artillery up to its top; only halting within a few yards of the brow and of the enemy's line of sight. This manœuvre thus happily achieved, I gave the signal for all the troops still advancing in the hollow, to wheel to the right, and to scramble up the hill; and the moment the Austrian cavalry set forward in hopes to gain its summit the first, every inch of its level appeared, as if by magic, covered with our arnaoots, who, sending forth loud shouts of defiance, straightway opened their fire.

At this unexpected sight the Austrians, already in full gallop, again suddenly stopped; for a moment

looked in unutterable consternation alternately at our Albanians above, whom they dared not approach, and at our spahees below, who already baffled their pursuit; and at last again wheeled about, and, in utter despair, resumed their original position.

It was a fine thing to behold the troops, first marching silently in the hollow defile, all at once, under the cheers of their comrades perched on the impending hill, rush at full speed up its steep and rugged sides, cut their way through copse and briar, scale heights that seemed inaccessible, leap like goats from crag to crag, stumble, fall, rise again, help or push each other on—the foremost serving as stepping-stones to those behind, who, in their turn, hauled up the clusters over whose backs they had vaulted—and this amidst the thunder of the enemy's incessant fire, which our troops tried to drown in their wild and stunning shouts.

At last, with incredible labour, my left division overcame every obstacle, reached the summit of the hill, and there joined and shook hands with their comrades on the right, already in full possession of the height.

In this eligible position, commanding the Austrian lines in front, and screened in the rear by a curtain of close woven brushwood, which left the enemy equally unable to guess our numbers, and to effect our dislodgement, we spent the night. While darkness lasted the atmosphere was clear, and the

stars twinkled like diamonds in the firmament; but with the sun rose so dense a fog, that it seemed to spread an impenetrable veil before every object, and things became less visible in the morning than they had been during the night. Determined to avail myself of the impalpable screen which surrounded us, I sent our foremost spahees—still watching as well as watched from their intrenchment—to charge the Austrian horse, again immoveably fixed on the flank of the hostile lines.

Attacked on a side on which they thought themselves secure, and prevented by the fog from discerning the number of their assailants, these heroes were seized with sudden panic, took to flight at the first fire, and yielded up to my spahees their advantageous position.

Meantime I led the main body of my troops down the hill. The right side of its declivity was screened by the continuation of the copse through which my arnaoots had penetrated, the left side by that of the precipice which my jenissaries had scaled, and in front hung the mist, which equally prevented our seeing, or being seen, at ten yards distance.

A pretended Austrian deserter had engaged to point out to us the most practicable mode of turning the enemy's intrenchments. The fellow was riding by my side, but something suspicious in his manner induced me closely to watch his motions. Suddenly I saw him waver, pull up his horse, pre-

tend to turn aside for some frivolous purpose, and, thinking the moment was his, dart forward, rush by me, and run away at full speed.

Our approach, our numbers, and our disposition would, thanks to his agility, have been announced to the enemy just at the critical moment. I immediately pursued my fugitive, and fired both my pistols at him: but the fog prevented my taking aim, or even seeing where the traitor went. He soon vanished out of sight.

Little however did his deceit avail him. I scarce had proceeded fifty yards, ere I heard a heavy plunge down the precipice, from the bottom of which, as I advanced, arose dismal groans. They told me the fate of the double deserter. The fog had only saved him from being shot, to make him break his neck.

In pursuing the scoundrel, however, I had got on some way in front of my men, and, on doubling a projecting crag, I all at once found myself in the midst of a cluster of Austrian hussars. Come forth from their lines for the purpose of reconnoitring, they had been attracted towards us by the firing of my pistols—the only warlike sound which had broken the silence of our march; but had prudently stopped behind this screen of jutting rocks.

At this rencontre I gave myself up for lost. Still I determined to make some little attempt at an escape, ere I surrendered at discretion. "Friends," I therefore cried, to the troop, in Italian, "so you

heard my signal!—Assist a flying Christian, rid me of my turban, and let me have a hat."

At this address all cheered me with loud huzzas. Every cap was waved in air;—but while by that means every arm was engaged, I seized my time. Already the tramp of our horse shook the ground. Suddenly I wheeled about, and quick as lightning galloped back to my column. A volley of musketry, it is true, followed, to slacken my speed; but the balls only whizzed about my ears: none hit my person; and the hussars, not liking to fight in a fog, immediately sheered off.

We had scarcely advanced a hundred yards further, when the mist all at once cleared up, the hidden landscape became visible, and, within a pistol shot of our column, rose in full sight before us the whole extent of the Austrian lines. A tremendous fire from every battery immediately saluted me. I only answered the compliment by giving the signal for the assault; and while the body of spahees who had dislodged the enemy's cavalry fell upon their lines in flank, we stormed them in front.

Our arnaoots scrambled, with the help of their sabres, up the steep sides of the batteries, and our jenissaries extracted with their teeth the matches from the guns. The palisades were broken down, and the chevaux-de-frize filled up with the slain:—for many were the brave that fell between the first assault and the forcing of the lines. At last the enemy's

fire began to slacken, and their numbers diminished. A breach was made, and from all sides our troops poured in like a resistless torrent. But, though we beheld heaps of killed, we found nothing alive. The Austrians had fled with such precipitation, as not even to spike the guns which they could not carry off.

On advancing to the custom-house and other buildings which lay behind the now mastered fortifications, they too appeared abandoned. From the high ground which these edifices occupied, the Austrians might distinctly be discerned, already at a considerable distance, trying to gain the narrow part of the defile which separated us from the frontier town of Cronstadt.

Harassed as we were, I still wished the pursuit to suffer no interruption. We therefore continued to press close upon the heels of the fugitives. It is true that in the ravine which we were entering, three hundred men in close order might with ease have arrested a whole army; but, seized with a panic which grew as they advanced, every man among the Austrians was flying singly. One troop indeed of about thirty had kept together, and tried for a moment to check our progress. It only succeeded to increase the bloodshed, and was soon entirely cut to pieces.

Presently, on turning some projecting ground, we beheld at a distance the outlet of the defile; and at the now almost undoubted certainty of pushing on to

Cronstadt without interruption, a general shout of joy arose among our men.

The only thing in the prospect which we did not much like was a fancied appearance of some of the enemy, till now in full retreat, slackening their pace soon after, to halt and face about. At first indeed we doubted the accuracy of our optics, but presently we no longer could help yielding to the evidence of our senses.

On the first intelligence which had reached Cronstadt of the danger that had threatened the pass of Bozan, three thousand men,—nearly all the place contained,—had been despatched to strengthen this important outpost. Early on its march the first division of these troops met the foremost of the fugitives, and learning from them that the lines had been evacuated, pressed on, in hopes to stop our progress ere we had cleared the defile. All their comrades whom they fell in with, were forced to turn back with them: only they were placed in the rear of the new comers, in order that our exhausted strength might have chiefly to contend with their own still undiminished vigour.

Little indeed were we in a condition to resist a charge of fresh cavalry, when, from the distant eminence on whose brow these new troops first rose in sight, they bore down upon us with all the advantage of a continued declivity. Still I resolved to make a stand, thinking the corps a small one; but

when, just as we had engaged with this first division, a second, till then concealed in a hollow, appeared on the hill, I felt the game was up, and not a moment must be lost in making good our retreat.

On the first symptoms of the enemy's rallying, I had judged my harassed men in need of some extraordinary support. With this view I infused into them copious draughts of courage in a liquid shape. It did its office; speedily reached the heart, and mounted to the brain. A small party became so inflamed by its inspiration with the wish to gain heaven the nearest way, that, not content to be quietly killed on the spot, they even climbed up a ledge of rocks overhanging the road, whence they contrived, by means of trees, stones, &c. hurled down the precipice, to retard the progress of the Austrians, while the rest of our troops effected in tolerable order their retrograde motion; so that, after setting on fire the contumace,[1] and abandoning the dearly purchased intrenchments, we were enabled, with little additional loss, to regain the Valachian territory.

Seeing that the impending night prevented the enemy from pursuing us on our own ground, we now slackened our pace, and in a more leisurely manner proceeded back to Valeni.

One thing affected my troops very sensibly: it was the losing in the retreat most of the prisoners which they had made in the pursuit. The stoutest

and most active had found means to recover their liberty in the first confusion of our flight: the wounded and the disabled alone had remained in our hands; but these only impeded our march. Half of them, however, had the discretion soon to die of their own accord by the way; and those that seemed perversely determined to live on, for no other purpose but to give us trouble, found their proceeding of little advantage to themselves. They were mostly submitted to the operation of having their upper extremities severed from the remainder of their bodies, in order that the latter might encumber their captors no longer, and the former only be saved for the sake of the reward. I tried, indeed, to keep a few of the best looking heads fast on their shoulders; but it was a business in which my men felt extremely jealous of my interference. "They liked," they said, "to settle it their own way."

We were marching on pell-mell in the dark, when, arrived at a somewhat uneven pass, we found a saddle horse tied to a tree. My arnaoots recognised the animal as the steed of one of their comrades, who had gone on before with a Hungarian officer badly wounded, whom he wished to preserve—not so much from excess of humanity, as for the sake of his ransom. A few yards farther on, we stumbled upon a man lying in the road. Him I first supposed to be the Hungarian, who, unable to keep body and soul together on so rough a journey, had given up

the ghost, and had been left in that place, as unworthy of further conveyance. On examining more closely, it proved to our utter astonishment to be the arnaoot himself, quite dead, and with a deep gash in his side. As to the officer, no trace of him appeared.

The only idea which naturally suggested itself to my mind was that some of my Albanians had themselves despatched their companion, for the sake of his envied prize; but this surmise I did not think it expedient to publish. The party around me all were, or pretended to be convinced, that Kara Mustapha must have been murdered by his own prisoner; and I was forced at last to grant that nothing seemed so likely to put a fellow of Kara Mustapha's size and strength off his guard, as a man half dead, bound hands and feet, and flung like a clothes-bag across his horse's shoulders.—"Nay, so proud," added I, "does the culprit seem to have been of his achievement, that he has not even taken the murdered man's horse to assist him in his flight, but has walked away on foot, leaving the animal secured, on purpose to tell the tale of his prowess!"

My arnaoots paid little attention to this remark; but hearing something stir among the bushes, all ran to the spot, and found the Hungarian, whom they had supposed far away, lying behind a tuft of trees, with his clothes half torn off; and, what seemed more surprising, they found not my suspicions but their own confirmed!—the officer himself, when

accused of having killed his captor, scorning to deny the charge, and looking with a sort of complacency at the ensanguined blade of the knife with which he had done the deed, and which he still held firmly grasped in his hand.

"Wretch," now cried I, indignantly, in Italian, "what could induce you to murder the preserver of your life?"

"Its cold-blooded destroyer, rather call him," answered the officer, in a voice almost extinct.—"Finding that I encumbered his horse, and could not go on foot, the miscreant wanted to strip and then to kill me. A cutlass still lay concealed along my thigh. My hands being untied to take off my jacket, I drew out the knife unperceived, and, while the ruffian leaned over me to unclasp my belt, buried the trusty blade in his heart; then raised myself and tried to mount his horse. The task exceeded my strength: feeling I could not accomplish it, I crept to these bushes, to die among them unperceived. Alas! even this, I find, is denied me."

Fast as the officer's life seemed fleeting away, yet were the arnaoots, in their thirst to revenge one of their own body, still going to hasten its departure, when I interposed, and, clasping their intended victim in my arms, tried to avert their sullen rage. During his narration, I had imagined I recognised in the dying man's disfigured countenance that of an old acquaintance—I may say, a sort of bene-

factor. I remembered in the days of my *cicerone-ship* at Pera a young gentleman from Hermanstadt, attached to the imperial mission, who had shown me much kindness. He was then, from his extraordinary beauty, called the Hungarian Apollo; and indeed was one of the finest youths I had ever beheld; nor less brave than handsome, or less amiable than brave. As a faithful biographer of other people's lives as well as my own, I am indeed forced to acknowledge that, where a fine eye shot forth its keenest darts, the heart of my Hungarian was a little too vulnerable; that too many of the premature fruits which happened to ripen on the Bosphorus were laid at his door; that the infant son of an embassadress of the highest rank—a child beautiful as an angel—bore to the son of Herman much too great a resemblance; and that he was even supposed to have behaved in a way far from respectful to the venerable Pasha of Erzerum, one day that, suddenly seized at Boyookderé[2] in the midst of all the diplomatic beaux and belles, by a troop of bostandjees—blindfolded, whipped into a close araba, and whirled no one knew whither—he was in fact conveyed to the summer palace of this worthy Pasha's truant spouse; a lady of the imperial blood, and less tender of her distant husband's feelings than she ought to have been:—but, in many of these instances, Miazinsky, as it were, only yielded to positive violence; was often the first to

deplore his personal attractions; went no further than was necessary to prevent a parcel of angels from exposing themselves in public; and, far from confining his charitable exertions to young and handsome females, showed such general benevolence, that scarce an act of humanity of any description came to light at Pera, which might not be brought home to the blushing Hungarian:—though, from equal solicitude to conceal his kind-hearted exertions of the latter as of the former species, his stolen marches often obtained the full praise of gallantry, when, in fact, they only deserved credit for vulgar goodness.

While, however, the youth's discretion continued unimpeached,—insomuch as even to offend the vanity rather than excite the apprehensions of certain of his fair friends,—his courage seemed on one occasion entirely to forsake him. It was at a gay supper with various foreigners. Another *jeune de langue*[3]—envious of his more favourable reception in a quarter where both had been candidates for sweet smiles—insulted him very grievously, and even went so far as to add to opprobrious language, contemptuous and threatening gestures. Every person looked aghast, expecting to see weapons of death drawn across the very supper table, and the yet untouched dainties deluged in blood: but to the amazement of all beholders, the Hungarian,

though reddening up to the eyes, continued otherwise unmoved, and made no signs of demanding satisfaction. I alone, who happened to be leaning over the back of a chair next to his own, knew what to think: for when a neighbour asked him in a whisper, how he could put up with such behaviour, I heard him answer in a suppressed tone, "Why disturb the short pleasure of so many cheerful guests? first let us finish this good supper, and then cut each others throats!"

And so in fact it was arranged. Never did Miazinsky's antagonist digest the good cheer of that night. Ere the dawn arose, Miazinsky most religiously killed him, begged—ere he expired—his pardon for so doing; and then threw himself at his embassador's feet, to relate to him the necessity he had been under of removing his colleague. The Baron advised the youth *not* to wait for his answer, —a hint which he took: but as he was a favourite with all the family, the daughters included, and had the concurring testimony of the whole supper table to his unimpeachable behaviour, the single life which he had taken was excused in favour of the many he had saved or bestowed; and his pardon was, through dint of great interest, at last obtained. Still was he obliged to relinquish the diplomatic career for which he seemed little qualified; but, having shown greater aptitude for the military profession,

he failed not, in consequence of his high character and good conduct, as soon as the affair blew over, to obtain rapid promotion in the army.

Not only all these circumstances, but the person to whom they related, were still most distinctly impressed upon my memory. I still saw the youth at Pera, as he entered the Internuncio's drawing-room—his fine athletic figure set off to the greatest advantage by his close Hungarian dress—striking every person present with the grace and elegance of his appearance, and causing every fan to flutter, and every female feature to glow. I even remembered that, little as I was apt to envy others for their looks, I had once run to a large mirror, in order to compare notes with the dazzling stranger; and, though the poor creature now lying naked at my feet, encrusted with clotted blood and dust,—his eyes half closed, and his pallid features all indented with scars,—differed most wofully in many respects from the brilliant image imprinted in my mind, yet did I discern in a few others such strong marks of identity, that I could only satisfy myself by asking at once, whether I beheld the count Miazinsky, formerly in the Austrian mission at Pera.

At these words the dying officer again opened his languid eyes, and looking at me earnestly, as if in his turn to find out who could thus recognize him in his present miserable condition, faintly answered,

"I am he indeed: but you, who ask the question, may I know who you are?"

"One," I replied, "whom, in the number of those you were eager to serve, you may not recollect; but one who cannot forget you, and would wish to do for your comfort what little this dreary place may leave in his power."

Then turning to my arnaoots, who grinned with impatience at the constraint imposed upon their fury: "The Prophet," I exclaimed, "has given the faithful the choice of making their enemies captives, or of killing them on the spot; but he allows not his followers to begin with the one, and to end with the other. To this officer his poor remnant of life had been granted. It could not be retaken from him. In defending it against his aggressor, he has only made use of his undoubted right. He had therefore reconquered his freedom, when again I seized upon his person.—He now is mine alone; and whoever shall at present dare to attempt his life, robs me of my property, and shall have me to account with for the deed!"

The assertion was true, and the tone caused its truth to be respected. Proceeding to do for the officer what little the untoward circumstances of the hour and place permitted, I made him swallow a few drops of the wine we had found in the house of contumace. On its wetting his lips, he seemed for

an instant to revive, and exclaimed: "Alas! it is my own Menesh you are giving me; that to which I used to treat my most valued comrades. I may now drink it myself. Never more shall I behold a friend to make welcome to this cordial!"—and in truth, the transient spark of seeming amendment which enlivened the stranger's countenance was only a last gleam of the expiring lamp.

I wished to have tarried with him on the spot till daylight, or to have had him conveyed on in a litter to where we meant to halt; but the proposal to carry an infidel on Islamite shoulders, even though I offered to take my turn with the rest, was received by my proud Moslemen with such haughtiness, that I durst not insist. All I could do for the poor Hungarian was to have him laid across a baggage-mule, and to walk by his side; trying with one hand to steady his body, while with the other I supported his head.

In this position I saw him, as we marched on, by degrees grow fainter and fainter. At last, on some inward anxiety appearing to agitate his mind, I again stopped; and—in order that he might be relieved of what made his fleeting soul depart in such sadness—conjured him to confide to me his utmost thoughts and wishes.

"Then would you," said he at last, after some hesitation, and collecting all his remaining strength to speak more intelligibly,—"would you do a dying

man one last great favour, which God and your own heart alone can repay?"

"Any thing in my power;" I eagerly answered.

"God bless you!" replied he.—"Observe; my mother's address there is not time to give you. But knowing me, you will easily discover it. Send, oh! send her—with a son's last duty, love, and gratitude—the account of my death, and a lock of my hair; and beg of her to divide that last token—too well she knows where, and with whom!"

This request I pledged myself punctually to perform: then tried to administer the only consolation in my power—that of sympathy. Pressing the youth in my arms: "I feel," exclaimed I, "how hard it is to quit life in a strange land, far away from the endearments of parents and of friends."

"Of these," answered the Hungarian, "I might have been deprived even dying nearer home; and it then would have been with greater bitterness. Here, at least, I can fancy all I miss,—and the idea soothes my soul during the few yet remaining minutes, after which it no longer will signify where Miazinsky ceased to be!"

Tears started from my eyes: they fell on the officer's wan cheek. A slight pressure of his hand told me he felt their value, and thanked the giver for them. Soon however his breath almost became imperceptible. At last a sort of convulsive tremor

ran through all his limbs, and again vanished. I examined his countenance. The moon, which had just risen in her full splendor, cast a bright gleam over his features. I saw him again open his eyes, and fix them upon me with an expression of gratitude, which his palsied lips could no longer confirm. He however seized the hand I held clasped round his waist, made a sort of feeble effort to bring it to his mouth, once more uttered a faint sigh, stretched out his limbs, and died.—Eternal bliss attend his departed spirit!

His poor remains I wished to have preserved entire, in order to honour their funeral with decent rites; but on that subject my arnaoots were intractable. Forced, therefore, to content myself with the ample braids of the youth's raven hair, which I claimed for the purpose he had specified, I let my Albanians dispose as they chose of the remainder of his person.

After marching almost the whole night without interruption, we stopped just before daybreak to take a little rest. Having thus somewhat refreshed ourselves, we again proceeded, and towards the evening re-entered Valeni;—little thanked for laurels which, though we certainly reaped, we could not carry home; and only loaded with a few heads, which I would have felt little sure of not being those of my own slain arnaoots, bagged by their

greedy companions, were it not that Moslem warriors prudently shave their polls. Should my reader feel disposed to quarrel with my very minute account of this expedition, let him remember that I write principally for my own amusement; and to me, what event of the war could be so interesting as the affair of Bozan, of which I was the hero?

At Valeni, we soon received intelligence that not only that defile, but all the other passes into Transilvania were fortified in such a way as to preclude all further chance of retrieving our disappointment. The scheme of forcing them was therefore given up, and soon I received orders to march all the troops back to Fockshan, where from all quarters fresh clouds seemed to be gathering.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE Russians under Romanzow had early in the season retaken Yassi. The Austrians under Coburg had advanced to Adjood. So far from heeding a Bimbashee[1] with about eighteen hundred men, whom Mavroyeni sent about the middle of October to dislodge from that place their out-posts, they still pushed on, and at last took possession of the town of Fockshan. Valachia now seemed in the utmost danger: the approaching winter alone suspended its fate. The combined armies, considering the entire occupation of Moldavia as progress sufficient for that year, went into quarters. Yassi became the resting-place of the Russians; Coburg staid at Romano; while we remained, not entirely at ease, in our camp near Fockshan.

On the other side of Valachia things wore not a more favourable aspect. Youssoof Visier had, by his irruption in the Bannat of Temeswar, successively elated the empire to the highest pitch of joy, and plunged it into the deepest affliction. So sudden had been the reduction of the province, and so great the terror spread by the Visier's success, that

Buda, nay the Austrian capital itself, already fancied the Turks at its gates:—but a mightier hand than that of man marked Mehadieh as the utmost point of Youssoof's progress. Under the walls of that fortress the pestilential influence of a low marshy country, doubly envenomed by a season unusually wet, carried off his men in such numbers, that, in order to preserve a few, he was obliged abruptly to abandon his conquests. With the same speed with which he had led into the Bannat a numerous and exulting army, he led out of it a handful of troops enfeebled by disease; and was compelled, at the close of the year, to conclude with the Austrians for the three first months of that ensuing, a mortifying armistice.

The confidence of the Turks in their naval commander had experienced an equally complete revulsion. When, early in the spring of 1788, Hassan Çapitan-Pasha, with eighteen ships of the line, twenty frigates, and gun-boats innumerable, sailed up the Euxine to seek the Russian squadron near Kinburn, the whole empire augured from his valour and his force the most brilliant success. But when, as month succeeded month, defeat followed defeat; —when first Hassan's gun-boats were destroyed by Nassau in the Liman; when, next, his fleet was repulsed with considerable loss by Paul Jones at Gluboka; and when, lastly, his entire armament was annihilated by these two commanders united off

Kinburn,—terror and dismay gradually filled each Moslem heart, all clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and all saw the hand of Providence raised against the breakers of the peace.

What then became the consternation of the faithful, when, on the seventeenth of December, Potemkin took the important fortress of Ockzakow! The shock produced by this event baffles all powers of description,—and, after a year marked by the imminent danger of Valachia, the loss of Moldavia, the destruction of the Turkish army, the annihilation of the Othoman fleet, an inglorious armistice concluded with Austria, and a bulwark of the empire lost to the Russians, calamities seemed destined not to cease until the race of Othman should have been driven out of Europe. The populace of Constantinople, whose discontent at these distant defeats was still inflamed by the detachments from the Visier's army, which daily under their own eyes repassed the Bosphorus in the most shattered condition, now with as loud a clamour demanded Youssoof's head, as before they had demanded his appointment.

Meanwhile, renouncing all further schemes of offensive warfare, the Visier determined to concentrate his forces as much as possible for the defence of the empire itself. He sent Mavroyeni five thousand additional men, which, distributed between Ardgis, Rimnik, Brankovano, Valeni, and Kimpina,

seemed to render secure the frontier of the principality; and himself, during the suspension of hostilities, marched into Bessarabia.

Already was he lifting his hand, to strike from this new point a blow in Moldavia, which promised us not only a return of security but a renewal of success, when an event took place which damped all our hopes and paralysed all our strength.

This was the demise—unannounced by any previous warning—of the Sultan Abd-ool-Hameed, and the accession of his nephew Selim. Without the smallest preparation for so great a change, this young prince suddenly passed, on the 7th of April, 1789, from the confinement of the harem, to the throne of the Turkish despots.

Like all other rulers in the ardour of youth, Selim the third was eager to undo all that his predecessor had done; and scarce had his beard attained a fortnight's growth,[2] when the two chief favourites of his uncle, Youssoof and Hassan, were suddenly removed from their exalted situations. Some difference, however, marked the manner. Hassan's age, his long services, and his former successes, still inspired for the veteran hero a sort of habitual veneration, which the new monarch durst not wholly disregard. His disgrace was disguised under the semblance of a new favour. While the Capitana Bey,[3] Geretlu Husseïn, stepped into his place of High Admiral, he rose to that of Beglier-bey of

Roumili: but, not only was he removed from what seemed his proper element; he was commanded to march as Seraskier of the army of Bessarabia, and to recover the lost fortress of Ockzakow. Youssoof, less rooted in the affections of the nation, received a more unqualified dismissal. From the rank of supreme Visier he was degraded to that of Pasha of Widdin; while, the more to envenom the sting, the governor of that city, his inveterate enemy, was raised in his place to the supreme Visirate. This new commander in chief bore the sirname of Djenazé, or the dead, from the state which his extreme ill health made him seem fast approaching.

As to Mavroyeni, he experienced not any immediate change in his situation. While danger was rife and energy required, he could not be spared; but the fall of his patron let loose all the forked tongues of envy, and a store of accusations was laid in, to be preferred against him at the first favourable opportunity. In fact, there was not a crime or an error which his enemies did not lay to his charge. He had mismanaged matters of which ministers never gave him the direction, embezzled sums which the treasury never sent, and cut off heads, not even for a moment absent from the shoulders of their legitimate owners. Indeed, if truth lies between the two extremes, he might be proved to have been a perfect character, from labouring at

the same time under the most opposite and incompatible charges; for he was at once rapacious and profuse, timid and foolhardy, precipitate and dilatory, too lenient and too severe, a bigot and an infidel. But if therefore it seemed not so easy to determine in what precisely consisted his guilt, it was not the less evident that the punishment was inevitable, and would be inflicted as soon as the sentence, already pronounced *in petto*, could safely be executed. Of this circumstance Mavroyeni himself appeared fully sensible: and as in every Greek who departed from Bucharest he beheld an informer going to give fresh evidence against him, so, in every Turk who arrived in the place, he saw only a messenger of his disgrace.

Thus situated; knowing that, the instant his principality was lost, he too must fall; and yet hopeless of assistance from the new Visier,—rather anxious for his discomfiture than eager for his success, he exhausted all his private treasure in raising at his own expense a fresh body of troops, and, with what more men and ammunition he was able to withdraw from the force at Fockshan, marched to Rimnik, there to organise an attack to be made the same day on all the passes into Transilvania: hoping that, distracted by the multiplicity of points to defend, the enemy might in some one or other prove vulnerable. He himself undertook to con-

duct the expedition against the pass of Temesch: but whether the Austrians were informed of his approach or only suspected his design, they met it by so vigorous a sally from their lines, that, before he could issue the final orders for a general attack, he was repulsed and forced back with considerable loss upon Gloyest. The scheme thus defeated ere time had been given it to ripen, Mavroyeni recalled his troops from the Hungarian confines, and returned much dispirited to Rimnik, which henceforth he made his head-quarters.

At the very outset of the affair of Temesch I had been wounded in the thigh, by a ball not sufficiently spent to save the bone from a tedious and painful exfoliation. Thus disabled for some time from serving, I left Rimnik, and returned to Bucharest, whither the Bey's own surgeon—the only carver of human limbs in the principality who knew a shin bone from a drum-stick—was sent once or twice to forward my cure.

In what way, soon after the minor events here described, Coburg and the Austrians, twice threatened by the Turks with annihilation, were twice saved by the unexampled diligence and bravery of Suwarrow, are events preserved from oblivion in the imperishable annals of general history, and which therefore I need not detail. Such at Rimnik was the rout of the Turks, notwithstanding Djenazé the commander—too ill to sit on horseback—held up the

koran from his carriage, and ordered the cannon to be fired on his own retreating troops, that the whole Othoman camp fell into the hands of the enemy, while the very course of the Danube became obstructed by the number of waggons and corpses, drowned in the Visier's flight across its ensanguined tide.

For a considerable time before this decisive event, Bucharest had been in that hopeless state—not devoid perhaps of its peculiar luxury—in which people, reckless of a future they may never witness, yield without further restraint to every wildest suggestion of the present moment, and, induced by the contemplation of inevitable ruin, rush with premeditated thoughtlessness into all the bold merriment of despair. Men and women who never before had dared to throw off the trammels of public opinion, and had measured every movement, studied every gesture, and settled every look, until it was become impossible any longer to tell how nature had first moulded their pliant metal, now resumed their original air, and carriage, and tone; and now for the first time cast away the irksome shackles of society, to display the genuine bent of their character. No longer listening to prudential considerations, which no longer could repay the sacrifices they cost, the irascible now yielded to their temper, the coarse to their brutality, the malignant to their spite, the covetous to their love of rapine, nay even the prudes to their longing for

open and unrestrained gallantry. I remember in particular one lady, who, besieged by a numerous troop of admirers, seemed, at the first opening of the campaign, to defy every form of blockade or of storm; but whose virtue exactly kept pace with the events of the war. At every check our forces met with, her severity relaxed: each battle lost removed some former scruple; and the bulletins from the army were the billet-doux in which her lovers might read their chance of success. Unapproachable while Youssoof's irruption in the Bannat was the theme of every conversation; cold as ice during the attack upon the Transilvanian passes, she began to relent after the affair of Temesch: after the battle of Fockshan she bade her lovers hope; and the defeat of Rimnik became the signal for her unconditional surrender—"She had not the presumption," she said, "to think, that, on the loss of a province, the overthrow of her poor virtue could be of any consequence!"

Equally modest were, on the score of their character, most of Mavroyeni's courtiers: they deemed their reputation full as little worth preserving as the lady. The most straight forward conduct in that respect was that of the Bey's own nephews, his Grammaticus and his Cameraz. These two youths agreed in conceiving that on their employments leaving them, they might fairly leave their employer. The only difference was in their mode of conducting

the process. When affairs began to look unpromising the Grammaticus begged to resign his office; the Cameraz, on the contrary, swore that he would never ask to quit his benefactor. Nor did he:—for he went without leave. If however some public personages deserted the capital before the Prince thought of moving, others, by way of compensation, staid very quietly when he went away. I mistake: as he went out at one gate of the city to retire to Turkey, his Boyars went out at the other, to meet and to welcome the Austrians, who immediately after the battle of Rimnik marched to his capital.

For my part, though I do not desire to boast of my fidelity, and might have pleaded for staying, the bad grace with which—owing to my still festering wound—I must limp in the Bey's suite, I stupidly followed my patron. My great fear was that of seeing him miserably dejected, on quitting a sovereignty which he had laboured so hard to obtain: but in this I was agreeably disappointed. After the depression produced by his successive defeats, the bustle and excitement of the journey rather caused in his spirits a sort of exhilaration.—"Who ever ascended a throne," cried he, as we went out at the gates, "to sit at his ease? Who, that feared for his head, ever accepted a Sultan's favours?—Come death when it may, I have lived to be a Prince!"

This temper lasted till we reached the Danube.

Arrived in sight of that noble stream, which a few years before he had crossed in the first bloom of his grandeur, and which now again he was to cross in the decline of his fortunes, stripped of all his dearly purchased honours, a fugitive and a presumptive criminal, Mavroyeni—prince as he had lived to be—paused, cast back a wistful look, and, unable to tear himself away at once from the object of his life's long cherished schemes, refused to proceed further, until informed that Coburg had actually entered his capital. Bad news never lacks wings: he soon heard how the victors had been hailed by the nobles of the country; then bade his principality adieu for ever, and stepped into the boat.

Out of evil sometimes comes good. Djenazé, with the battle of Rimnik, also lost the Visirate: but, being called the dead already, Selim probably thought it not worth while to take his life. Having, however, in consequence of his lieutenant's reverses and those of his other commanders, conceived a surfeit of the war, the Sultan now conferred the high office vacated on Hassan, our old Capitan-Pasha, whose pacific dispositions suited his sovereign's change of sentiments. Immediately on his appointment the new visier proceeded to the head-quarters at Schumlah, whither, with reviving hopes and spirits, now likewise went Mavroyeni, to meet his ancient master.

It would have delighted a stoic to see these two

old personages, who so well understood each other, greet, and wag their beards together. Such, it is said, was their emotion on first embracing, as absolutely to force from their features of brass a few iron tears. None however remain to confirm the assertion. In fact, the Prince and the Pasha were all in all to each other. To Hassan the assistance of Mavroyeni seemed the pledge of diplomatic success; while to Mavroyeni the support of Hassan seemed positively as essential as physical existence. But short, alas, was the joy! Hassan, like Moses, had been destined to view from afar only the object of all his wishes, the end of all his toils—the long sought, and at last remotely glimmering peace. Fate had ordained that he should not witness its consummation. After a whole winter spent in arduous and tiresome negotiations, an armistice was only just agreed upon, when, on the twentieth of March 1790 Ghazi Hassan, after a few hours illness, ended as others do his long and brilliant career. His enemies were accused of having shortened his life;—but he was ninety when he died.

Of Hassan nothing now remains save his memory. This however will endure in all its splendor while the Turkish empire lasts. The single cloud[4] which dims the setting sun cannot produce forgetfulness of the many hours during which it shed its undiminished radiance! As a youth, I witnessed Hassan's expedition to the Morea. More matured,

I followed him in that to Egypt. His history, his achievements exerted over my destinies that remote but unceasing influence which the luminary of the world exerts alike over all the living things of the earth, whether he directly gladdens them with his aspect, or whether, lighting up other regions, he be hidden from their view. As I beheld the meridian glory, so I beheld the last refulgence of his dazzling career; and not only while Hassan lived did my fate remain indirectly linked to his fortunes, but even at his death did the mournful chill which pervaded the empire extend its benumbing influence to my remote and narrow orbit. Of the brightness which he poured forth in his zenith, a few beams had been reflected upon my humble person, and the long shadow he left at his decline, involved my fate likewise in its wide extending darkness.

His demise again raised the hopes and views of the party inclined for the war. A simple Aga of Rustchook was appointed his successor, merely because, many years before, this turbulent Moslemin had contrived to raise a quarrel with prince Repnin, when that nobleman passed through his town as messenger of peace. Private animosity was considered the pledge of military skill. I need scarcely add, that in proportion as Hassan had been a friend to Mavroyeni, Hassan's successor thought himself bound to be his rancorous enemy: but

Mavroyeni had a secret enemy, not in the least distrusted by him, far more dangerous than all that stood confessed,—and this was himself.

The ever present foe in question—whose councils uniformly prevailed over those of all his friends,—had contrived by degrees wholly to estrange him from his nephew Stephan, the then drogueman of the fleet: and not without reason; inasmuch as the said Stephanos—one of those anomalous beings, who prefer the lower niches of office where unassuming industry plods on unmolested, to its higher pinnacles where ambition sits rocking in the lap of danger—in order the better to watch the course and to counteract the consequences of the intrigues carried on against his uncle, had with unheard-of obstinacy himself wholly abstained from intriguing; and neither exhausted his strength in idle clamour, nor exasperated his enemies by useless invective.

A behaviour so different from his own could not but appear suspicious to that sagacious uncle:—he determined that it should not avail his too moderate nephew; and the man who never above nor ever below the duties of his office, had seen Ghazi Hassan succeeded in the command of the navy by Hassan of Crete, and Hassan of Crete by Husseïn the Georgian; and had still under the minion of the Sultan as under the idol of the people, preserved unimpaired and unimpeached his fidelity towards his principals as well as his devotion to his kindred, was by his

infatuated relation, in consideration of all his good qualities, and in return for all his great services, devoted to feel the last effects of his now almost powerless animosity. What little wealth and influence Mavroyeni still possessed, was destined by him to purchase his nephew's disgrace—and, if necessary, his death.

Frightened at this resolution, the execution of which must render inevitable the ruin of the prince and of all his adherents, I went to him, and without much circumlocution set forth all the consequences of his rash design. But, soured by disappointment, Mavroyeni was become incapable of dispassionate reasoning. He resembled one who, while ascending a precipice and only looking upwards, has proceeded on with a collected mind and a firm and steady pace, but who, when again descending he sees the whole abyss before him, grows giddy, and from the very apprehension of danger, plunges headlong into destruction. Offended at my boldness, but unable to refute my arguments, he only involved me in the ill-founded mistrust which his faithful agent had incurred, and answered my remonstrances with abuse. "You are all villains alike;" cried he, foaming with rage.—"All engaged in the same plot; all leagued against my life; all watching open-mouthed for my expected spoil!"

My breath was not wasted in useless refutations

of so unmerited a reproach. I only stated that if the prince persisted in obliging his enemies, by removing the last prop of his house, his friends must provide for their own safety;—and left him to profit by the warning.

But to no purpose!—for he persisted in demanding the dismissal of his nephew; and as the favour he solicited was precisely of that description which his bitterest enemies were the most anxious to see realised, he soon obtained his wish. Stephan, his relation and his friend, was dismissed, and, in order that the change might be more sensibly felt, Handgerly, who had pursued him with the most inveterate hatred, was appointed in his nephew's place.

I would now have been fully justified in retiring immediately; but two motives still operated to prolong my stay:—some silly remains of attachment for an old though unjust patron, and some reluctance to resign my commission, justas the cure of my wounds allowed me to resume my duty.

It is true my services seemed little likely to be wanted any longer. The pacific influence which for an instant was seen to hover over the Turkish councils had winged its way northward, and had settled permanently on those of Austria. Joseph the second, the author of the war—who, through his ill judged mode of enforcing designs salutary in themselves, had driven to open rebellion all his dominions from

the Danube to the Scheld—Joseph the second was no more! After quenching the flame he had raised, by cancelling at one stroke on his death-bed all the toilsome reforms of his whole life, he had resigned his breath under the pressure of every public calamity and private distress, which could embitter the last moments of a man replete at once with pride and feeling; and Leopold, his brother and his successor, reluctantly transferred from the peaceful banks of the Arno to all the storms that raged round the Imperial throne, had already infused among the Austrian troops a spirit so different, that, during the whole of the summer, they contented themselves with quietly looking at the Turks across the Danube; when, unluckily, the Pasha of Widdin—the ever restless Youssoof—mistook this desire of tranquillity for a proof of weakness, and determined with his own forces and those of Mavroyeni, to dislodge the enemy from his neighbourhood. He summoned the Bey to join him with his remaining troops; and the Bey came at his call.

On the fourteenth of August Youssoof ordered Mavroyeni's division to pass the river; intending—as soon as this detachment should be sufficiently intrenched near the village of Kalafath, by which it was covered—to follow with the remainder of his army, higher up the stream; so as to place the enemy between two fires. But the uncourteous enemy suffered not this scheme to ripen, and advancing un-

perceived in the night, attacked us on the twenty-sixth of the month, at dawn of day, with very superior numbers. It is true that, by availing myself of some high ground which we commanded to turn the flank of the Austrians and to fall upon their rear, I made them believe for a moment that our plan had succeeded, and that Youssoof himself was giving them chase: but this diversion came too late, and was too trifling to save us. Already were the Austrians in full possession of our lines.

Amid the scene of carnage which ensued, dare I introduce the fate of a flesh-pot, which, humble as seems the object, yet, by the vicissitudes it experienced, forms a remarkable episode in the general picture? Time out of mind this capacious utensil had been the solace, the rallying point, the support of a most respectable oda[5] of jenissaries. The members of this division were trailing away the ample vessel with all the celerity which its unaccommodating shape and unwieldy size permitted, when, as it majestically retreated in all its unbending sturdiness before the advancing enemy, surrounded by its whole troop of ministers and satellites, from the Astshee-bashee or head-cook of the orta down to the lowest regimental scullery-boy, it happened to be spied by a knot of Austrian hussars. With them to see was to covet. Immediately they determined to effect its conquest; while the regiment which boasted its property showed equal determination to

defend to the last drop of its blood, what so often had sustained the life and renovated the vigour of its members. The conflict therefore was long and sanguinary. At one time the Austrians seemed victors, at another the Turks again recovered the highly prized utensil; and not until the unresisting victim of the fierce contest, now hauled one way, now pulled the other, had witnessed the fall of all its Moslem defenders, did it pass from the hands of the faithful into those of the infidels; but with a face as round, and sleek, and brazen as ever; unmindful of the streams of blood spilt in its behalf, and little seeming to care itself who filled its ample belly, or kindled the accustomed fire under its enormous base.

Ye who value words more than things, look not with contempt upon this scene of what may pass in your minds for misapplied heroism! Learn that the very fundamental organisation of the jenissaries renders the vessel, in which are cooked their daily rations, the rallying point of each regiment—the token whose loss casts a lasting dishonour upon those to whom it belonged: and that, provided the common soldier has a something of which he connects the defence with his individual fame, it signifies little whether it be a copper vessel, or a piece of painted silk; an eagle or a flesh-pot.

My division had suffered the least in our defeat. I therefore led it back round the village to protect the re-embarking of the other troops; but could not

prevent a scene of indescribable confusion. Hundreds of wretches, unable to reach the craft collected on the river, plunged headlong into the stream, and there found the death they had escaped in the intrenchments. The number of the drowned exceeded that of the slain. Several boats full of soldiers were sunk on the passage; a cannon-ball went right through the barge which conveyed the prince; and, had it struck the frail skiff half a second sooner, must have ended his fate in the Danube: but Mavroyeni was not born to be drowned!

Having with a handful of arnaoots remained the very last on the hostile side of the river, I expected to be completely cut off for want of conveyance, and to have drunk the sherbet of martyrdom, little as it was to my taste—when at some distance I perceived a raft moored among some rushes, which thus far had escaped all observation. I pointed it out to three or four of my best men, and with them jumped on board and pushed it off. Paddling towards the Turkish shore we soon became a conspicuous mark, and were treated accordingly. Luckily the current quickly carried us a good way down the stream, and, though many balls whizzed over our heads, none entered very deep into our bodies. The worst remembrances they left me to carry back to Turkey were a couple of flesh wounds. Even these, it is true, I could willingly have dispensed with, in spite of the delicious odour which the koran asserts to

exhale from wounds produced by infidel weapons; and particularly, as the Turks show themselves too resigned to the will of Providence, to bring in the suite of their armies men so hostile to the awards of fate as surgeons.

Youssoof had set his heart on his long planned *coup de main*. The failure of our preparatory movements did not prevent him from attempting it two days after; and the only use he made of our defeat was to excuse his own. The whole blame of Youssoof's discomfiture fell upon Mavroyeni, and a long list of complaints against the prince reached the Porte from the frontier, just as Handgerly had been raking up in the capital the old story of the seraff Petracki, and representing Mavroyeni as possessed of all the treasure lost to the Sultan by the execution of his cashier. Blows so dire, struck in such rapid succession, seemed to render the prince's ruin inevitable. Each effort he had made to recover his lost ground had only caused him to fall another step; and it appeared as if fate had been intent only to lead him from one misfortune to another so gradually, as, without breaking his proud spirit at once, to bend it by little and little completely to the ground.

Unequivocal signs of the utmost depression of mind showed themselves more and more every day, amidst all his unsuccessful attempts to keep up his lofty manner. The supernatural informer with

whom in more prosperous days he used to threaten others, he had himself begun to believe in, nay, to dread: for, from a good genius the familiar spirit seemed by degrees to have grown into an avenging demon, who pursued his own employer by day and by night. Fixing his haggard eyes on vacancy the prince would sometimes, as in a fit of raving, address the invisible fiend, beg a truce to his fancied persecutions, or enter into a regular defence of the conduct he had held in his government: and once, in the middle of a numerous circle, as he was giving way to the transient somnolency which of late frequently overpowered his senses and afforded a short respite from the goadings of his mind, I experienced the unspeakable horror of seeing him—after some time moving his lips like one engaged in secret converse—at last start up convulsively from his seat, wildly open his eyes, and exclaim in a voice of thunder: "Hellish spirit, you lie! It is not I who did it:—it is not I who burnt the empty barn, feigned to have been full of corn: nor I who charged pay for the deserters, never estranged from their sovereign: nor I who buried in a bean field the military chest, captured in my despatches by a troop of hulans: nor I who poisoned the cup . . . . ."

Here my outstretched hand, falling on my patron's lips, at last succeeded to stop the frightful current of his words. I dragged him forcibly out of the

room; and might perhaps have succeeded by degrees to quiet him, but for his ghostly director, who unfortunately determined this once to assert his office, and recommended to the prince to say his prayers. The moment was ill chosen: "Cursed priest," cried the Bey, "how can my words hope to rise, when you see the vampire wings, that flap to beat them down again!"

The day after this scene I was sent for to the prince's closet: he seemed then quite composed. "Selim," said he, "my hour of fate approaches. It would be foolish to suppose that I could much longer avert the evil day. I therefore wish you to tell me with your accustomed candour which you think most for my glory: to take the business into my own hands, and by a death that may seem the result of my own choice, to balk my persecutors of their expected triumph; or, with a calmness and fortitude perhaps more difficult than a precipitate suicide, to await the executioner?"

"Sir," answered I gravely, "we all know that a king, a general, a statesman may, without the smallest scruple, sacrifice to a mistaken piece of policy, a foolish pique or a silly point of honour, as many unwilling victims as the magnitude of the object shall require. In the like manner we are told that even a private gentleman may part with a fraction of his own body—an arm, a leg, or both,—provided it be to secure greater durability to the

parts preserved. We are even assured by grave divines, that both potentates and private individuals may make themselves defunct on earth to every social duty, by becoming monks or anchorets—and be highly praised for the deed: but, however troublesome a man's existence may be to himself and to others; however greatly his voluntary removal might oblige all the world; however much his death would be a private and a public benefit, none dare dispose of their sum total of life, or remove their entire being from a worse to a better world. This act, which might do the performer much good, and could injure no one else, is of all crimes the most heinous."

"Pshaw," cried Mavroyeni, "I did not call you in for the purpose of retailing to me the commonplace cant either of Christians or of Mohammedans,—which latter perhaps would have added that, as the hour of death is written on our foreheads, we are not able to hasten it, if so inclined. I sent to consult you, as a man who, encumbered with the prejudices of neither creed, would honestly tell me which of the two steps left for me to choose between was likely to figure most handsomely in history. Ancient heroes have been praised for dying without the least necessity; modern worthies for resigning themselves to live without the smallest hopes: and I cannot make up my mind to which will look best in the eyes of the world!"

"To live, beyond all doubt!" cried I.—"The

living every where figure better than the dead! Besides, it is the fashion of the country, which no one should despise. People will only suspect some low born rascal or some low bred disease of having envied you the honour of the Sultan's bowstring; and the witnesses of your heroism may only be hanged as the authors of your death!"

Mavroyeni still preserved a lurking love for life. Not only he resigned himself to the remnant left him; but, in order to render that remnant more secure, he even determined to remove it out of Youssoof's reach.

Again was I going to trudge after my patron. He had indeed forfeited all claims upon the loyalty of his adherents, by his wanton perverseness in increasing their dangers; but still it went against my feelings to leave him in his fallen state. So far, however, from appearing thankful for this devotion, he now, to my utter astonishment, began to consider it as an importunity: "He had seen me," he said, "much distinguished by Youssoof: he knew I was the Pasha's spy; and the last and only service I still could render a once kind and indulgent master—to whom I still owed some obedience,—was to withdraw for ever from his presence!"

The wished-for opportunity of distinguishing myself once more, and of earning among men an honourable name, ere I left the prince and the army

for ever, I had found at Kalafath. When therefore I found the reproaches for not departing according to my promise daily repeated, I resolved at last to go. Watching a moment of comparative serenity in Mavroyeni's temper, I entered his chamber, kissed his hand, and begged his commands for the capital.

At these words he turned pale; and looked as much aghast as if there never had been any question of my leaving him.

"Sir," said I, "did you not yourself, only yesterday, upbraid me for staying?"

"Ah," cried he, "could you then take at his word, one maddened by the misfortunes heaped upon him!" Then, rising from his seat, and wildly pacing the room:—"My affairs must be desperate indeed," continued he, "since it is come to this!"—but again sitting down, as if ashamed of betraying so much weakness, "No!" exclaimed he in a calmer tone, "the Sultan knows all that I have done for the empire; he cannot desire my annihilation!"

I tried to confirm the Bey in this more soothing idea, and fancied he had recovered some tranquillity, when again he broke out with more violence than before. "It is useless," he cried, "any longer to conceal from you my state. A dreadful gloom oppresses my soul. Spectres of all descriptions unceasingly hover around my steps: they assume every most frightful shape. At this very moment one—

two—three—a whole host, whisper in my ear every dire and dreadful presage!"

"And is there among them no angel of light," cried I, "to tell your highness that by speeding to the capital, I may perhaps retrieve your fortunes? You know, sir, my ancient intimacy with young Mavrocordato; his influence with his father; the relationship of that father with Handgerly; the connexion of the latter with the Souzzos;—as well as the riches, the ambition, the sway of Mavrocordato the elder. Long has he aspired at the principality; and some compromise might be made by which his interest and his fortune should be employed to secure your life, on condition of your ceding to him, on the return of peace, all your still subsisting claims upon Valachia."

This expedient was but a straw: the falling prince caught at it greedily; and now pressed me himself to go, in order to put the scheme into execution. After sending for me but the week before, in order to discuss the propriety of seeking death by his own hands, he now conjured me to do all I could to save his life.

Yet, when I came to bid him farewell, he hardly would permit me to depart. Laying on my hand his cold and clammy palm, "Selim, Selim!" cried he, as if oppressed with anguish, "you who have known me from your youth; who have ever found me indulgent and kind, save when you rejected my kindness; over whom I ever kept a watchful eye,

even when you thought I had justly abandoned you; henceforth make me the only return in your power: allow not those things to be imputed to my weakness, which were only the result of my necessities. When my conduct in my principality is canvassed, recall to mind my means. What I have done, say with what I did it; and, when the rest of the world shall unite to condemn me, remember your ancient patron, and dare to defend his memory."

I felt moved, and was on the point of giving up the journey. But what good could my stay produce? I therefore gently disembarrassed my hand from the Bey's almost convulsive grasp, and said, "I was sure I still should see him triumph over all his enemies."

"It shall be," replied he, a little calmer, "as Heaven ordains. To myself my warning spirit whispers—my days draw to their close. Go thou and prosper!"

I went;—but prospered not!

Mavroyeni, though he immediately quitted the vicinity of Widdin, removed not to a great distance. His first station was Arvanito-chori, a mean village: but constantly shifting his quarters from one place to another, as if to elude pursuit, he still kept hovering over the borders of his principality—like the moth which with wings already singed still flies around the candle; but at every circle narrows more and more its orbit, until it pitches on the spot marked for its final fate.

To Mavroyeni this spot was Bella. There it was that suddenly appeared before the Bey, no longer a mere airy phantom, but the capidjee of flesh and blood, commissioned to confer upon him the palm of martyrdom.[6] Mavroyeni had kept in reserve, when all other means should fail, an expedient on which he placed implicit reliance. "My firm conviction" —said he to the Sultan's messenger—"has always been that a good Christian must be a bad subject. For how can he show zeal for his sovereign and his country, whose religion enjoins entire detachment from this nether world? I therefore have long inwardly bowed to the truth of Islamism; and now only wish publicly to embrace its holy law, and to be numbered among the faithful."

Upon this the prince took from his bosom a small koran, which he carried on purpose, kissed it devoutly, and desired to make his profession of faith. Such a request even a capidjee durst not deny him: he was suffered to perform at his full leisure his orisons, his genuflections, and his ablutions; and not until all was concluded did the capidjee express his satisfaction at being now enabled to send to heaven so sincere a believer.

What could be done? No enthusiastic mob here pressed around to take under its protection a young and pitied neophyte. Before the hoary sinner stood no one but his cold-blooded executioner, intent only upon the performance of his office. Seeing all further

subterfuge therefore useless, Mavroyeni at last armed himself with becoming resolution, and determined quietly to submit to his fate. Yet could he not, as he knelt down, help exclaiming: "I deserved other thanks, at least from my sovereign! May he, in his wide extended realms, find a Greek more faithful!" He said no more, uncovered his neck, suffered the fatal bowstring to be fastened round his throat—and fell a corpse.

CHAPTER XVI.

If my destinies never enabled me to shine forth like the rarer suns of the creation, with any inherent splendor of my own; if my vagrant disposition never allowed me even to reflect with steadiness the borrowed lustre of a regular satellite; if at all times I rather resembled in my desultory rambles the erratic comet, either so near some nobler orb as to be lost in its blaze, or so remote from every star in the firmament as to be abandoned to its own native obscurity, still had I thus far in my career shone at intervals with some little radiance derived from the reflection of loftier names: but this resource now ceases; this passport to public notice henceforth is denied me. Hassan and Mavroyeni already are no more; and if Youssoof, by concluding the war which he kindled, still claims a page in history's weightier volume, he no longer comes within the compass of this desultory sketch. Nor will other luminaries arise to succeed these setting stars. Whatever instruments of great changes or workers of great mischief may still appear, will move in an

orbit so distant from my reader's view, as scarcely to preserve in his eyes any impressive size. Henceforth I shall constantly have to thrust my own insignificant person foremost on the stage; and to draw from my own lowly though sad vicissitudes alone, all my means of interesting or attaching my readers.

Nor is the want of great names, in whose brighter radiance to walk, the only growing disadvantage of these pages. The humbler person on whom henceforth exclusively devolves the task of occupying the reader's attention, must even be resigned to lose, as the work advances, the faint halo which might thus far have appertained to his own person. He no longer can expect to retain that power of exciting the interest, or of obtaining the favour or the forgiveness of the world, which might have been hoped for at the commencement of this confession. In its earlier chapters the discourse was concerning a raw stripling,—a youth hurried away by the restlessness of his incipient being: and the immaturity of adolescence, as it enhances the merit of what is good, so it engages to view with indulgence what is reprehensible. Of the faults of a boy the greater number are ascribed to his newness in the world, to his not yet being initiated in its manifold mysteries, to his not yet distrusting its older and warier tenants. The graces of youth secure the forgiveness of more advanced age: but that happy era, that period of

delightful dreams once gone by, no more mercy must be looked for. Every action is considered as the result of a character formed, of a deliberate will:—it is scanned with minuteness, and it is judged with severity. If it betray the smallest error, not only the deed is condemned, but the author is pursued by man's implacable hatred. "Of one so confirmed in evil an example is all that can be made;" exclaims an unsympathising world: and where the Anastasius of sixteen might have obtained a full and unqualified pardon for his transgressions, the Anastasius of twenty-eight must expect to meet with all the rigour of unmitigated justice.

If therefore my pen only laboured for others, here is the place where it should find repose: but I write for myself—and I proceed! The very incidents which, more confined to my own individual self may have less merit in the eyes of strangers, are those which my mind oftener recalls, and dwells upon with most complacency.

"The more haste, the less speed," says the proverb; and the proverb speaks true. So anxious was I, on leaving Widdin, to get to Stambool, that my hurry forced me to stop short in the middle of my race. Still weak on setting out, and unprovided with Mohammed's angel wings to screen me from the scorching sun, I was overcome by heat and fatigue early on the journey, and fell ill at Boorgas. What I hated more than Jews do pork or gunpowder,—

attendants and gallipots,—now again beset me. Wholly defenceless, I was assailed by half a dozen physicians and nurses at once. They took forcible possession of my apartment, and waged over my body as fierce a contest as ever Greeks and Trojans maintained over that of Patroclus. In truth, this was lucky; for my safety only lay in numbers. The sons of Æsculapius and the daughters of Hygeia neutralized each others schemes; and I escaped, like a small district wedged in between greater powers, which owes its preservation to their unceasing rivalship. The first tranquil slumber which I had enjoyed since my malady, was broken by the stray blows that fell from the hands of the two trusty persons hired to watch by my bed, as they were engaged across my pillow in a scuffle for my purse. Each tried to gloss over his own conduct, by accusing the other of having come to murder me.

Fresh from witnessing events of some importance, it was during my convalescence that I first bethought myself of relieving its tedium by writing my memoirs. "They must"—thought I—"if consonant to truth, speak too ill of their author, not to be sure of finding readers;" and that idea encouraged me to begin the execution of the arduous design. I am not even certain whether—though wishing never to deviate from the most scrupulous veracity—I have not sometimes, out of respect for the public taste, made myself somewhat worse than the

world gave me credit for being. If any of my readers should entertain a suspicion of that sort, I leave it to his own discretion to adopt or to reject it:—I shall quarrel with him for neither.

When sufficiently recovered, I proceeded to the capital and visited the Fanar; but no longer, as I had intended, to make interest for Mavroyeni. His cares in this world were over ere I quitted Boorgas; and I had no other object but to afford my friends and well-wishers an opportunity of realizing the warm professions lavished upon me at my departure for Valachia. It would be unfair to say they were wholly denied or forgotten. One person, whom I reminded of his promises, observed that he had pledged himself in much stronger terms than those which I quoted:—but to whom? To one going to join Mavroyeni in the plenitude of his power. "Now, prove yourself at this present speaking to be that man," he added, "and you shall find me stanch to my word." I applauded the frankness of this answer. There was a delicacy in not wishing to wheedle me by empty words out of an esteem, which there was a firm determination not to deserve by friendly actions.

The filth of the Fanar now displayed to me all its lustre:—it was like the contents of a sewer, when through a chink in the vault the sun darts its beams full upon their unsightly stream; and much did the nauseous spectacle increase my veneration for the

wisdom of the Turks! "Sensible, sagacious, profound people," thought I, "how much your judgment is to be admired, in simplifying as you do all your dealings with the Greeks! Powerful as you may fancy your grasp, still, if after catching those serpents you only allowed them to writhe in your hands, they would infallibly slip through your fingers, dart back into their native slime, and elude your sharpest search. Were you to employ with that deceitful race the slow and circumspect mode of judicial proceeding to which the squeamishness of Christendom attaches such importance, your indolence, your credulity—your *bonhomie*, if I may call it so—would never get the better of their artifice and subterfuges: you would never be able to follow and to lay hold of them in their endless turnings and windings; and, with the moral certainty of being imposed upon by every individual of that wily nation, you must submit contentedly to be cheated out of every para of your property, and every inch of your estates. But, wise and judicious people! far more securely do you go to work. In your fiscal administration you scorn those innumerable offices, and checks, and verifications which in each empire in Christendom, for every ten individuals directly engaged in collecting the revenue, employ twenty others to watch those ten, and thus consume half the income of the state in the collecting of the other half. In the same way in your judicial proceedings you

wave those endless forms, and ministers, and tribunals; those interminable interrogatories, and scrutinies, and confrontations, which in each state in Europe busy half the population about the rights and misdemeanours of the other half, let nine offenders out of ten escape, and often inflict on the tenth only a tardy and inadequate punishment. Sometimes, indeed, through your peremptory mode of proceeding you mistake the innocent for the guilty:—but what of that!—You are always sure at least of attaining the greatest aim of all penal justice, that of striking the mind with a salutary terror!

"Nor should *You*, in this my humble panegyric, lack your proper share of praise, wise and noble Sultan, holy vicar of the prophet, Imperial Manslayer![1] entitled every day to cut off lawfully fourteen heads, without assigning any reason for their fall:—you, who, by making an implicit obedience to your will the express condition of every public employment throughout your vast empire, have secured yourself against losing the smallest part of your prerogative, through any delay, however great, in its exercise. Regarding each officer of the state only in the light of one of the smaller and more numerous reservoirs, distributed on more distant points of your domain to receive at first hand the produce of dews, and drip, and rills, ere the collective mass be poured into the single greater central basin of your all absorbing treasury, you give yourself

no trouble to check the dishonesty, or to prevent the peculations of your agents. You rather for a while connive at, and favour, and lend your own authority to his exactions, which will enable you, when afterwards you squeeze him out, to combine greater gain with a more signal show of justice. In permitting a temporary defalcation from your treasury, you consider yourselves as only lending out your capital at higher interest. Nine long years, while your work is done for you gratuitously, you feign to sleep, and the tenth you awake from your deceitful trance; like the roused lion you look round where grazes the fattest prey, stretch your ample claw, crush your devoted victim, and make every drop of his blood, so long withheld from your appetite, at last flow into the capacious bowels of your insatiable hazné!"

But the more I admired the system as a mere indifferent spectator, the less I felt inclined to illustrate its principles by my own example. Having already with such infinite toil and danger—at the cost of my repose and my health—devoted so great a portion of that life that fleets away so fast, to climbing the rugged and slippery path of distinction, in order every time I thought I had attained a certain height, only again to slide back to the point from whence I first started with equal rapidity, I determined no longer to sacrifice to the same thankless task what still might remain mine of health and of

vigour. Instead of the vain sound of titles and the unsubstantial advantages of rank, I determined to seek the more lasting and more tangible prerogatives of a well filled purse, and, by the laudable appetite for solid gold, to drive out of my mind the depraved thirst for mere unsubstantial fame. "The way to honours," cried I in my new species of enthusiasm, "is a steep and narrow path where few can ascend abreast, and those that follow only try to push down and to pass by the foremost. It is a path which can only be pursued by arduous and abrupt leaps; while at every higher step the risk of stumbling and being dashed to pieces increases in a tenfold ratio. It is a path where distances ever deceive, and what from below appeared the highest summit, when attained, only is found the base of still loftier crags, bearing fruits still more empty and bitter to the taste! But the way to wealth," exclaimed I, "is a wide acclivity, accessible to all without danger or fatigue: it is a road along which you may to a nicety calculate the progress made, and the chance of further advancement; where success depends not on the caprice and favour of patrons, but on the exertions of the wayfarer himself; where, as his way proceeds, he rests on a wider and more solid foundation, finds greater helps still to rise on, and yet needs them less; it is a road, in fine, along which such fruits only are gathered, as

purchase or comprehend all the tangible blessings which man values here below!"

In this new view of things, I soon laid down my plan of future conduct. While in Valachia Mavroyeni made his harvest, I had been gleaning in his suite. Formerly, in my soberest moods, I would have hastened to get rid at least of half my ready cash, and contented myself with leaving the other half slowly to beget a puny progeny. But this suited not my present temper. Each of my thousands was in time to grow to a million; and with millions in question, the difference of one half seemed too great an object to trifle with.

Now therefore behold Selim—the gay, the extravagant, the dissipated Selim—all at once transformed into a plodding financier; as much on the watch to turn a para as formerly he had been on the alert for every means to spend his purses; carefully calculating the interest of each incoming piastre, and deeply groaning after each outgoing aspre: no longer only seeking to dispose of his capital in the way which should give the least trouble, but racking his brains to place his funds in the mode best fitted to secure that grand desideratum—that sort of philosopher's stone—perfect security, combined with exorbitant interest: no longer inquiring, when introduced to a stranger, whether he was a pleasant companion, but whether he passed for a man

of substance, orderly in his affairs and punctual in his payments: lamenting the insecurity of investments, the badness of the times, and the high price of provisions; voting servants a pest; looking with pity on the extravagant youths of the age, who preferred gold lace on their backs to gold pieces in their girdle; lending them money at fifty per cent out of pure charity; wondering how any body could seek in his attire and equipage the short lived merits of novelty and fashion, rather than the lasting recommendations of costing little and wearing well, and—strange to tell—as proud of a cautious demure look, a smug jacket without binding, and a single half-starved waiting-boy, as ever he had been of a giddy hare-brained manner, clothes stiff with embroidery, and insolent pampered servants, more supercilious than their master.

In a cool, sedate, reflective person, so entire a change of tastes and of behaviour, I suppose, could not have taken place so suddenly. It could only have been the work of time, and would have displayed a graduated progress. But I possessed not that even temperature of mind which steers clear of extremes: I never could do any thing in moderation. However different might become the object of pursuit, the ardour of the chase with me still remained the same; and the greater the impetus with which I had rushed on in any direction, the stronger, when I met with a check, became the

recoil in the opposite direction. My soul fired at the recent instances I had witnessed in Mavrocordato and others, of immense fortunes made in trade; and, already in love with wealth on its own account, I doubly reverenced it in view of the power obtainable through its influence: for ambition would never leave me entirely quiet, but, when it was turned out of doors, stole in at the window, and added its persuasions to the other motives which had determined me before to become a first-rate merchant. So fast galloped my imagination, that already I saw myself standing with one leg in Cashmere, and with the other in St. Domingo; with the right hand loading hemp at St. Petersburg, and with the left gold and negroes on the Guinea coast; and covering with my vessels at once the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the Euxine and the South Sea.—I had genius; I could, if I chose, force perseverance; and the only trifles wanted were capital, credit, and correspondents.

Providence had just kept in store for me the only person, ready to hold all these desiderata at my disposal on the shortest notice. I found every thing needful in an old Moslemin, grown enormously rich through nothing but his undeviating perseverance to do all that, by common calculation, ought to have reduced him to beggary. In the true spirit of predestination, Welid maintained that no mode of conduct begot ill-luck so infallibly as caution. "It manifested mistrust," he said, "in the ways of Pro-

vidence; and one single pious ejaculation at the outset of an enterprise was worth all the calculations of worldly wisdom." Indeed Welid might quote his whole life in proof of this doctrine.

But—to go no further back in the recapitulation than the instances of the last twelvemonth:—the Porte had sent away for riotous behaviour the Sclavonians who do the garden work about Constantinople, just at that period of the spring when the setting fruits require constant irrigation. All Welid's neighbours strained every nerve to supply the deficiency, while Welid alone saw the pining of his oranges, his citrons and his pumpkins with perfect apathy, and only exclaimed, "God is great!"—What was the consequence? The sky, usually of brass in that season, all at once opened its sluices, and made Welid's *agrumi*, on the very brink of annihilation, yield a double crop.

Again: the unusual rains, in the hottest month of the year, had produced a dreadful plague. Most of Welid's friends took some precautions against the infection, while Welid alone seemed by preference to go where the malady was rifest, and only repeated, "God is great!"—What ensued? Not a finger of Welid's ached all the time; but he became heir to every one of his relations who had evinced more prudence.

And again: the dampness of the summer was followed by an autumn so dry, that every night

saw Constantinople disturbed by some dreadful conflagration. Several of Welid's acquaintance therefore watched their premises, while Welid heard the cry of yanguen-var[2] in his very yard, without saying any thing but "God is great!"—How did the business end? Welid's house indeed was burnt to the ground: but the falling walls discovered a deposit of gold and jewels sufficient to build a score of palaces.

What therefore could be more natural than for Welid to infer that the more imprudences he committed, the less he could fail to prosper? Nor did he lack examples of the mischiefs arising from a more wary conduct, for—not to mention his own brother, who, with a sincere and heartfelt wish for wealth, had, from the mere apprehension of making a bad hit, never made a good one; nor his nephew, who, grudging a servant's wages, had in his loneliness been murdered by a band of robbers; nor his cousin, who, to save his old vessel a scouring, had sold his gold for brass,—what but Emin's resorting to medicine in a malady from which he might have recovered, had made him take a deadly poison? What but Talib's fear of a pursuing foe had caused him to fall into a torrent, and be drowned? And what but Nasser's inventing a most ingenious trap for thieves, had kept him confined by the leg in his own fetters, until he died of hunger amidst all his dearly purchased treasure?

The vast fortune which Welid had by his imprudence acquired, I advised him to employ in some grand speculation, and to make me his partner in the concern. Others might not have thought me the fittest person for a commercial associate, but I repeated Allah-kierim[3] until Welid committed all his affairs to my management. We went, he, his son, and myself, to Smyrna; there freighted a vessel with cotton, and resolved to carry our merchandize to Marseilles, where we could not fail to find a good market. As I contributed but little toward the purchase, my portion was to be but small in the profits: this however remained a tacit clause between us, too well understood to be expressed. No regular account, no legal vouchers, no written memorandum whatever was drawn up of our respective shares. Welid was not a man to trouble himself about such formalities. "Each knew his own," he said, "and that was enough."

In one respect, however, he showed an invincible obstinacy. He had taken it into his head that it would be manifesting his trust in Providence, to hire the first vessel he should meet with. This happened to be precisely the oldest and craziest concern in the harbour; a thing on the eve of being broken up, as unfit for service. The circumstance, however, so far from deterring, only confirmed Welid in his purpose. He thought it a most fortunate opportunity of signalizing his reliance on

heaven, and no entreaty or remonstrance could make him desist from freighting this miserable wreck, in preference to a dozen stout vessels disengaged. He would not even insure. It was flying in the face of Providence, and almost as bad as atheism or blasphemy; so that, unable to persuade my partner, I had insurance made in my own name on the whole cargo.

We now set sail. Hardly had we got into the latitude of Chios, when Welid's son—as hale a boy to all appearance as ever was seen—suddenly fell ill, and died. Our crew, chiefly Provençals, doubted not his being a victim to the plague, which had begun to spread in Smyrna; and became almost petrified with terror. Welid himself, though he had appeared fond of his child while alive, shed not a tear on his death, bore his loss with his inherent apathy, and only as usual exclaimed, "God is great!" I felt so angry with him for his insensibility, that I longed to see him go to the shades after his boy.

There was nothing to hinder me from realising that wish myself. The sailors only wondered that so infirm an old man as Welid,—after having sat open-mouthed, as it were, to inhale the contagion which had felled a robust youth,—should still continue to breathe: and my putting an end to a thing so out of all rule as my partner's escaping what seemed his inevitable fate, might only be deemed a just

return for his having exposed my life—with a dozen others probably more deserving—in a rotten vessel. Indeed, it was a proceeding which, in my situation, few of my former acquaintances would have considered as more than a fair retaliation, or would have hesitated to accomplish forthwith; even though it must have entailed upon them all the encumbrance of remaining sole possessors of the joint cargo. Yet, unaccountable as it may seem, and scarcely justifiable in the eyes of many, I did nothing to get rid of old Welid; but suffered him to live on unmolested. It is true that scarcely had his son breathed his last, than there arose a storm, of which the very first blast shivered our bark to splinters. It sent twelve fine young sailors and their captain to the bottom, but kindly spared Welid and me; and, as the cargo was now lost at all events, I determined to atone for whatever evil thoughts might, without my leave, have risen in my breast, by doing my utmost to save my partner. I lugged him after me on a floating hen-coop; and, as it had not required an out of the way rough sea to make an end of our crazy skiff, this vehicle supported its load, until the wind and current carried us ashore on the neighbouring coast of Samos.

Welid, who had at most only suffered himself to be saved, like one of his bales of cotton or bags of corn, without making a positive resistance, ex-

perienced on this rather trying occasion so little extraordinary wear and tear of body or mind, that, weak and old as he was, he still brought ashore strength enough to cry out with great satisfaction on the loss of his cargo, as he had done on that of his child: "God is great!" While I, on whom had fallen all the weight of exertion, could scarce articulate from exhaustion.

Our shipwreck close to the land in broad daylight had collected round us a number of fishermen, all impressed with becoming gratitude towards Providence, not so much for having spared our lives as for having destroyed our vessel on their shore. Too late however to push our persons back into the waves from which we had just emerged, they exerted themselves the other way; and helped us on, lest we should witness their proceedings in regard to the wreck. The little money we had in our pockets was employed in getting ourselves conveyed, as soon as the storm subsided, to Kooshadasi on the mainland of Anadoly; but this short voyage completely exhausted our finances, and on our arrival we had not a para left.

Nor were we, for the present, in want of a para. The Turk, where bigotry interferes not with his better feelings, is as charitable as he is confiding. He neither attributes good fortune entirely to man's own sagacity, nor ill-luck solely to his imprudence; and neither is apt to listen with suspicion to the tale

of the indigent, nor to cast blame on the conduct of the unfortunate. Looking upon adversity as proceeding from the same high source from whence flows prosperity—feeling as little degraded by the pressure of God's hand upon him, as elated by its support—he confers charity without pride, as he asks it without meanness. We therefore, who came as supplicants in need of every thing, found every thing we needed. Every inhabitant vied with the rest in supplying our necessities and providing for our comforts. Hence Welid, who wanted repose, resolved to avail himself for a few days of the hospitality so handsomely tendered; while I only requested a horse and a guide, to take me on to Smyrna. The two animals were soon found, and I set off.

Our halting-place, the first night, was a mean-looking hamlet, situated in a narrow defile. The next day, after leaning a little more to the right than appeared our due course, we arrived early in the afternoon at a place of some note in the plain. As we were to stop till the next morning, I established myself in a coffee-house, while Dimitracki the guide went to look after my horse. Scarce had I lighted my pipe and begun to sip my coffee, when a tchawoosh, followed by two or three peasants, walked in, and summoned me before the Soo-bashee.[4]

Where bullying seems to be the thing intended, the best way is to bully the first. Many a man con-

tinues troublesome only because he has begun to be so, and knows not how to leave off. "I have no business with your Soo-bashee," said I therefore to the messenger—"If he wants me, here I sit"—and immediately I squared myself a little more than I had done before. Accordingly the tchawoosh went away, and the Soo-bashee came, followed by a posse of blackguards of all colours and sizes. My own guide Dimitracki, the greatest of all, brought up the rear, and stood peeping between the elbows of those before him.

I gave the magistrate a nod between civil and familiar. He gave me nothing in return, but, gravely squatting himself down at the other end of the ragged sofa, bade my guide draw near. Dimitracki advanced, hanging his head, and afraid to meet my eyes. "So this man," cried the Soo-bashee, addressing him, but eying me, "you say is a Russian spy?"

"Nothing can be more certain," answered my guide, clearing his windpipe, and trying to look resolute. "Let him but speak, and you will soon know the Greek by his accent. He is the very man who betrayed Ockzakow to the Russians. There was Stavros, and Mavros, and Kokinos, and Proto, and Psaro, and Georgio, and Marcacki, and Michaelacki, and Manolacki, and I don't know how many more of us, who witnessed the whole proceeding. I know him as I do my father."

A wag here observing that the example chosen disproved the assertion, Dimitracki grew angry, corroborated his statement by the most violent oaths, and called upon another Greek of the name of Petracki to vouch for his veracity.

Petracki of course confirmed all that Dimitracki had asserted: he even went further. "Indeed, your worship," cried he, "there is no end to this man's iniquities. For, besides betraying both Ockzakow and Bender, it is he—and I have it from the best authority—who assisted the enemy in intercepting, near Hissar, your worship's own boat-load of corn."

The affair of Ockzakow and Bender the Soo-bashee might perhaps have overlooked, as not within his province; but the corn was too much. Almost choked with passion: "Ah! wretch," cried he; "I could stab you with my own hands. But I respect the law: I shall therefore only send you, bound hands and feet, to Tireh; where the Mootsellim, who is my friend, will be sure to see you hanged."

"No, no!" cried a parcel of fanatical Osmanlees, "we have stones enough for him here!"

I pledged myself to prove my innocence at Smyrna; but I scarce was listened to. "Any traitor," observed the party, "was sure of protection in that nest of infidelity, among the Frank consuls;" and the Soo-bashee himself began to be

abused for not seeing me disposed of on the spot. Either frightened or pretending to be so, he called heaven to witness that he had no share in what might happen; and then bade me be handed over to the mob, whom he told to act as they thought proper.

So they seemed fully resolved to do; for all were drawing their cutlasses. A flourish was all I had left for it. Spiridion's pocket-book still kept its place in my bosom. Solemnly pulling it out: "By the dread seal of our sovereign, inclosed in this case," exclaimed I emphatically, "I command you, slaves, to disperse. Tremble to impede my progress! For each hair of my head a life shall answer."

At this lofty speech, uttered in an appropriate tone, the audience looked aghast, the rioters slunk away, and the Aga begged to provide me with a suitable escort. "I want none," I replied; "an invisible guardian watches over my safety. The wretch who brought me here shall alone go onward with me."

That was exactly what Dimitracki felt least inclined to do. His little scheme had been to purloin my steed, and, in order to obviate any opposition on my part, he had hit upon the expedient of swearing away my life. He now became so frightened that he fell upon his knees, and confessed all his untruths. "He had told them out of sheer loyalty, and, in reality, I ought to feel much obliged to him;

but all he asked for was to go with me no farther." I protested I could not give up his company, and had him closely watched, while I condescendingly accepted a lodging for the night under the Aga's roof.

At sunrise I again set off, ordering Dimitracki to take the lead. I destined him a remembrance that should benefit other travellers: but I soon found it was easier to lodge a musket-ball in his side than to bestow a milder correction on his back. The fellow looked as strong as Hercules, and, though pacing on before me in gloomy silence, with his head stuck in his stomach and his eyes cast on the ground, he seemed so constantly on the alert, that it was quite impossible to take him by surprise. Even when we halted to take a little rest, he no longer lay down as formerly behind the bushes, but squatted himself with his back against a tree and his face turned to me, so that I could not stir a step unperceived; and, though he pretended to sleep, it was only with one eye. Every time I approached him, he jumped upon his legs, to ask me what I wanted.

At last we came to a pass in the mountains which looked propitious to my scheme. Here, having succeeded through dint of management to knock the fellow down and to confine his hands and feet, I gave him the destined drubbing with unsparing liberality; which done, I fastened him to a tree,

there to ruminate at his leisure upon the wholesome lesson. Ismir's gulf was in sight, and I could spare a guide.

My first care on arriving was to recover the insurance on the shipwrecked cargo. After some delay, occasioned by legal inquiries, affidavits, &c. I got indemnified for every bale of cotton put on board. Welid, who in the mean time had also reappeared, declined to share in the recovery as he had refused to join in the insurance. It was only by stratagem I could make him accept a small part of the produce. No way cured however by his loss, of his blind confidence in his destiny, he continued to commit fresh imprudences, until from the condition of a wealthy merchant he became reduced to that of a poor basket-maker; but whenever we met, he still would lay aside his osier twigs to point to heaven, and to cry out, "God is great!"

While following up the recovery of my insurance, I fell in with a curious personage,—a Turk who had sought the protection of the French consulate at Smyrna. Descended from a Sultana, Isaac-Bey had in his boyhood been selected as playmate to the present Sultan. Soon, however, his fickle disposition made him quit the seclusion of the seraglio for the command of a galley. His jovial humour and his freedom from Turkish prejudices caused him to be much courted in the different sea-ports by the Frank merchants; and their conversation inspired him with

a wish to behold Christendom. All at once Isaac-Bey disappeared from his station, and the next news of the truant came from Naples. Some said his escape had the sanction of his master, desirous through his old confidant to explore the arts of Europe, and to learn what infidel improvements might be transplanted with success to the Turkish dominions; nor was Isaac-Bey at any pains to contradict the report. Statesmen, therefore, courted in him the favourite of his future sovereign, as the fair did the favourite of nature. The genteel Turk became the fashion in Christendom, and every body wanted to see a Frenchified Moslemin, who eat an *omelette au lard*, drank champaign, and wore a miniature of his Circassian mistress.

It was entertaining enough to hear Isaac give an account of his journey. " Unaccustomed," said he, " as I was, to the shocking sight of men and women mixing in public, or posture-making exhibited otherwise than for hire, how did I stare when, on my arrival in Christendom, I was taken to a ball at the house of a Bey. I thought little of the dancing:—none of the females knew how to shake their hips; but their faces I liked, spite of their plastered heads. I went up to the one that led off, and watching my opportunity, slipped a purse into her hand. I thought she would have boxed my ears, and every body turned up their eyes in astonishment,—the lady being the principal wife to the first Visier. In

my own mind the impropriety rested with herself: but the adventure made me cautious how I spoke. Before the unsuccessful overture, I had secretly destined three or four of the damsels present an apartment in my harem on the channel; unfortunately one was the daughter of the Reïs-Effendee, the other the wife of the Cazi-Asker,[5] and the third he Spanish embassadress: so that all I durst offer them was a pinch of snuff.

"At Rome I went to see the grand Mufti of the Christians, who bears the same title with our Greek papases. He appeared a very modest, well behaved, quiet gentleman. His suite made more fuss about him than he did about himself. They dressed and undressed him a dozen times in the middle of the church, changed his caps, fed him, kneeled to him, and sang to him. As I stood a good way from the table, which was richly decked out with gold cups and candlesticks, I took the leading performers in this show, with their sleek faces, their laced petticoats, and their long trains, for the pontiff's wives; —they were only his Cardinals. In fact, he is not allowed to marry, though—like our Sultan—he has his troop of medjboobs.[6] These however he keeps, not to guard his harem, but to sing in his chapel; and so dismally do they squall with their shrill pipes, that it is called a *miserere*. Finding Rome a very ruinous place, I was glad to leave it.

"From Italy," continued the Bey, "where I

saw nothing but priests and *cavalier-serventes*, I went to France, where I was pestered by *petit-maîtres* and philosophers: but they so often exchanged characters, that I never could tell which was which. Strangely was my poor Turkish brain puzzled on discovering the favourite pastime of a nation, reckoned the merriest in the world. It consisted in a thing called tragedies, whose only purpose is to make you cry your eyes out. Should the performance raise a single smile, the author is undone. Much however as I was bidden to weep, I could not help roaring out with laughter, when I saw an old princess in a hoop three yards wide die for love of a young prince with his cheeks painted all over: but my bad taste excited great contempt. One day they took me to a representation of Turks; —as if I had not seen real ones enough. Luckily I did not find them out; as I must otherwise have knocked down a fellow in a feathered nightcap, for daring to travestie our holy Prophet. The place called the Opera, with its fine show of dancing-girls, pleased me the most of any. The first time indeed of my going there, on seeing a superb palace crumble to pieces, I thought there was an earthquake, and ran out as fast as possible, expecting the whole house to come down about my ears: but by degrees I got used to those accidents, and, though I could never think all the jaw before the scenes otherwise than very tiresome, I often

thought the show behind them exceedingly pleasant.

"The French are all prodigious talkers; but those who never ceased were a sect called economists. They were for making the country produce nothing but what might be put into the stomach: forgetting that men have eyes as well as palates, and that if the former find nothing to feed upon, the latter will consume double quantities—were it only to kill time; and thus turn economy into waste. This I ventured to observe: but they shrugged up their shoulders, and said I was a Turk!

"Being so near England, I had a mind to visit London. My French friends—I mean of the female sex—strongly opposed the idea. 'It would ruin all my newly acquired French good-breeding. Besides,' added Madame de Mirian, 'those islanders are so proud of the ditch which shuts them out from the world, that life is scarce long enough to thaw the icy coldness of their first reception. They will indeed tell you, as they did me, that if your lungs can but stand their smoke a dozen years, you may be admitted to the honour of stirring their fire,—that is to say,—of finding yourself at home in their chimney corner; but, in the mean time, if you dress like themselves, you will be left to your own meditations, and if you vary from them only in the width of your shoe-straps, you will be stifled with impertinent curiosity: to say nothing of their churlishness

in not admitting strangers otherwise than by sea—and prohibiting all French articles!'

"These last instances of ill breeding persuaded me: and, as I had a little French article which I did not like to leave, I staid at Paris till the accession of my imperial master made me return home, and console myself for the pleasures I quitted by the honours which awaited me.

"The first which I received was an order for my exile at Lemnos: but this was not the last. My enemies accused me of having, in my rambles, not only ridiculed the laws of the Prophet, but committed the dignity of the Sultan. So great a crime required an adequate punishment. Sitting mournfully in the boat in which I fancied myself going to the place of my banishment, my eye caught the looking-glass at the prow, and, in that too faithful mirror, the reflection of my conductor seated behind me, just as he was showing the boatmen how in half an hour my head would be bouncing at my feet. Judge of my situation. A French tragedy was nothing to it. At Paris I had got quite out of the habit of such transactions.

"Arrived at the Dardanelles, I was stowed in the dungeon of the castle, while my guardians loaded the great gun that was to announce to the world my happy exit, by the inestimable honour of the Padishah's own commands. Just at that moment, Seïd-Aly, returned from blockading the Russians

in the Black-Sea, was passing with his squadron full sail through the straits. He failed not to claim the ancient privilege of the fleet to liberate a prisoner in the castle. But what was his delight to find himself by that means—spite of every opposition—the preserver of his old friend. My sudden translation from a dark underground dungeon filled with fierce executioners, to a brilliant state cabin skimming the waves, in which each face showed a friend, had such an effect on my senses, that at first I thought the whole business a dream, and kept feeling myself all over—and especially my neck—before I could believe it to be a reality.

"Seïd was giving chase to the pirate Lambro. Ere he proceeded, he deposited me in this place, under the safeguard of the French flag. I have been here some time, but now no longer regret my disgrace, since it procures me the inestimable felicity of your acquaintance."

At this extravagant compliment I burst out laughing,—told Isaac-Bey I was glad to see how much he had profited by his travels, and made him laugh too. We however became friends in earnest; and while I remained at Smyrna, scarce a day passed without our drinking together—hidden behind the tri-coloured flag newly hoisted—a glass of muscadel to the health of the little French article, saved from the English custom-house.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Note

1. p. 1. *Masr:* Cairo.
2. p. 1. *Kalish:* Canal or cut, communicating with the Nile. That which runs through Cairo and feeds its different birkets or lakes is opened every year with great solemnity, when the Nile has attained the requisite height.
3 p. 1. *Birkets:* excavated ground in and about Cairo, transformed, after the rise of the Nile, into tanks, on which the inhabitants go in boats.
4. p. 3. *Tried to spit in my own face:* see vol. i. chapter 13, note 2.
5. p. 7. *Franguestan:* land of the Franks; name given by the Mohammedans to Europe.
6. p. 7. *As if it had been his own:* Anastasius can only allude to such trifles as the partition of Poland; nothing like the Congress of Vienna having yet been witnessed at that period.
7. p. 10. *The felt:* which the mamlukes practise to cleave at a single stroke with their sabres.

Note

8. p. 11. *Seratches:* domestics of the Beys, who are not slaves.
9. p. 12. *Tchibookdjee:* pipe-bearer; from thchibook, pipe.
10. p. 13. *Maallim:* master; Arabic form of address to gentry of an inferior description.
11. p. 13. *The lake Yusbekieh:* one of the handsomest birkets or lakes in Cairo.
12. p. 18. *El Azhar:* one of the great religious foundations at Cairo for the promotion of science; but where, of course, all science which is considered as any way militating against the interests of the foundation, is utterly discouraged.

CHAPTER II.

1. p. 27. *Caïmakam:* lieutenant or official representative of a public personage. The Grand Visier, when he takes the command of the Turkish army, leaves his Caïmakam at Constantinople.
2. p. 27. *Mokhadam:* servant who, in Egypt, precedes public officers with a staff called nabood, to drive away the mob.
3. p. 28. *Bazirghian:* merchant or purveyor of a man in office, by whom he is paid in drafts on his estates or government.
4. p. 29. *Samoor:* spotted fur much esteemed in the Levant.

Note

5. p. 30. *Fellahs:* peasants; who in Egypt are all of Arabic extraction, and hold the land according to different tenures; though considered in general as serfs.

6. p. 30. *Kawasses:* servants who follow their masters on foot.

7. p. 31. *Shehoods:* notables of a village or district.

8. p. 31. *Khandgea:* boat for passengers, used on the Nile.

9. p. 37. *Miri:* territorial imposition of Egypt.

CHAPTER III.

1. p. 50. *Hashish:* an intoxicating drug.

2. p. 53. *Haznadar:* treasurer,—from hazné, treasury.

3. p. 54. *Luxuriant crops:* among the Mohammedans slaves are not suffered to let their beards grow: this appendage therefore is always a sign of freedom; and generally marks official dignity, or at least gravity of deportment. Having been once suffered to grow, it is thought indecorous and almost profane again to shave it.

4. p. 55. *Somebody's mother:* allusive to an exclamation of anger, much in use among the Turks.

5. p. 58. *Kohl:* a black and almost impalpable powder, used to tinge the eyelids, and supposed to strengthen the sight.

Note

6. p. 58. *The Padi-shah:* the emperor: title given to the Sultan.

7. p. 59. *Surmeh:* another name for kohl.

8. p. 59. *Henna:* a red juice, extracted from a plant, with which the Egyptians dye their women, and the Persians their horses.

9. p. 61. *Almé:* the singular of Awali or singers.

10. p. 65. *Clapping her hands:* which in the East, where servants are always in waiting in the room, stands in lieu of ringing the bell.

CHAPTER IV.

1. p. 67. *Abbah:* Arab cloak.

2. p. 73. *Bedawee:* or Bedoween.

CHAPTER V.

1. p. 91. *Koobbees:* sepulchral chapels.

2. p. 94. *Zaïms:* vessels which navigate the Red Sea.

3. p. 94. *Nileh:* indigo.

CHAPTER VI.

1. p. 98. *Hadjee:* a pilgrim; from hadj, pilgrimage. All Mohammedans are enjoined by the Prophet to perform that to Mekkah in person, or at least by proxy.

Note

2. p. 98. *Kaaba:* the holy house of Mekkah, originally built by the angels in Paradise: in its wall is inserted the black stone, probably of atmospheric origin, already worshipped by the Arabs previous to Mohammed, who found the superstition in its favour too deeply rooted to contend with.

3. p. 98. *Coorban Bayram:* festival which takes place forty days after that of the Bayram.

4. p. 99. *Kishr:* a beverage much used in Arabia.

5. p. 103. *Dives:* celebrated magicians.

6. p. 103. *The bird Roc:* a fabulous bird of prodigious size.

7. p. 103. *Simoom:* the poisonous wind of the desert.

8. p. 104. It is customary with men of letters in Arabia to assume a number of surnames, borrowed from different circumstances.

9. p. 105. *The balance Wezn:* in which, according to the koran, are weighed man's good and evil actions.

10. p. 107. *Afrite:* evil spirit; demon.

11. p. 108. *Birket-el-hadj:* the lake near Cairo, on whose banks the pilgrims bound for Mekkah assemble.

12. p. 110. *The Shereef of Mekkah:* the prince or sovereign of the country.

13. p. 111. *Djezzar:* whom it fell to our lot to defend against Bonaparte.

Note

14. p. 111. *The Hadj:* or caravan of pilgrims.

15. p. 112. *Bosniac guard:* some of the Turkish Pashas or governors of provinces have Bosniac soldiers for their body guards, as others have Albanians, and others Koords or Turkmen.

16. p. 112. *Deli-bash:* or officer of Delis.

17. p. 118. *Firmans:* passports from the Grand Signior.

18. p. 118. *Crals:* petty sovereigns of christendom.

CHAPTER VII.

1. p. 123. *Seraff:* cashier, banker.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. p. 154. *Before the holy doors.* According to the ritual of the Greek church the priesthood alone enters the sanctuary, which is divided from the nave by a screen, the doors of which are called the holy doors.

CHAPTER IX.

1. p. 164. *The infidel hill:* on which stands Pera, the quarter of the Franks.

2. p. 169. *Capidjee:* gentleman usher of the Grand Signior. The capidjees are wont to carry to the governors of provinces the commands, favours, and bowstrings of the Sultan.

Note

3. p. 171. *Iskiudar:* Scutari; situated opposite Constantinople, on the Asiatic shore.

CHAPTER X.

1. p. 192. *Nea-Moni:* rich monastery in the island of Chios.
2. p. 193. *Fior di Levante:* emphatic epithet of praise given by the Greek islanders to Chios.
3. p. 203. *Despots:* title given to the Greek archbishops.

CHAPTER XI.

1. p. 237. *His Koordiah body-guard:* The Koords and Turkmen are mountaineers of Anadoly, who often carry their tents to a great distance from their native provinces, combine a predatory with a pastoral life, and form the body-guard of the Asiatic Pashas, as the mountaineers of Albania form that of the governors of Turkey in Europe.
2. p. 238. *Dellis:* properly madmen: species of troops who in the Turkish army act as the forlorn hope.
3. p. 240. *Bairak:* company.
4. p. 245. *Which in fact he had:* namely Alexander—or Iskander—bey; commonly called by the Franks Scanderbeg.
5. p. 250. *Tootoondjee:* officer who carries the tobacco-pouch of a great man.

CHAPTER XII.

Note

1. p. 260. *The seven towers:* state prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers who are dilatory in taking their departure, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob.
2. p. 263. *Mohammed's vicar:* namely the Sultan—in his capacity as heir to the Kaliphate; and who therefore, in his wars with the Christian powers, hoists the sacred standard of the Prophet, as if only going to war for the defence of Islamism.
3. p. 268. *Mikmandars:* officer who in Turkey accompanies embassadors and other distinguished travellers as purveyor.
4. p. 273. *Ekatharina*, pronounced Yekatharina: equivalent among the Russians to Evkatharina; the great or good Katharina.
5. p. 275. *Boyars:* the indigenous nobles of Valachia and Moldavia.

CHAPTER XIII.

1. p. 277. *Roumooms:* name which the Valachians give themselves.
2. p. 288. *Suleiman the Just:* whom we call *the magnificent.*

Note

3. p. 290. *Seraskier:*——*Hospodar:* the first means a Turkish general of division; the latter is the title given to the Greek governors of Valachia and Moldavia.

4. p. 292. *Divan Effendee:* Turkish secretary of the Hospodar's divan.

5. p. 303. *Anadoly:* or Anatolia—as it is marked in our maps—is the name given by the Turks to Asia Minor.

6. p. 303. *Zeeameth* or *Timar:* feudal fiefs, which only differ in the number of men properly mounted, whom the holders are obliged to furnish in war.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. p. 316. *The Contumace:* name given by the Austrians to the custom-houses of the Hungarian passes.

2. p. 320. *Boyookderé:* beautiful village on the shores of the Bosphorus, chiefly inhabited by Frank embassadors and their suite.

3. p. 321. *Jeune de langue:* appellation given to young gentlemen admitted in the different diplomatic missions at Constantinople, for the purpose of learning the eastern languages.

CHAPTER XV.

Note

1. p. 329. *Bimbashee:* Turkish colonel.
2. p. 332. *A fortnight's growth:* a new Sultan only lets his beard grow from the day of his accession.
3. p. 332. *Capitana-bey:* first in command in the Turkish navy after the Capitan Pasha.
4. p. 340. *The single cloud:* alluding, I suppose, to Hassan's defeat at Tobak.
5. p. 346. *Oda* or *Orta:* Turkish regiment: those of the jenissaries attach great importance to the preservation of the vessel in which they cook their pilau; and the officers of their kitchen possess, from the head cook down to the lowest regimental scullery boy, their regular rank in the army.
6. p. 357. *The palm of martyrdom:* according to the Mohammedan prejudice, the favour of the bowstring conferred by the Kaliph of the faithful, or his representative, ensures in the next world all the rewards of martyrdom.

CHAPTER XVI.

1. p. 365. *Imperial manslayer:* one of the titles assumed by his gracious Majesty the Grand Signior.

Note

2. p. 372. *Yan-guen-var:* the cry of fire in the streets of Constantinople.

3. p. 373. *Allah-kierim:* God is great! the usual exclamation of devotion, surprise, or resignation among the Mohammedans.

4. p. 377. *The Soo-bashee:* inferior officer, commanding a village or small district.

5. p. 384. *The Cazi-Asker:* title of the chief magistrate among the Turks, and therefore probably applied by Isaac-Bey to the Lord Chancellor; as the appellation of Reïs Effendee seems to be to a secretary of state; and that of grand Mufti of the Christians, to his holiness the Pope.

6. p. 384. *Medjboobs:* persons qualified to act as guardians of the harem.

END OF VOL. II.

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